

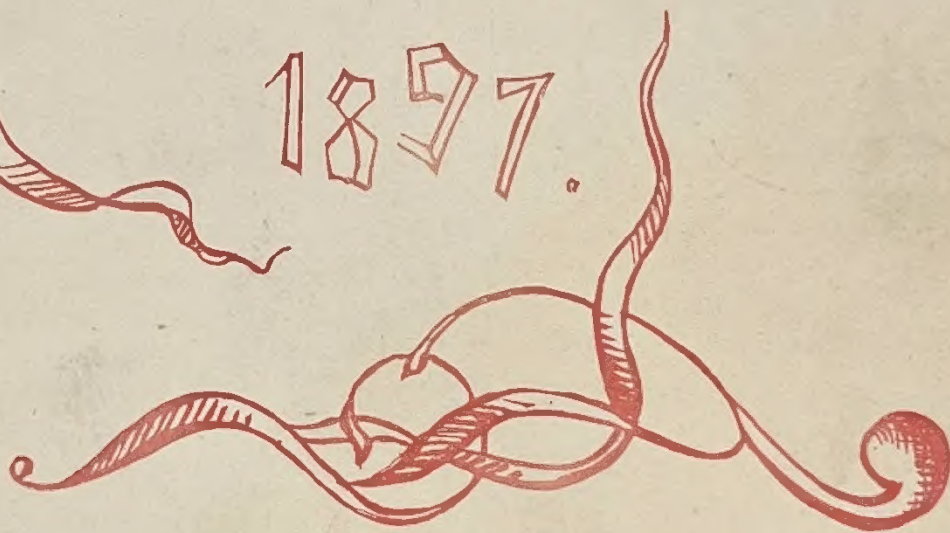
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The Western.

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VOL. III.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1897.

No. 1.

ODE TO BIRDS.

How glad are birds that fly so swift and free
'Mong thick'ning leaves that whispered on the
tree,
Who live so far above dull earth and me
In the light wind!

I love you, tiny songster, your high flight
Ane those sweet notes of thine. Might
I but be so care-free and so light
Of soul!

In sunny ways I too delight to roam,
To feel the breeze that sweeps thy woodland
home.
Yet, foolish one! I turn aside to moan
That life is sad.

That life is sad, when strong winds blow a gale,
When spring's sweet flowers bloom in field and
vale
And sunsets darken into starlight pale!—
Ah, life is glad!

A PORTRAYAL.

The long train rattled frantically past the last group of outlying frame buildings, surged between two lines of empty freight cars, and then with an agreeable decrease in its clamor, settled down for the unbroken spin from Island City to Linton. The train boy having completed three pilgrimages, confided his newspapers, candy and magazines to their resting place forward in the smoker. Only an occasional snatch of conversation among the passengers varied the roar of the flying wheels.

James Southerly laid aside his paper with a sigh of resignation, realizing that the sweeping panorama, passing before him would be an open door to thoughts he vowed to forget. He fought feebly for a time to dispel the memories of the past, which surged through his mind, but they would not be repulsed, so he soon abandoned the struggle and gave free reign to fancy.

It was all so familiar, that stretch of

bleak meadow, with its thick underbrush, broken here and there by pools of dark, stagnant water. He remembered every inch of it, and found that he was unconsciously looking ahead for clearly remembered landmarks. Yet it had been five years since he was there and had seen them; each of those five years had been full of life, color, and novel experience.

James Southerly of to-day, the young mining engineer, whose judgment was the pole star of a great syndicate, and whose weekly income touched four figures, was a different man from the student, who ten years before had taken his heart into Linwood and there lost it among the pines. A different man certainly, and a more conspicuous, but a happier? That was the question which asked itself, and to which perforce he had to answer, "No." Months of exposure to Montana suns and snows had aged him and responsibility was furrowing his forehead. Yet under the cold, confident manner, lay memory like a silent stream, ready to break forth with the first fresh buds of spring. The familiar landscape was indelibly associated in his mind with journeys to the home of Margaret Redmond, who had stepped into his life, leaving a foot print, which not even the rude tread of experience could obliterate.

A pang stirred in his heart, so wildly did the girl's eyes come before him. The hot air perfumed with the sweet odors from the foliage, and the sunlight playing upon the grass; his own words, so faltering, so inadequate; and hers so kind, and being kind, so cruel. Could he not forget these things? He had left her that day and gone back to his work with the conviction, that in endeavor lay salvation. Day by day, month by month, year by year, he had beaten back the

thought of what might have been, and yet in spite of his resolutions it was with him again, aglow with the new life, which the familiar scenes brought, and still was as bitter and keen as it had been five years ago.

The grinding of the airbrakes, as the train slowed to a standstill in Hanover station, aroused him from his reverie, and then as the door flew open to admit a throng of passengers, his heart surged to his throat. After many days!

It took him but an instant to shift his valise from the seat beside him to the floor, and then, hat in hand, he rose to meet her. When and how the conversation began he never knew. Margaret was with him, her words, like chords of music, were in his ears, and from the violets she was wearing came the faint sweet scent, which had followed him through all his nights and days since he had left her. It was enough.

"This is an unexpected pleasure" he found himself saying with conventional politeness.

"I have been making a duty call in Hanover," answered the girl. "You know the call of duty is not to be disregarded, or I should not be here."

"Then blessings light upon the duty," he said, "You are still living at the Pines?"

"Yes, I love the old place. I never expect to leave it; and you? I have heard great things of you, and I am really quite proud to be an old friend of the famous Mr. James Southerly. Where do you happen to be going at the present moment?"

"To Augustine. The president of the mining company lives there. I am going out for a farewell consultation. To tell you a secret, I expect to leave for Cape Town tomorrow. I have a choice

of that, or a position in the New York office."

"And you prefer—?"

"I prefer the novelty of Cape Town. I have never seen Africa. I want the experience."

The voice of the brakeman again interrupted him, and once more a little stream of passengers poured into the car. A stout woman, breathing laboriously and towing a small boy by the arm, lunged down the aisle and sank heavily into a seat in front of them. The small boy struggling into a kneeling position, and pulling a cap back from his forehead, fixed two round blue eyes on Miss Redmond's violets.

"I want those flowers," he said abruptly.

"Well, you won't get them," replied Southerly with equal promptitude. The boy became quiet.

"I wish you had to stop at Lancaster. It has been so long since we saw you at the Pines, that I am anxious to know if you are the same Jim Southerly I used to know."

"Almost" answered the man. "Time makes few changes in essentials," but the wrinkles are beginning to come, and yesterday I found a gray hair. I see, however, that the compliment may far more fitly be applied to you. I seem to have left you only last week. You are the same Margaret Redmond, except—"

"Except—?"

"Except," he added, "you are more beautiful, ten times more beautiful."

To that there was no answer, and the boy took silence for encouragement.

"I want those flowers."

"Persevering young man," said Southerly.

"So persevering that he shall have what he wants," answered Margaret. She separated a third of the violets from the bunch and gave them into the eager little outstretched hands.

"I wants 'em all," said the small boy, and Margaret surrendered the rest.

"He is irresistible," she explained.

Southerly watched the recipient for a moment, and then turned to the girl at his side.

"It isn't every one," he said "who is

so fortunate as to obtain a part of his desire at the second asking and all of it at the third."

Miss Redmond met his eyes squarely, and at the corner of her mouth lay a half smile.

"It isn't every one," she replied "who realizes what wonders the second and third askings sometimes accomplish."

Somehow there was silence after that. A shrewd observer might have noted that Southerly found his companion's eyes very absorbing, and that his hands were touching hers. It was only when the engine slackened speed near Lancaster that Margaret spoke.

"I suppose this is to be the parting of our ways" she began, with a palpable affectation of conviction.

"No," said Southerly, "I rather think I shall drop off here and postpone my consultation indefinitely."

"And how about Cape Town?"

"Cape Town has been waiting for me since the day of its foundation, and it can continue to wait until the day of doom."

Then as they arose he bent forward, until his head was on a level with the small boy's.

"I trust," he said, "that you will pardon the seeming abruptness of my manner when you spoke about the flowers. You see an angel's disguise is so uncommonly hard to penetrate."

DAISY ROBINSON.

A Small Boy's First Great Success In The Literary World.

The school was assembled in the Study Hall one Friday afternoon before dismissal, the section agents for our school paper busily engaged in distributing the first edition of THE WESTERN to the subscribers in their respective sections.

A small boy in the first year sat eagerly watching the girl who was giving out papers to his section. Several times when she approached his seat, he half rose in the expectation of receiving his copy, but just as he did so she would turn and go off, distributing copies in another direction. At last she hurried by him, dropping a copy of THE WESTERN on the desk before him. Quickly he

snatched it up, and looking at the people all around him he eagerly opened to the first page. A single glance told him "It was not there." He looked again at the people round about him and turning over the second page, "It was not there." He turned the next page, and the next. Alas! His story had not been published. Humiliated and disgraced, he did not look around again, but, at the signal from the teacher, marched in line out of the great Study Hall.

Two weeks passed and the small first year went on quietly with his work. He had recovered in part from the shock of his recent failure, and already a new plot was shaping itself in his mind. Day by day it grew more distinct and more complete. Day by day he grew more hopeful and more confident. Should he write another? Would it be accepted? Nobody knew of his last failure because his story had been anonymous. Why then should he hesitate? He could not do worse than he had already done and then there was that chance of his success. He hesitated no longer. He wrote his story. It was a unit; the wording was good. It was a perfect masterpiece in itself, and what he had not dared to do to his first attempt he now did. His contribution was signed.

Next morning he appeared at school bright and early, and running straight up to the second floor, he paused a minute and listened. There was no one on the stairs, and no one in the office. Stepping softly to the contribution box, which is beneath the clock, he dropped into it his story, and unseen, quickly retraced his steps downstairs.

A long week of waiting and of eager expectation followed. It was again Friday afternoon and while the school was busy getting out books for Monday's lessons, the section agents quickly distributed copies of THE WESTERN. The face of one small boy was all radiant with joy. Upon the first page of THE WESTERN his story was printed and at the end his name was signed. He was an object of envy to every first year student in the school. No wonder his face was beaming with untold happiness, for this was his first great success in the literary world.

WILLIAM SMART.

That Tennis Set.

We took our places behind the net, It promised to be a lively set. I had the court, he took the serve—My! the way that ball did curve! But I got it back in a marvelous way And with such force I let it stay; "Jove—fifteen!" The umpire roared. The other fellow looked quite bored. He curved again, it struck the net And then, that fellow began to fret. He played the net, he sent a cut, And many a back-hander he put. To me, his balls were each the same, Everyone said I'd win the game. I didn't know, but I thought so too, And that is where the leak came through. Some of his curves I let fly by, I thought it wasn't worth while to try For didn't the set stand five to one! That fellow soon showed it hadn't begun. "Five to three" was the umpire's rhyme, I thought I still had plenty of time. "Five to four" and "five to five" My backers told me to be alive. He won the game; I lost the set, My friends, they likewise lost their bet And made me feel like the fellow who When he could make a 10, makes a 7-2.

MARJORIE FENTON.

The Miniature Painter.

It was the characteristic room of a college boy. The walls were lined with posters and, I blush to relate, stolen signs. Over the floor was strewn a confusion of caps, newspapers, and footballs in various stages of collapse and in the midst of a dense cloud of smoke two boyish heads were bending over the photograph of a beautiful girl.

"Jove! My cousin grows prettier every day!" This by Jack Hamilton with auburn locks, "you should know her, Harry. But then she's so confoundedly hard to get acquainted with that you would never know her well enough to like her—you are pretty bold, my boy, but you'd never have the courage to try your nonsense on Grace. So, as you can't be dignified you will have to steer clear of her, I'm afraid."

"But that is exactly what I don't intend doing. Since I once met Miss Hamilton at a dance I've always wanted to know her better. She's an all right girl and mark my words, I'll cut you out in no time."

"I like your conceit—Why I'm the only fellow to whom she has ever given her photo. She won't look at anyone else—not that that shows merit in me—but cousins don't count you see."

"Well, I'm going up her way soon and I'll bet you five to one that I'll have her photograph from her own hands before I've been in her presence half an hour."

"Is that a go?"

And Harry Winthrop from mere love for teasing replied "sure," and promptly forgot all about it until two days later.

Two days later three young girls sat in Grace Hamilton's room. Two were talking together on the couch, while Grace sat at her desk, her

golden head bowed over a letter written in bold masculine style. Her pretty forehead was drawn together in a frown, though the twinkle of amusement still lingered in her bright blue eyes as she murmured, "This is outrageous! But Jack is such a dear—I never heard such impudence!"

"What is the matter, Grace? We've been patiently watching the peculiar expression on your face for the past hour, and now you further excite our curiosity by those queer remarks. What is outrageous? I refuse to be kept any longer in suspense."

"Oh, girls! what shall I do? I've just received a letter from my cousin, Jack Hamilton, and he says—but I'll read it to you—'Dear Grace, that jay, Harry Winthrop, has made impudent remarks about you and offered to bet five to one that he will see you soon and get your photograph from your own hands before he has been in your presence half an hour. Of course I'm not in any bets where you are concerned, but another fellow has taken him up. Harry will do anything for the sake of a lark, so be wary my dearest.' I won't read the rest. But isn't this dreadful? If he comes I sha'n't see him. But that would hurt Jack's feelings. Well, poor Jack will have to suffer for this man's impudence. The bold creature!"

"Oh, Gay! do see him and sweep in the room like this—you know how. Act as haughty and as snubby as you can—you'd do it beautifully and the man will be utterly demolished within five minutes. I'd just love to see it. May and I will peep through the door"

"Don't be ridiculous, Alberta, I shall simply send word that I cannot see him. It is a shame for poor dear Jack to be obliged to associate with such a forward, unmannerly ruffian!" With these words Grace threw herself into a copious arm chair and the girls talked of other things.

* * * * *

It was growing quite late when the maid announced that "an agent wished to see Miss Hamilton." He was a poor looking man, the servant said, and carried a small box—probably containing wares which he had for sale. Grace said, "Oh bother!" And then, "But probably the poor old man is hungry, so I'll go down, girls, and buy his needles or pencils or whatever he has." So naturally Grace was exceedingly surprised to find instead of the "poor old man," a very young fellow, who, though peculiarly dressed, had a refined and handsome face—and that his voice was cultured and his talk that of "polite society."

It seemed he was a miniature painter. He showed some miniatures which testified to his talent in that line. And Grace went into ecstasies over the delicate and beautiful faces so charmingly portrayed on the ivory. What a fine idea to have one of herself done for her father's birthday! So the two made their bargain. The young man didn't seem to want to talk much about his work, and when Grace asked him the price he actually blushed. But she only thought him over modest. She was to give him her latest photo to copy, and she should have her miniature in one week. She burst into her room and upon the girls—all excitement.

"Oh May! Alberta—Such luck! He is a miniature painter and is going to do mine. He is lovely! So refined and courteous. I must run down and give him this photo." She was down stairs again in a second and her friends behind her. "Here is my photo. I am so glad you came. Good evening."

Then the man left the drawing-room and Grace proceeded to tell the girls all about it. But Jack came in just then and he, too, must hear about it.

"He is a miniature painter, Jack, and so nice and polite."

However, like all boys, Jack was suspicious of "an agent" and for safety went out into the hall to "see the fellow off." Grace continued her description, but she was interrupted.

"Why Henry Winthrop! I nearly fell over you, it is so dark here; and in this rig! These clothes are not fit to call on a girl in." The tones were loud and hearty and it was Jack's voice—Jack must know the artist.

His tones became still louder. "What! You have her photograph? Let me see."

In a moment the girls were in the hall and there a strange sight was presented to the eyes of the bewildered Grace. At her appearance in the doorway a deep crimson flush spread over the face of the miniature painter as he vainly tried to silence Jack. Jack giggled. But when his cousin demanded in her most chilling tone, "What is the cause of this most peculiar conduct?" He opened his mouth and the whole house rang with explosive laughter.

"Your miniature painter is Harry Winthrop. Can't you see? Oh, my! He is so nice, isn't he, Grace?" And off he went again in a fit of mirth.

Poor Grace! It all came upon her in a flash and her face turned pale. It was such a terrible humiliation for this proud girl. She drew herself up to her full height and bestowed a stony glare upon the unhappy Winthrop. Her voice trembled.

"I think it was unkind of you, and—and—rude." And then she gave way and one tear rolled down her cheek.

"Miss Hamilton, can't you forgive me?" Harry's voice was earnest and his clear grey eyes were sober and troubled. I'm so sorry and ashamed. Here is your photograph, and Jack here can testify to the other fellow as to my method of obtaining it. I'm awfully penitent, and it cuts me all up to have you look at me in that way, especially now that I've lost the photograph."

"Well," faintly, "I forgive you. I thought I recognized Jack's old laboratory coat."

The last thing at night, after a long and sober silence, Grace murmured very softly:

"Girls, wasn't it nice of him to want my photograph?"

JEAN CURTIS APPLEBY.

It was in Room 1, and the emphatic announcement had just been made that the third years were to sit with nobody during study hour. Then, one of the class "lights," looking innocently up, enquired calmly:

We may sit with the first and second year students though, mayn't we?"

THE WESTERN.

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THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni.

Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1897.

EDITORIAL.

Although late in coming out this year, owing to unavoidable circumstances, the Western hopes she will be given the same welcome that would have been accorded her, had she made her appearance earlier.

Once more we are assembled in the spacious (?) halls of the Western, scanning Latin poetry, writing English prose, wading through the difficulties of German constructions, and engaging in various other occupations which for three long months we have ignored so completely. But has not that complete rest brought its own fruits? Are we not stronger, mentally and physically than when we left school, and better able to carry on our many school interests? Judging from the surprising manner in which the foot-ball team has grown up and flourished, it seems safe to suppose that the energy and zeal for which the Western is noted, has not abated one bit. But dear Westerners let not your

efforts be turned simply in one direction for we have a paper to support, and not only a paper but a reputation, one established by our predecessors, the former editors of this sheet. Their standard was a high one. Shall ours be higher or lower?

The editorial desk looks very new and bare, the editorial drawer reproachfully empty, but this shall not be for long, because with five sections in the first year and as many more in all the other years, contributions should come in thick and fast. So patronize the contribution box in the second hall under the clock, young first-year and wise second-year and let your motto be "Write, write, write."

NOTES OF INTEREST.

With a championship to defend, we feel, as regards things military, we should make every effort to hold that which was so gloriously won. The chance for a good company to represent us seems to be remarkably good, at the present time, and as regards numbers, we have this year, the largest company that has ever represented the Western. We are highly gratified that the case is so very encouraging and remembering that there is strength in numbers, we feel that this year, we are indeed strong. We will soon be able to give a good account of ourselves, and hope to reflect great credit on our school.

The Camera Club, famous for its enjoyable outings, as well as the clever work of its members, is again ready for business. With a membership far in excess of the expectations of its founders, the club has every incentive to do good work and we take this opportunity of giving it our heartiest good wishes and of predicting for it a most successful season.

The Bicycle Club has not as yet organized, but judging from the number of wheels in the corridor, we think that we have fine material to select from, in case such an organization is effected.

The current History Club is again in the field, with many new names enrolled upon its books. A great many of the older members have returned, and will

initiate the new ones into the discussion of important events.

Many of the Westerners, after leaving school, have entered Cornell University.

The Western Eleven.

For the first time in the history of our school, we have a foot-ball eleven strong enough to join the High School League and struggle on the "Gridiron," for the honors and glory of the District Championship.

The team has been practicing steadily for the last few weeks and steadily getting into excellent form for the conflict with the "Easterners" on the 27th. Like the rest of our school organizations, it has the snap and push so characteristic of the Western.

With the old and well known spirit of the "Western Rooters" to back us, we expect to crown ourselves with laurels and do honor and credit to the school. The line up is as follows:

Tracey Mulligan.....Left end.
William Smart.....Left tackle.
Guy Smith.....Left guard.
Frank Miller.....Center.
Paul Chamberlin.....Right guard.
Thomas Hayden.....Right tackle.
Nathan Manakee.....Right end—Manager.
Richard Brewer.....Quarter-back.
Ross Ferno.....Left half-back.
Charles Taussig.....Right half-back.
Boyden Buck.....Full-back—Captain.

The officers for Company H, were appointed on Thursday, Oct. 21, and were as follows: Captain, Charles A. Taussig; First Lieut., J. Marshal Petty; Second Lieutenant, G. Albert Birch; Sergeants, Smart, Middleton, Sterne, Mulligan, Grunwell; Corporals, Lamberton, Hoffman, Boteler, Young, Hurst. The place of Battalion Quartermaster was given to Charles Pimper. The two other staff positions were not filled by appointments from this school.

PERSONAL.

Miss Grace Bird is making a reputation, in the field of short story writers. When in our school, she was one of our cleverest contributors, and her delightful stories, aided very materially in advancing the literary merits of our paper. We compliment her on her success, and hope it may continue.

That 'Bus Party.

The four-horse bus was standing at the door,
We all piled in and started for the game.
The jolliest party that I ever saw
And Manyakee did the honors for the same.

We left the busy town, the noise behind,
We drove into the country, cross the bridge,
And there we met our chaperone so kind,
Who lives just o'er the stream, behind the ridge.

At last we reached the grounds, the E. H. S.
A merry party we, and full of fun,
The football team and substitutes—oh yes!
Were with us when we drove up in the sun.

The E. H. S.'s were a gentle set
Oh not for fighting did they have a turn!
But gave attention to the girls they'd met,
And asked us if we would not come again.

After the game we all packed in again
And rolled away 'mid yells and cheers and such,
We traveled back the road by which we came,
But did we go right home again? Not much!

The best part of the tale is yet to come
How at Miss Buckley's soon we all arrived.
And there we found a bounteous feast, with some
Of all the things on which we live and thrive.

How Taussig did the pickles ne'er forsake,
And Ferno patronized the candy sweet
How Smart was partial to the chocolate cake,
How Miller slept standing on his feet.

At last we started off again in state
But ere we'd gotten half-way down the hill
Because we had no lantern, tho' 'twas late,
We ran into a ditch, and had a spill.

Full many a minute passed and still the 'bus,
Reclined in the ditch beside the road
But soon 'twas fixed and then without more fuss
It safely reached the town and dropped its load.

A Strike for Freedom.

We kept a-hearin' and a-hearin' all week that old Mas'r Buffner who had got back home from firin' the first shot on Fort Sumpter, was goin' to move all us colored folks to one of his other plantations where we'd be safe from the Yank-ees and wouldn't know anybody.

One Saturday evenin' I hung my rake on the reaper, and I said: "Rake, you hang there till Monday mornin' and I don't know who'll take you off. I won't."

So I went home and got everything ready, and cooked my grub, and then we all went down to the creek to get the boat, which held fifteen people. Then I says to my partner, "Isabelle, if Bigisin, the overseer, come down here tonight we'll kill him sure." But he didn't dare come out of his house that night.—

So Richard Granger and Bob Granger who was carpenters, they fixed the boat and twenty of us got in.

We had to go down Herrin' Creek one mile before we come to the mouth of the river. Then we had to go eighteen miles down the river before we reached Sandy Point. When we saw day-break, we saw a gun-boat, but they'd been ordered not to let any women or children on board. The reason we went to the gun-boat was because our boat was leaking, but they told us to go on down the river, and we'd reach Sandy Point in two or three hours.

When you're strivin' with all your might for a first taste of liberty, you don't give up easy, so we began a-bailin' and a-bailin' and the water came a-creepin' and a-creepin' and we thought we never would reach Sandy Point. At last we did get there, and when we got out of the boat it sank real quick and all the grub sank with it. Then we went up to Sandy Point House and got plenty to eat and drink for three weeks.

One day, we wasn't thinkin' anything when the man on guard came and told us we must make for the river, for the rebels were close at hand and we were in danger.

A man, whose name was Henry, was a very good swimmer, and he went to the river and swam out far enough to signal the gun-boat that we were in danger. Then the gun-boat began to fire so as to scare the rebels away. But we was so scared we got our little packages and began to make for the river. We waded out up to our waists and got into the row-boat that was a-waitin' for us. Then they took us to the gun-boat.

Then we went to Harrison's Landing, and then to Newport News, and then to Hampton. Next they ordered us to Craney Island for the winter, to work on a farm, but I didn't want to. So when they asked me for my name, I told 'em my name was "What's your name."

They asked me what my mas'r called me when he wants me to do so and so.

"Now, I want your name."

"My name is Want your name." He says, "Now suppose I hang you up there!"

I say, "I'll come down just like you put me up."

So he thought I was an idjut; the others all gave him their names and next day off they went to the farm, and I 'scaped to Fortress Monroe, just 'cause I wa'nt goin' to tell 'em my name was Lucy Suetty Ann Hall Williams.

L. H. BRECKENRIDGE.

Rainy Mornings.

It was a rainy morning.

The girls all got off a car at the gate, and, raising their umbrellas, started through. The first, not forewarned and therefore not forearmed, came to grief; in her haste to get in out of the rain she almost turned her umbrella wrong side out. She stepped back and began manoeuvres of divers sorts to get that umbrella through. It was large and it took some time, but she finally succeeded, and the next took her turn. She had neglected to notice how the first had manipulated her umbrella and she began at the wrong end. She turned it with the handle over her shoulder and started through the gate before the umbrella. It wouldn't go! The girls began to titter and the boys to look superior. The girl at the gate backed away and turning her umbrella around, started with the umbrella first. Someone kindly joggled her elbow, the umbrella turned sideways and she sailed through triumphant. What we want to know is, who was the brilliant creature who joggled her elbow?

The third young lady had watched all this very carefully and went through without any useless delay about umbrellas. The boys showed a great desire to give the High School yell in their innocent and playful way, and another young lady tried it. She had been talking to one of those "cute fellows" and he had so engrossed her attention by a very interesting episode concerning "Harry 'n' me" that she had seen nothing of their proceedings. Someone asserts that that youth actually winked when the girl started for

the gate. She held her umbrella so daintily that it might have been a fan—so daintily, in fact, that when she struck the gate she lost her umbrella. The wicked youth rescued it and turning it sideways and poking it through the gate handed it to the scarlet maiden.

The remainder of that car-load got through pretty well with a little delay, but the next car brought another crowd and the first half-dozen girls went through an equally amusing performance. The determination with which they started for that gate, the see-if-I-don't air with which they glanced around, is only to be compared to the chagrin they experienced when the sides of the umbrella struck the sides of the gate and it wouldn't go through.

One young lady has firmly declared that even if she has to walk to school in the rains she will not again go through that gate with an umbrella. In the meantime, the gate is still there and she is not the only girl who carries an umbrella to school on rainy days.

SIBYLLE BOULANGER.

Cyclones.

The same group of men, who had loafed around the little corner store for the last ten years, gathered again as usual on this hot July afternoon.

Did I say the same lot?

Well, there was one exception. A tall, lanky mountaineer, who had tied his horse to the hitching-post and after giving all present a "Good mornin'," had silently seated himself, in the corner, on the box labeled "Star Soap."

"Yes, sir," said the man sitting on the steps, as he closed his knife with a click, and put it in his pocket. "I have saw some tola'ble bad cyclones in the co'se of my existence." "I remember er storm away back thar in ther '70's, when it blew so hard it blowed all the cracks outen ther fence. Yas, sir, that's what it did."

"Well," remarked the storekeeper, who was perched on a sugar barrel, as he took a big chew of "Cow Boy" plug, "I was keeping store at Snicker's Junction just befo'e the wa'h when

the cyclone, I am agoin' to tell you all about, took place. It blew so hard that afte'noon it blowed a molasses barrel full of molasses offen my store porch, and it blowed that ther molasses barrel clean around the town and left a half-pint of molasses in all the milk-cans. What do you all think of that fo' a wind-storm?

"Them thar was right windy times, and they puts me in mind o' a little blow we had up in my part-o-the country," said the mountaineer between puffs at his "corn-cob," "Hit happened some five or six years ago, accordin' to my reckollection. Hit come on to blow about mornin', I calc'late, and hit blowed so 'gol darned' pow'-full hit blowed a well out o-the ground and then blowed the hole out an' changed the day-o-the week."

* * * *

"Some folks certainly is unbelieving," he remarked softly to himself as he gazed wearily after the last one of his listeners disappearing around the corner. Then he slowly mounted his horse and in another minute was merely a cloud of dust disappearing over the line of the horizon.

PAUL E. CHAMBERLIN,
Section K., W. H. S.

The Lost Tribe of Israel.

A long line of girls, blue-eyed, brown-eyed, black-eyed, but all alike wild-eyed and anxious. Behind them, a long line of boys, some tall, some short, some with shaggy foot-ball hair, others with long stringy hair and a "part," but all alike, with hair bristling straight up on end, in a frenzied, despairing manner! Occasionally, a particularly adventuresome person, be he male or female, forgetting the iron-clad rules of the school to "keep in line, eyes to the front!" and so forth, darts forward and into the door of a forbidding looking class-room, only to return, in double quick time, with the oft repeated whisper: "There's a class in there." Silence for a few moments, as the assembled minds masticate the hopeless thought, and then a general movement forward, another halt, and fair maids and gallant laddies scan anew their

"programs," eagerly comparing them and promptly coming to grief as they find that thirty different people have as many different ideas as to "where they belong." Then the gentle sex begins to talk, madly, excitedly, fast, while the opposite sex, begins to argue, gesticulate, and frown. No thought of future penalties to be paid for being out of order disturbs them, no thought of being out of line now strikes terror to these sinking hearts, as one by one they slowly realize that—

A First Year Section is lost!

MARJORIE FENTON.

Snap-Shots.

Teacher: "How do you find dates in Latin?"

Unfortunate boy: "I don't know."

Long-suffering teacher: "How many dont knows, do you think it takes to make a failure?"

Boy: "I don't know."

Have you heard of the new and improved method of frying oysters? A little Georgetown shop exhibits this sign: "Oysters by the pt. qt. & gal. fried in a box."

Why are there so many more cases of tardiness than there were last year, and why are the tardy girls so greatly in the majority? See Mr. P. in the office.

Until this year we always thought that Room 7, on account of its size, the peculiarity of its desks and its position right on the street, not to mention the wooden partition which alone divides it from Room 6, was a model class-room in every respect, but that only shows how mistaken one may be, for this year, Room 3, with its comfortable lounge, its rocking chair, its peculiar shape and size, and last but not least, its looking-glass, far surpasses Room 7, and offers every opportunity for concentration of mind and for the keeping of one's temper.

Mr. Will Fisher, '95, is continuing his dental course at Columbian, and soon expects to receive his diploma from that institution.

Miss Alice Crowley, '95, is teaching in the Wallach, to which she was appointed after leaving the Normal.

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

VOL. III

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1897.

No. 2.

A Handicap Race.

A 6 and a 10 set out for a race.
The end of the quarter was made the base.
The 6 began with a two week's lead,
And showed the 10 that it had the need
Of hurrying up, if it would get through;
The 10 knew this to be too true.

The weeks went on, the end drew near.
Things for the 10 looked very queer,
For steadily, surely, day by day,
The 6 got the winnings in the play,
But the 10 still hoped, at the very last,
To step right up and lead the class.

"Pride hath a fall," they say in rhyme,
And that's what happened about this time;
The 10 was plucked, the 6 was passed,
It struck that 10 like a mighty blast.
"I was handicapped," it murmured low,
"Large bodies always travel slow." (ly)

MARJORIE FENTON.

An Episode.

[Respectfully dedicated to the men who consider themselves proof against that modern pest, a summer girl.]

"I am so glad to meet you, Mr. Hewes!"
The demure maiden lifted her heavenly
blue eyes slowly, then slowly let them
drop. The large veranda was crowded,
and the sea breezes of Atlantic City
cooled the brows of the men and women
gathered there—the fortunate ones who
had fled from the heated city.

The summer girl, in her spotless gown
of white duck, chatted gaily with Mr.
Hewes, until a small personage with a
large head, and, as the maid informed her
new friend, an equally large pocket-book,
came to take "ye maiden" out sailing.

Surely Mr. Hewes was just the kind of
man whom any girl might be "so glad
to meet." His immaculate dress, his
thorough air of worldly knowledge, in
fact every thing about him was entirely
satisfactory. He was not handsome, but
his whole appearance made him acquire
some titles which, had he known them,

would no doubt have rather startled him.
For instance, mainmas called him "an
engaging young man," papas called him
"a deucedly fine fellow." The girls—
well really it would take volumes to con-
tain their opinion of him, for girls have
such a dictionary of non-Websterian
words tucked away in their brains. But
could he have heard even the commonest,
"sweet angel," perhaps the "sweet angel"
would have flown to the city.

Although the most model of men in
every respect, he had one small fault,
which was so minute that it really wasn't
counted. Unfortunate man! he liked
the girls! So it was not so very strange
that on the same day he met her, Mr.
Hewes might have again been seen with
the apparition in white duck strolling
along the board walks, among the happy
throng of pleasure seekers.

The hottest part of the day came, and
under the piers, in a cool, shady nook
sat a girl and a man. The girl was a
summer girl. The man was Mr. Hewes.
And O! such a place for a flirtation!
But Mr. Hewes didn't flirt, and the sum-
mer girl? Well, let's listen, as they talk,
not of books or great works of art. Oh,
no! In summer man studies nature—
human—not books!

"Really, Mr. Hewes, I can't say that
you will agree with me, but I think you
will, when I say that I never could en-
dure flirting, and what is more I flatter
myself that I can tell whether a man is
a flirt or not the moment I lay my eyes
on him. If I miss what most girls call a
good time, I really don't feel as if I had
lost anything, for I find lots of pleasure
in life without flirting," said this little
girl, her blue eyes wide open and earnest.

"I'm sure we should be good friends
then, for I thoroughly agree with you,
and strange to say have the same opinion

concerning my ability to discern char-
acter." Oh, man! What fools ye be!

Was it strange that two people so
similar in likes and dislikes should soon
become warm friends?

All through the heat of August the
two might have been seen at the crowded
places of amusement, along the walks,
on the ocean, in the ocean, by the ocean,
but always together, still studying human
nature.

Alas! all joys sometimes end and this
joy was but human. At length came a
day, sad thought, when these two, so
practical in all respects, must part.

"Could you go to the shore with me
for a short time? You know it is my
last day, and I want to ask you some-
thing," the disconsolate man asked the
inconsolable maiden, who sadly and
sorrowfully answered, "yes."

To the little nook they went and few
were the words they spoke. She reclined
on a pile of sand which the gallant man
had piled up—a pile of sand, covered
with an immaculate handkerchief with
"H" embroidered in the corner. He
looked the very picture of despair. She
sat gazing into space, her blue eyes
resting on the deep, her thoughts—Well,
what a multitude of ideas the ocean must
possess! He sat gazing at her and try-
ing to gaze into her mind; but she was
impenetrable.

Not a word was said. At one his train
would go. It was eleven, twelve, twelve
fifteen—he must speak! Now or never!
Violently he jabbed holes in the sand
with her Paris parasol, each time jabbing
her heart with thoughts of ruin.

"Well, I have only a few minutes left
and before I go can't you say something
to make me less doleful, or ask me one
favor?" He had intended to say more—
oceans more, but—

"Yes"—in an almost inaudible voice—"Yes, you can do me a favor; I want so much to remember you, that you can do me a favor. Go up on the board walk and get me a box of Huyler's!"

E. J. A., '98.

He is young, very young, and he sits in the hall.

They are somewhat older and they sit in the hall.

So far, despite the strong admiration which the two girls have evinced for the one boy, they have not met. A continuous stare and an occasional smile in "his" direction are not at all the same as a like performance toward an acquaintance. The stranger may consider it as quite the natural thing, but the acquaintance does not—provided he be not abominably conceited.

So the introduction is postponed and the youth "With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse," still beams upon the admiring maidens with the same sweet smile and they answer with the same shy blush.

Will somebody please introduce that trio? The girls are pretty and some other people are getting jealous.

From— A NEGLECTED ONE.

Gridiron's Ambition.

It was the last hour Friday, on the day before the great Central-Western football game which was to decide the championship, and enthusiasm waxed warm. In the large study hall of the Western a long-haired youth, with the expression of John Gridiron, sat, apparently poring over a voluminous book, but in reality with thoughts far away. He was a novice at the game, although he held the important position of half-back, and today his mind was in a turmoil. What should he do on that tackle play? Which man should he take on the kick? He had confused all. Anxiously he glanced at the clock—twenty minutes of two—twenty minutes more. This time tomorrow they would be preparing for the fray. He could not imagine what made him feel so queer. Suddenly he caught a glimpse of something, something

feminine, passing through the hall outside. This made him feel a sight better, and by the time the bell had rung his thoughts were running in a different channel. He now thought of himself as returning to school on Monday, a hero. Think of being cheered as he entered the room! Think of being called on the platform and presented with flowers, as had the captain of last year's baseball team! Think of the captaincy next year! And above all things, think of being looked up to by the whole school! He had never been popular, being quiet and studiously inclined, and although this was his second year, and he a member of the company, there were many in the school who did not even know his name. He had a weakness for girls. Every boy has, although some toil laboriously to hide it. He could hardly think of any one of them, especially one, wishing to meet him, and yet, if he could only win the game, he knew this would follow. Oh! hang the the nine two's and tens if he could only win the game! Time and time again he would refer to a slip which he had clipped from the evening paper. "In John S. Gridiron the Western has an exceedingly promising half-back, who, however, is completely outclassed by Brown, of the Central." Each time he read this he swore that after the game that statement should be reversed.

* * * *

Hurrah! Two hundred or more voices join in the cry. The Central has kicked the ball off for the second half with no score for either side. It sails straight for Gridiron. In one moment he has seized it and in another he hears his name shouted by hundreds of voices. He has made a fine gain of thirty yards. Then follows rush after rush, first one gaining and then the other. Twice Gridiron has saved his goal from danger by fine kicks, but still the Centrals gain. At last the ball is within the Western's twenty-yard line, and now it is at the ten. Two downs, no gain! Three downs! Four, and the Western has the ball! Gradually they work the ball up the field. Hurrah! Only fifteen yards more! Excitement is intense. A fumble! All chance is lost! But ten minutes of play

remain. A few minutes suffice for the Central to carry the ball into neutral ground. The Western seems to have lost heart. The Central, seeing this, redoubles her efforts. Steadily she gains and once more the Western's twenty-five yard line is passed. Four minutes more before the half is up! Can the Western hold them for that time? Gradually the Central gains until but ten yards remain. They try the mass on left tackle. It fails. Gridiron tries the next rush by a fine tackle, and once more the center remains firm. Western's ball! Shouts rend the air, and the enthusiasm of the Western followers seems to have broken its bounds. Two minutes more, 7-16-55-8. See! Gridiron has it. He skirts the end, but oh! the Central's quarter stands directly in his path. He will surely tackle him. No, he misses. Only one man between Gridiron and the much coveted goal. Swiftly the two bear together. A clash—both are down! But Gridiron is up and in another moment, amid the cheers of the whole gathering he bears the ball across the line. He has made the touch-down and won the game! His head swims. What is all this? He hears his name shouted by a hundred or more voices. He sees the red and white flags, which the moment before were drooping heavily, flung out on high. And now the crowd rushes towards him. In another instant they seize him, and bearing him high in the air, they continue to wildly shout his name.

Suddenly he falls with a crash. He opens his eyes to find himself in his own room sitting exactly as he had been two long hours before, with the newspaper clipping in his hand. It had all been a dream, a beautiful, beautiful dream!

RICHARD BREWER, '99.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Buck, who seriously dislocated his arm at football practice last week.

If some of our teachers had their way we would have no blackboards in school, for they are always asking to have the boards erased.

The Western Team.

Our Western team
It is a dream
Of football playing fine.
Our men are light
But "out of sight"
And they "get there" every time.

Our captain tall
He can "play ball"
And kick to "beat the band."
And Taussig's here
Our hearts to cheer
On the ball he'll always land.

Oh, Brewer's pluck
And Fernow's luck
Have broken many a line!
And Manakee quick
And Hayden "a brick"
Both help the team to shine.

And as for Miller
He is a "killer."
And Smith he is "all right!"
And Mulligan's grip
Will never slip,
For he always holds on tight.

Our tale is done
When the praise we've sung
Of Chamberlin and Smart.
Which we'll gladly do,
For it's very true
That they take a leading part.

(Pardon slang.)

A. R.
M. F.

First Coon.—"Oh! I don't know, you're not so many."

Second Coon.—"Well you're not a Cisneros, if you did escape from jail."

Physics Teacher.—"Is there anybody or bodies, on the surface of the globe, which are perfectly at rest?"

Student.—"Yes; the local police force."

Teacher.—"Why were you not in your English class the last hour?"

Student.—"Because I had a conflict with my study hour."

The boy stood on the burning deck,
And loud and long he hollers,
"The heat would never scorch my neck,
If I used Saks' collars."

Moral—Go to Saks for collars.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you," but don't do it in school, for you will get put out.

Teacher.—"Why did you leave the Study Hall the fifth hour?"

Pupil.—"Because I was unable at the time to take it with me."

THE WESTERN.

3

Personals.

Captain Smoot of '97, so well known in the Western for reasons which it is not necessary to enumerate, entered Cornell University this year and was immediately made sergeant in one of the companies there. They are evidently quick to recognize merit at Cornell.

"Bunnie" Ramsburg, another of our celebrities, holds the position of Captain in the Cornell regiment, and is also on the editorial staff of the Cornell newspaper.

Miss Alice Coyle, '96, is at Radcliffe College.

Mr. Jesse H. Wilson, after studying at Columbian for a year, has entered Cornell.

Miss Vera Charles has gone to Mt. Holyoke College as a "special student" in biology.

The faculty has been increased by the addition of Miss Stickney, Miss Baker, and Mr. Parker, all of whom are fast making places for themselves in the affections of the school.

Mr. Alfred Wright is taking the course in Chemistry at Columbian.

Miss Amy Coneklin, '96, is taking the course in Latin at Columbian.

An Incident.

A crowd had assembled in front of the boat-house. It was near the hour for the Infanta of Spain to take the boat for Mount Vernon, and this motley set of open-mouthed, open-eyed, impatient spectators was anxiously awaiting her arrival.

There were all sorts and conditions of people; all sizes, shapes and colors, from the tiny kindergarten pupil, awed into complete silence by the prospect of seeing a real live princess, to the know-it-all, shabby-genteel dandy, conspicuous because of his assumed air of indifference. There was the refined middle-aged man and the unrefined middle-aged man, the latter cursing, sotto voce, everybody and everything with which he came in contact. In short this crowd comprised almost every type of humanity found in a

large city. The most noticeable members of the assemblage were four individuals standing in a group as near the front as was permitted by the very vigilant officer of the law. The central figure of this group was a woman of ample proportions grotesquely dressed in a brilliant yellow and terra-cotta gingham, patched here and there with pieces of blue. Her hands were red, her face redder, and her hair reddest. The last reds were brought out to great advantage (?) by a large sun-bonnet of brown and white plaid. She was with difficulty trying to quiet the three small daughters huddled about her knees. The children ranged probably from four to eight years of age, and were almost as uniquely clad as their mother. Their dresses had no doubt been prepared for the occasion at short notice, because, although washed, they had certainly not been ironed. Their faces likewise betrayed haste, being only semi-scrubbed. One could distinctly see the dividing line between the parts which had, and those which had not, been honored by a slight cleaning. The dress of the youngest was of blue and white checked gingham, all but the sleeves, which were after thoughts of brown plaid. The second's costume was of the most wonderful rainbow mixture throughout. The eldest daughter rejoiced in a dark blue and white striped apron of a most peculiar cut. All three little tousled heads were covered with brown and white checked sunbonnets. Such was the group which attracted the attention of everybody.

One lady, one of the fortunate early birds who had arrived in time to secure a place in the boat-house, was especially attracted by them and spoke to the woman:

"Now when the princess comes," she said, "have your little girls wave and hurrah for her. Then she will turn around and you can get a good look at her."

The Irish woman looked up at the person who had addressed her, the most profound contempt stamped on her features.

"Humph! Indade! And Oi'll do nothing o' the koind! Oi'm an Americin citizen, and Oi aint agoin to let me children hurray fer any old quane."

E. K. A. C., 1900.

THE WESTERN.

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THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni.

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ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1897.

EDITORIAL.

What an eventful week this has been. First, the luncheon, where we spent our shining quarters and consumed such marvelous quantities of candy, cake, juicy pickles and—speak it softly—fried oysters. Next, the elections, with their important results, and last, the spirited football game with the Business, in which so many of our men covered themselves with glory. It speaks well for us, if amid these exciting issues, we still pursue our uninterrupted work. How swiftly the weeks are flying by, hurrying us relentlessly onward towards what will be to some a new, and to all an interesting moment—the end of the quarter. The speed with which time travels just now is only equalled by its lagging footsteps at the beginning of a quarter. Already the ominous words—"just two more weeks," have struck terror to many minds, while the atmosphere is heavy with examinations coming and to come. But what do we care for examinations when the result of them is sure to be a

big "10," or for the end of the quarter when it is sure to mean a holiday?

The Western-Business Football Game

The game with the Business High School team did not result exactly as we had expected. But this was in all probability due to the absence of our regular half-back, and also to several changes made in the line at the last moment. The men not being accustomed to their new positions did not show up in their team work as well as they usually do. The tie will have to be played off sometime in the near future and then we'll show the Business what kind of material we are made of.

P. C.

The Luncheon.

Our first luncheon was given Wednesday, November 1, between the hours of 12 and 1. The novelty about this luncheon was the fact that it was given entirely by "first-years." It certainly did them credit. I think we will all admit that the candy, cake, and "sich," put up for sale were just as inviting as any we have ever had. It was a success financially and socially, and brought before our minds alluring visions of the hot lunch room we are to have at our new school.

W. H. S. Athletic Association.

The Western High School Athletic Association has been organized with a full roster of members. At a meeting held Friday, October 29, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Charles B. Buck; vice-president, Charles Taussig; secretary, Tracy Mulligan; treasurer, Richard Brewer. Already suitable quarters have been secured for the meeting place of the club, through the kind assistance of Mr. Earl Tanner, who was president of the club last year, and who is still an honorary member. The objects of the club are the promotion of athletics in the Western High School and the physical development of its male members. The present financial condition, and the interest and enthusiasm shown at a recent meeting are an indication of the success and popularity of the club last year.

T. MULLIGAN.

Dew.

They were sitting in a boat,
He and she together,
And they let it idly float,
Caring naught for sea or weather.

Till she cried, "The dew is falling,
And its falling over you,"
But he heeded not her calling
And least of all the dew.

For he heard the boatman bawling,
And thought as you would too,
Not of the dew then falling
But the boat rent, falling due.

JAMARPE.

THE Current Topic Club has lately been organized. After many fruitless attempts enough students have been interested by its missionaries to make the society a possibility. It has already held three meetings, two of which have been devoted entirely to organization, with this result: The club is organized under a good constitution providing for all its needs and has elected the following officers: President, Mr. Solyom, junior; vice president, Mr. Botler, sophomore; secretary, Mr. Calvo, freshman; executive committee, Mr. Solyom, (ex officio) Miss Robinson, of the faculty; Mr. Darwin, sophomore.

The third meeting marked the successful beginning of the club's regular work, the discussion of current events of all kinds. The club numbers on its rolls more than twenty members.

WE are indebted for our much admired outside cover to Miss Drummond of the first year, who made the design.

THE "third" football team of the Western has at last been organized, but but as yet has made no arrangements for games. Those holding positions on the team are Birch, growler-rush; Middleton, green-back; Smith, pull-back; Petty, hold-back; Sterne, pants-guard; Linkins, shin-guard; Lewis, drop-back or draw-back; Klienschmidt, left-in; Hilton, left-out. The other positions have not been filled.

ONE of the teachers recently told her class that the examination next day would put them on their mettle. This probably accounts for the tack that Mr. Middleton found in his chair next day.

T'it for Tat.

The football player had donned his war paint; he was off to battle; just ten minutes he had in which to reach his destination, the ball grounds. So taking full advantage of the fact that he had been one of the crack runners on last year's baseball team, he acquired the double-quick motion, hurrying on at a most rattling good pace. A number of thoughts, various in their nature, swept with a truly remarkable rapidity through the very hidden mind of his most approved football head, foremost among them being a keen realization of the fact that football trousers were not constructed in such a way as to enable their wearer to adopt that free-and-easy motion to which he was accustomed. He devoutly hoped he would see no one whom he knew.

The professional beauty, and as might well be added, the professional talker had arrayed herself in her best bib and tucker. Like the football player she had on her war paint, and was off, not only to battle but to conquest. She was in no hurry, for the whole day lay before her in which to reach her destination, "home again." In her gentle and untrammelled mind numerous thoughts were also plodding their weary way and she hoped—she would see the football player.

But the football player saw her first. What should he do? Five of the ten coveted minutes had gone, and still he was squares away from the "haven where he would be." He immediately resolved upon a course of action. Shaking his shaggy hair into his unoffending eyes he pulled a ferocious looking cap down over any remaining range of vision which might have access to the professional beauty. He ducked his head, much as a mad bull is supposed to do upon charging its victims, though he had no such designs upon the young lady in question; he straightened his back, gave a peculiar hitch to his shoulders and began to run. It was borne in upon the professional beauty that he was doing the "center rush." She promptly made up her mind to "tackle" him. An entrancing smile had no visible effect upon the object of her wrathful intentions. Then she smiled

again and began quickly—"Oh! Mr. F. B., I have been wanting to speak to you about—"

But the football player was rapidly disappearing into the horizon.

On the gridiron he was told that they thought he would do, but it offered no consolation to his burdened heart, for the next time he saw the professional beauty he saw her in a new capacity. She was playing "full back" on the opposite side of the street.

MARJORIE FENTON, R 3.

A Swivel Ball.

"Aunt Hannah, the other fellers know all sorts er stories erbout ther folks an' I hain't anythin' ter tell them about mine. Can't yer think er some story I can tell when they all begin ter tell their tales?"

This question was asked by little Tommy Allen, and in response his great Aunt Hannah told him the following story:

Wal, Tommy, I eac'late I ken think er sump'n ter help yer erlong. Dew yar remember ther little ball upstairs thet you've alwez ealled er cannon ball? Ther's er swivel ball, which is er small cannon, and ther swivel were tuk by ver great great uncle John Allen, who wuz my own father. Et wuz durin' the war uv 1812, an' aroun' here they wan't much fightin', but we held our little seraps with ther English. Father had a little two master. He useter carry provisions in ter ther folks over on ther island' from ther village here. One day er English man-o'-war thet wuz layin' off in the Reach sent out a barge ter chase ther schooner, an' father wuz lookin' fer er big fight, and didn't see much chance ter get out er it. He didn't hev but four men beside him. One er them wuz er passenger, but he wuz more'n willin' to take his share o' ther fightin' agin' them Bristishers. Ther barge come erlong lots faster then ther schooner wuz goin, but father hed er plan an' didn't much min' ther barge ketchin' him' bein' pretty sure o' beatin' them when they did come.

They wuz five altogether—Joe Smith, Ned Sellers, Will Eaton, father an' ther passenger, Mr. Brown. But they wan't but three muskets, an' thet wuz ther real

difficulty, but thet didn't bother John Allen er mite.

"Joe," z'e, "you'n' Mr. Brown git down in ther hol' an' keep erloadin' er the guns. Ev'ry time we shoot we'll reach ther empty guns ter yer, an' yer can load em an' be mighty quick erbout et, tew. I hope yer beent hurt, Mr. Brown, ond me ersendin' er yer inter ther hol' outer ther way er ther bullits, but yer see I sorter hel' myself resposnerble fer yer an' I beent any ways certain er these Britishers, the're er sneaky lot; en' yer make all ther noise yer can an' they'll think ther is a hull raft er us, keepin' down in ther hol' out er danger from ther bul-lits."

"Say, cap'n," sed Ned Sellers, "don't yer think yer'd better call them all sorts names ez don't berlong ter them? That'll fool ther Britishers a lot more."

"Wal, yass, I guess yer erbout right, Ned."

An' so when ther Britishers come erlongside, which they did pretty soon, father he called ther men er lot er names.

Thet an' ther racket they made fooled ther Britishers good, an' they thought ther' wuz erbout twenty men erboard an' all er them ready to fight. So, arter er mighty little fightin' ther Britishers guv in an' surrendered an' father tuk the'r boat in han'.

Father got erbout ninety dollars from them, an' all ther arms an' stuff erboard ther barge an' ermong ther rest wuz ther swivel, an' thet ball is one er ther balls thet belonged ter it. Them Britishers hed er prisoner, er man thet belonged at Machias, hidden erway some 'ers, an' father let all er them ar men-go free an' guv them back ther barge in exchange fer thet ar one man.

I calc'late, sonny, thet none er ther boys can get erhead er thet fer er true story. T'ain't often thet five men ketch fifteen, is it!

SIBYL.

The other day at the foot-ball game Mr. Mulligan succeeded in winning a reputation for himself in one way if not in another. It was all on account of "that little red cap and that big white tassel." A young lady from Alexandria, accompanied by a young gentleman from the same place, was heard to remark with the inimitable Virginia accent, as Mr. Mulligan made one particularly good play—

"Oh, Mr. Cyarter! just watch that tawsel!"

"From One Who Is'nt."

If I were a great class light, ah! me!
How very happy I could be;
I'd always shine in class, oh, yes,
And never answer with, "I guess."
I'd know my Latin verbs by heart,
I'd always be willing to take the start
At "English translations," so hard to do,
I'd always be one of the very few,
To bring in papers, all copied right,
If only I were a great class light!

If I were a great class light, I 'spose,
I'd always be the one who knows,
Where the lesson begins and where to stop,
And for references be right on top.
I'd never laugh in study hall,
I'd take my seat at the first bell's call,
I'd never skip, I'd never shun,
I'd never sanction any fun.
I'd study hard from morn till night,
If only I were a great class light.

MARJORIE FENTON.

Interesting Informations.

The faculty will no doubt be interested to learn that Miss Buckley can cook.

The game of "chase" is still apparently very enjoyable even to High School girls.

We would like to know whether or not Mr. R. Chamberlin found a ruler the other day. The expression of his countenance as he went up and down aisle after aisle anxiously enquiring for one, boded ill to the person against whom he intended using it.

The section agents must be doing a most flourishing business judging from the number of meetings they have. One of the teachers on receiving the announcement of a meeting recently, remarked that it would be much more sensible to simply make announcements when the section agents were not going to have a meeting.

ALL alone on the beach little Phalena had been wandering that bright sunshiny morning. She had stopped for a moment in her walk to look at a bright pebble which had attracted her attention. Almost ready to stoop and pick it up, she gathered in her tiny brown hands the little pink frock which she had been cautioned not to get wet. What was it to her that the little white sunbonnet had slipped completely off the golden curls, or that the chubby feet were getting even more brown? Little did she heed the water which came nearly to the very place

where she was standing, and still less did she notice the great breakers rolling in beside her. She did not know she was alone, nor did she care. She was simply interested in the bright pebble at her feet, so she stood there looking down upon it as it sparkled in the sunlight. Off in the distance were the pastures where she always played, and far, far away the white light-house reflected the sunbeams; but to-day these had lost their interest. She had been looking for a clear, white pebble: she had found it. G. C.

A Mystery.

Scene: Room I. or II. during a recitation.

Teacher: Miss ———, will you sum up in a brief paragraph the points as we have developed them for.

Miss ——— rises and begins. Very soon a peculiar vibration passes through the room and after a few seconds ceases. It fails to attract attention, however, and the recitation goes on as before. After a brief period the vibration begins again with renewed vigor and lasts longer than before. Several students look around in various directions with a strange half-inquiring expression on their faces while a faint suggestion of a smile plays over the features of the maid who is reciting, but nothing more. Again that strange trembling begins, this time stronger and more decided than ever; again the students cast inquiring glances around them, and still the recitation proceeds. The trembling increases until the windows begin to rattle. The teacher becomes perceptibly agitated and looks around with a grave, puzzled expression as though she were not sure but that an earthquake was beginning, and, as though she were debating with herself as to the proper course to pursue under such circumstances. Then, but not till then, does a faint gleam of intelligence come over the face of the teacher and with a wary, suspicious look she glances down the rows beneath the desks, but lo! the jarring has ceased. The boys wear a saintly appearance of innocence and the girls look amused.

We would be glad to hear any opinions from students who recite in these rooms as to the cause of this phenomenon.

XXX.

In Room III.

Teacher—(After explaining a point in the lesson which some of the scholars could not understand)—"Is there anyone in the room who does not agree with that now?"

Bright fourth-year-boy—"I don't.

Teacher—"Well, why not?"

Bright fourth-year-boy—"Because—there's not room enough in here to change my mind."

Mr. Golfstyke—(As Mr. Ball appears in a golf-suit and a pair of rusty patent leather shoes)—"Good heavens Ball! you wearin' patent-leathers and a golf sniti!"

Mr. Ball—"That's all right old man, the patent's expired."

Electric Lights.

The first years:

"There they go
Two by two,
Dressed in yaller,
Pink and blue."

It is a peculiar fact that the third and fourth year classes are much more anxious to get into, than out, of the gallery.

The remark was made, not long ago, that this year the position of Junior was just as enviable as that of Senior. We wonder why?

The varieties of human nature, as presented to us by the first year class, are a study in themselves. A practical illustration is a comparison of the respective heights of Mr. Eph Cockrill and Mr. Don Miller.

A certain young gentleman up here was asked at the beginning of a certain hour as to whether he had a study hour. After a consultation with his programme an answer in the negative was given.

"What have you?" was next demanded.

The person in question looked puzzled, and thought deeply for a few moments. Then—

"A recitation," was the reply.

AN ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

They were two very ragged and very dirty little urchins, and they were edging their way up High Street at luncheon time. Happening to pass one of the Westerners in the manipulation of a curious piece of pastry, one of them remarked longingly:

"How I wish I had one of them High School buns."

"Well, ain't you got enough money to buy one?" the other replied.

"Got enough?" was the rejoinder. "Why, kid, don't you know them things cost five dollars apiece? Besides, they don't sell 'em to any but the High School people, and," was added as an after thought, "they gives 'em to them for nothing."

M. F., '99.

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

WASHINGTON, D. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1897.

No. 3.

VOL. III.

A Thanksgiving Dinner.

The cranberry sauce and the turkey gobbler—
The big mince pie and the cherry cobbler—
Side by side on the table sat
And nearby stood the family cat.
The turkey groaned with its chestnut dressing,
It was very unhappy, the cat thought, guessing,
To come to its help, a charitable act,
And he did the same with his cat-like tact.

Now the cranberry sauce looked very sad
Which seemed to the cat to be too bad,
So down the throat of this kindly beast
Went the cranberry sauce—how this cat did feast!

The big mince pie looked very juicy,
At least so thought this happy pussy—
"I'll take a bite," it said "and see
Whate'er this dainty bit may be."

The cherry cobbler was all alone.
Well! The cat's was not a heart of stone.
So without a qualm, I grieve to state,
Went this beverage down at a marvelous rate.

When the folks came in, that day, to dinner
They each straightway became a sinner.
For the banquet had gone—so had the cat.
What do you really think of that?

MARJORIE FENTON.

A Junior's Dream.

It was the last hour one Thursday, and
a study hour. My head ached slightly,
so, realizing that there was no immediate
call for work, before opening my Chau-
cer, I rested my head on my hands and
closed my eyes for a moment. I was

aroused, apparently by the entrance of
a new section, but I saw a man of about
forty, dressed in the style of the Four-
teenth century, in a long, sombre gown,
"With ink horn girdle and with loosened
hood,"

carrying under his arm a ponderous
Greek lexicon and several smaller Greek
books.

Then entered a knight, tall and

"Fair

Beyond the race of Britons and of men.

His hair, a sun that rayed from off a brow

Like hill snow, high in heaven, the steel
blue eyes,

The golden beard that clothed his lips with
light,"

served but to heighten the sadness of his
glorious face, "which, then was as an
angel's." He walked down the right
side of the room and, as he passed the
windows, the afternoon sun lighted up
his helmet.

"To which for crest the golden dragon clung
Of Britain,"
and played upon his sword,

"Rich
With jewels, elfin Urim, on the hilt,
Bewildering heart and eyes—the blade so
bright

That men are blinded by it."

A beautiful, queenly woman followed
and sat down near him.

"And she was fairest of all flesh on earth.
She seemed a part of joyous spring;
A gown of grass green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before,
A light green tuft of plumes she bore,
Clasped in a golden ring."

Behind her came another knight,
younger, but taller than the first, his face,

"Dark splendid, speaking in the silence, full
Of noble things."

Then I became aware of an old, old,
man, leaning on a stick and clad in
"Jewish gaberdine." With a crafty
glance at the teacher in charge of the
hall, he sought a seat in the alcove near
a tall and beautiful woman.

"She was fair, and fairer than that word
Of wondrous virtues—
And her snowy locks
Hung on her temples like a golden fleece."

Another woman sat near her, shorter,
less beautiful, and less dignified; one
upon whom the first seemed to depend a
great deal.

Then came two youths of about sixteen
and twenty, respectively. The younger,
who was very slight and delicate, though
handsome, stopped in the middle of the
hall and exclaimed with a sudden access
of shyness—

"Alas, the day! What shall I do with my
doublet and hose?"

The other was very strong and fine

looking. At sight of him one needed not
to ask—

"Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and
valiant?"

These two sat down together and imme-
diately behind them a bearded man took
his seat, with but a cynical glance at
those around him, as though he thought
of them but as puppets to amuse, though
sometimes to anger him—for

"Most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the city, country, court.

Turning to the door again I saw a
young fellow, tall, strong, dark, and
handsome, laughing and nodding to all
present, but looking around, evidently
in vain, for that maiden whom—

"So hote he loved that by nightertale,
He sloped name than doth the nightingale."

His costume was a short gown "with
sleeves long and wyde."

There followed a modest and dignified
lady with soft grey eyes and gentle mien.

"Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bare
A pair of bedes, gauded all with grene,
And thereon heng a broche of golde full
shene,
On which ther was first writ a crowned A,
And after, Amor vincit omnia."

As this last took her seat, I heard a
murmur in the front of the room, and,
turning, saw the lips of the first knight
move and caught the words:

"I made them lay their hands in mine and
swear

To reverence the King as if he were
Their conscience and their conscience as
their King,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his God's."

He turned and for a moment gazed at
the beautiful woman near him. Then,
with a broken "farewell," rose and
passed from the hall and it seemed that
I saw—

"Wet with the mists and smitten with the
lights,

The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire."

Dazed and wondering I turned toward
the "stately Queen." She had risen,
and, with outstretched arms she cried,
"Oh, Arthur!" Then with a sob she
sank back and murmured:

"What might I not have made of this fair
world

Had I but loved thy highest creature here!
It was my duty to have loved the highest,
It surely was my profit had I known,
It would have been my pleasure had I seen.
We needs must love the highest when we
see it.

Not Lancelot nor another."

A sly chuckle caught my attention and
I turned to hear from him who seemed
so cynical and world-weary:

"All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players."

With a gasp I turned away to hear
soft accents from the beautiful woman at
the back of the hall—

"The quality of mercy is not strained
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath."

And to the remainder of that wonder-
ful pleading I listened attentively, As
I remember it now, the hall must have
been in a dreadful state of disorder, for,
to add to the general confusion, as the
last words died away, the laughing youth
with the "lokkes crulle" began to hum,
"Somebody has my heart." (He was
sitting about in the center of the hall
and I noticed that he wore a very odd
collar—so much like one of those awfully
swell stocks, don't you know?) Just as
I caught sight of the lady behind him
eating apple sauce—without a spoon—I
heard a scrap of the conversation between
the two lads who were sitting together.
The elder was stammering—

"Pardon me, dear Rosalind,"

when the younger interrupted him—

"Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in
my sight."

This was certainly a quarrel, but I
heard no more of it, for a sudden cry
interrupted them,

"Most upright judge! A sentence! Come,
prepare!"

And again in a murmur—

"Tarry a little there is something else."

But here I opened my eyes suddenly
to find that all my unusual companions
had disappeared and there remained only
the every day kind. But despite the
disappearance of these phantoms of my

dreams there still rung in my ears the
words:

"There is something else."

And to this was added:

"They must, wherever possible, be peri-
odic."

My Portia had become Miss Offley and
I have not yet ceased to wonder how
King Arthur's periodic sentence would
have sounded. SIBYLLE BOULANGER.

"Put Me Off At Buffalo."

The above legend worn by the mem-
bers of the G. A. R. attending the Grand
Encampment of veterans held at Buffalo,
N. Y., this year, has connected with
it the following amusing story. A com-
mercial traveler, business missionary, or
as he is commonly dubbed a drummer,
boarded the fast West bound train at
Albany for Buffalo on a very important
business engagement. The train arrives
at Buffalo quite early in the morning.
The drummer was not an early riser and
it was also a very difficult matter to
arouse him. Being cognizant of these
facts he called the Pullman car porter,
explained the facts to him thoroughly, im-
pressing him with the importance of his be-
ing put off at Buffalo. No matter how
much he wished to take "forty winks," he
told him not to allow it and i necessary
to bundle him bag and baggage off
the train at Buffalo whether he had com-
pletely performed his toilet or not. As
a further incentive for the porter to carry
out his wishes and to be sure that he was
"Put off at Buffalo" he gave him a dollar,
then "turned in" and consigned himself
to the care of Morpheus. The next morn-
ing the drummer awoke, dressed himself
and was just looking at his watch which
indicated about 11 o'clock a. m., when
the conductor sang out "Detroit." Then
the drummer was mad—mad all through.
With blood in his eye he began looking
for the porter whom, with his head all
bandaged up, coat torn in shreds, look-
ing as if he had been through a terrible
wreck, he found emerging from his
quarters where he had been blacking
boots. He began berating him, using
expressions that left no doubt that he was
master of "Punch." Stopping for want
of breath, the porter, having measured

him from head to foot with surprise and
consternation, exclaimed: "Fo Gawd how
who was dat man I put off at Buffalo?"

A. B. BENNETT, JR.

Western.

The arrival of the new uniforms occa-
sioned the usual amount of excitement.
This year they are unusually satisfactory,
the old style caps being especially popu-
lar.

The end of the quarter was character-
ized by the usual flow of tears and "the
gnashing and weeping of teeth," spoken
of so touchingly on one occasion by a
prominent member of the faculty. In
some cases fortune smiles and happi-
ness appears. Those who were so unfortu-
nate as to flunk, must remember that
this is merely the "first down" and that
they should not be discouraged.

In spite of the size of our company we
are making rapid progress. By keeping
constantly in mind the incentives to drill
and by following the example of our pre-
decessors, we feel confident of our ability
to sustain the prestige of our school in
things military.

It has been reported that the heavy
wind of last week caused Mr Smart's
horse to run away in front of the school
and to lose part of its harness. We
think the parts missing are pages 112
and 118.

One of our contributors expresses the
opinion that the peculiar vibrations in
Room II, are caused by the stamping of
the ponies, stabled in the various desks
in that room.

Mr Pimper had one bar too many in
his shoulder straps, and had to return
them. It is well that he did so, for he
was liable to arrest for maintaining an
unlicensed bar.

It was thought that the wealth of ex-
pression which characterized Miss Col-
baugh's solo, was due to the fact that the
sentiment was directed towards some one
in the hall. At the present, speculation
is rife as to who the "someone" happens
to be.

The classes changed too soon one day
last week. What was thought to be the
bell was really Mr. Morris wringing a
towel in the laboratory.

Amor Vincit.

"Honey, my little gal
Won't yo' come an' let me whisper in yo' ear.
How much I loves yo'.
Fo' de Lawd,
Yo's ma' sweet
Yo's de—"

An apple bouncing on the singer's head, made a beautiful punctuation point here, and caused a note, which might have passed for a shriek, way up in regions which the piano never hopes to gain. "O, well, I'd stopped anyway," she said, addressing her remark to a scare-crow who nodded his head intelligently. "He used to sing it to me, and I never will sing the rest. He used to say I was his onliest one, but I don't care a bit, for I hate him now, like—like I love you, old scare-crow." She did have a "don't care" expression on her face; tears indicate "don't care" and so does a woeful droop of red lips.

Meanwhile the apples continued to drop, and the wheat, for the apple tree and the female were in the midst of a wheat field, continued to wave, and the maiden continued to be happy and to sing, and somehow an apple or something always brought the song to a full stop at "Yo's de—"

Now, girls when they are in a particular humor, such as this one was in, seek solitude and usually find it. But if one passes through a field of full grown wheat, a path is apt to be left, and as our heroine was a piece of flesh and blood, not a myth, she had left a track; perhaps you could not have found it but if you had been the "he" you would have, no doubt. They say "love will find a way;" here the way was a very perceptible path, and love found it.

"Scare crow," said a plaintive voice, "if I thought he would come here I'd die."

"Scare crow," said a strong voice, "if I stayed away from here I'd die."

"How I hate him, don't you, old, ugly scare crow?"

"How I love her, don't you, old scare crow?" from the echo.

"And how I love you, hideous thing!"

"Does she mean you or me, scarey; we are about on a par for beauty."

"He's not as ugly as you are, you horrid old thing!"

"Again, of which does she speak?"

"Scare crow," after a long silence. "Can you sing ma' onliest one?"

A rich tenor voice floated over the field and this time no apples stopped it, but when it came near the end, a tall man, emerging from the shadow of the apple tree, said:

"Yo's de onliest one in all the world fo' me,
Yo' has ma heart,
Ma life, ma all,
Jes as shore as stars dat shine—
Tell me dat yo' loves me
An' say dat yo'll be mine."

So right there under the tree, in the midst of the field, the funeral of the hatchet was solemnized, and in the fall, when they were married, every one thought it queer when the organist played "Ma Onliest One."

E. J. ALEXANDER, 98.

Personals.

Mr. George May, so well known last year as the fourth year pet, delighted us all by a short visit last week. He also delighted us by immediately becoming a subscriber to THE WESTERN, on whose editorial staff he held an important position last year.

We all hear with sincere regret of the misfortune of Mr. Hayden. During the foot-ball game between the Western and the "Friends Select," he sustained the serious injury of a broken collar-bone. The Fates seem to be against our team, for one after another the best players are being hurt so badly as to prevent their occupying their old positions, or in fact any positions at all, on the eleven. Mr. Hayden has our hopeful wishes for a most speedy recovery.

The faculty and all the students, from the most insignificant freshman to the all powerful senior, were assembled in the hall. Attention, such as is seldom seen among so many, was visible in every face, in everyone's attitude. Boys sat bolt upright, with folded arms, and stared "loud and long" at something or somebody on the platform. Girls, resting their dainty chins in their daintier hands, gazed, with dreamy eyes, at the same object. With a mental 10 or 8 in algebra, history, or French, written plainly on

their brows, teachers, for once utterly oblivious to the "doings" in the hall, sat in absolute repose and rest. All were listening intently. A feeling of peace, joy, and the most unbounded admiration swept over us all, for Miss Cobaugh was singing her serenade. M. F., '99.

To the Editor:

Which member of the faculty will be interested to know that Miss Buckley can cook?
AN INTERESTED ONE.

We have received a communication from a rising author who has a very pretty signature. The rest of the manuscript we were unable to decipher, but we take this opportunity of paying a compliment to his signature.

Mr. C. (reading).—"Horrible accident on F street yesterday. Car took a lady's head right off."

Mrs. S.—"Oh! how shocking."

Mr. C.—But I forgot to tell you it took her body off too. She got on the car and rode off to the Boundary."

"Women," they say, are a snare and a delusion, but it is very noticeable that most men are very fond of hugging a delusion.

Notice!!! A Prize. Look!!!

A beautiful GOLD PIN will be given to that subscriber of "The Western" who obtains the greatest number of CASH subscriptions between now and the Christmas holidays. The subscription price from that date, including the CHRISTMAS NUMBER, will be at the reduced rate of 35 cents, mailing price, 45 cents. This is a fine chance for a Christmas present, and every enthusiastic Westerner ought to enter the contest. If you are not a subscriber—subscribe. Enter the contest and win the PIN. For further information inquire of the business manager.

First High School boy.—"I hear the Western High School football team was defeated over in Virginia a short time ago."

Second High School boy.—"Yes, that's a fact. But you know you can't get an 'Honest Count' in Virginia anyhow."

THE WESTERN.

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Fourth Year.

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THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni.

Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1897.

EDITORIAL.

Followed by lingering recollections of turkey, mince pie, and cranberry sauce, we come back from the holidays, awakening once more the echoes in our aged and venerable school building. As a means of consolation after the spelling match and the reports, a combination sufficiently severe to completely annihilate an ordinary mortal, nothing could be more delightful and effectual than the above-mentioned Thanksgiving dainties; we are all sons of Epicurus on Thanksgiving day.

Again a long, long quarter stretches out before us, in which we must redeem our fallen fortunes, if fallen they be; a quarter to be broken, O happy thought, by the Christmas holidays, whose atmosphere already begins to make itself felt.

II.

No one doubts the fact that when we leave the High School we will all be perfect spellers, for if spelling matches are not calculated to imprint indelibly on

our minds the words used in our everyday vocabulary, then the texture of our brains is tougher than it should be.

III.

The first years are coming to the front nobly in the matter of contributions; the interest manifested by them in the paper, should be an example to the other students. The contribution box has for the last week been looking quite happy and contented, for manuscripts by the dozen have found their way past its inviting entrance. Only keep this up, young first years, send in all the jokes you hear, jokes on yourselves, jokes on your fellow-students, and jokes on humanity in general; these are always acceptable, and make our paper brighter and more interesting. We want a good Christmas story for our Christmas number, so put on your thinking-caps, find a plot and send us a story.

The Spelling Match.

With what longing eyes did we watch the doors on last Wednesday. When at last the "fourth years" did file in, with what applause did we greet them! Haughty, brilliant, highminded Seniors! What a treat for us less intellectual and more mortal beings!

And the spelling match began—some say badly, others—well, it all depends on which side they favor. The girls all did beautifully and the boys wonderfully—boys are such awful spellers. In fact, it was all very interesting. We never once wished they would hurry. We were so anxious for them to "miss!"

The match was interrupted from time to time by deafening applause from the gallery gods, who evidently realized the difficulty of spelling some of those four, five, and six syllabled words. The loyalty of the football team to their manager was especially evident, but as the match had to end some time, the applause from that source had to stop. Toward the end the interest became intense. Mr. Potbury's side had dwindled to two spellers, both of whom did a great deal of work and did it well. Little by little both sides were "spelled down" until there remained on one side, Miss Hunter, and opposing

her, Miss Sawyer. For several moments these two spelled back and forth until the word "arrangement" was given out. That silent "e," that awful sticker, did the work, and Miss Clara Sawyer was triumphant. Amid our congratulations to Miss Sawyer we must not fail to remember that Miss Hunter did double the amount of work, and supported her side wonderfully.
S. B.

The Western-Fort Myer Football Game.

The football game with the soldiers of Fort Myer, although a defeat for our boys, who were greatly handicapped by the weight of the troopers, was well played by the Westerns. The soldiers have good material, but they do not know the first principles, mainly the rules, of the game. The cavalrymen disputed the legality of two of Mr. Brewer's best plays. During one of the disputes Mr. Brewer advised them to publish copies of Fort Myer rules for distribution. The plays to which exceptions were taken were a beautiful run of 25 yards from a quarterback trick, and a punt in the last half by the quarterback. After the ball had rolled behind the goal, from the punt, Mr. Mulligan fell on it. Unfortunately, however, the touch-down was not allowed, Mr. Mulligan being "offside." Mr. Fernow and Mr. Mulligan had few chances for displaying their admirable defensive abilities, but when the soldiers made advances towards them, they did honorable work for the glory of the Western. Mr. Manakee and Mr. Smart played a star game. To Mr. Chamberlin, also, the team is very grateful for the manner in which he sacrificed his head to a gain through center. For the soldiers be it said that for pluck and bravery the 6th Cavalry quarterback has no second. During the game a belle of the Fort was heard to exclaim "Ah! look at Mr. — (the quarterback) playing with his nose bleeding! Isn't he brave?"

B. BROWN, E1.

Mrs. A. (speaking of her neighbor, Mrs. B., who prides herself upon belonging to a very old family).—"Mrs. B. needn't be putting on such airs. I would like her to know I am a B. C. myself, too."

A Pardonable Error.

It was a cold, dreary evening about the first of December. The snow that had been threatening all day had at last begun to fall; not the ideal white, clear snow but one of the wet, unclean kind that, unless it continues steadily all night, leaves nothing but dirty and disagreeable streets as a result.

This snow must also have continued all the evening, for I remember having entertained a tender longing for a pair of new overshoes that I had left in my office, as I travelled through the slushy streets to my club.

I was not an active member of this club, being in fact seen there only two or three times a year; once when I paid my dues, and once or twice on other occasions. However, let it suffice that I was there on this particular evening.

I was smoking a cigar, and gazing idly at all who came or went, when my attention was attracted by a stranger, an elderly gentleman, directly opposite me. The club was comparatively small, and I, knowing all the other members, began to inquire as to his name. I was informed by one of the servants that he was a new member, Col. Carter, of Lexington, Ky. In the course of the evening I was introduced by a friend. Our conversation having drifted to politics, I soon found to my surprise, that his principles were an exact counterpart of my own.

A few days later, as I was sitting at home in my library the card of Col. Carter was handed me. The Colonel staid about an hour. I found that he was an entire stranger in town, in fact that he had no acquaintances there except those few whom he had met at the club. This was the first of many visits. It seemed that he had come up from Kentucky on business for some society whose name I never learned.

He was a very jolly old gentleman. He used towards the last of his stay to come up to my house very often, to spend an evening talking or playing cards.

The days flew on and Christmas drew nearer and nearer. One night a messenger appeared at the door, carrying a package and a note from the Colonel. In the note he stated that he would call on the

THE WESTERN.

following evening and hoped that the accompanying trifle (referring to the package) would be acceptable as a slight Christmas remembrance.

On opening the bundle I found two boxes of the finest Cuban cigars. I was quite taken aback. I had expected no present from so recent an acquaintance and could think of nothing appropriate in return. It was now the twenty-third of the month. What should I bestow on my worthy friend in return for his kindness? I racked my brain. Suddenly an idea struck me. Col. Carter, Lexington, Kentucky; why a Kentucky Colonel of course

Now there were two things that were endeared to the heart of a Kentucky Colonel, as I had heard, namely, a good revolver, and a bottle of high grade whiskey.

My mind was made up at once. The Colonel should have one or the other of these. But again I was perplexed. Which one? After mature consideration I decided in favor of the whiskey. True he might kill himself with it, but he at least would not hurt any one else, as might be the case if I sent the revolver.

The next day I purchased a large flask of fine whiskey and had it sent to his rooms at once.

I had had a hard day's work that day and looked forward with pleasure to the visit from the old gentleman in the evening.

I went home about six o'clock and after dinner sat down to await the arrival of my friend. That gentleman, however, did not arrive.

The next day I sent a little note saying that I hoped he was not ill, and that I would like to see him at my home that evening, as I had not seen him yesterday. To this note I received no answer. What was the trouble? He must be very ill.

As I was walking to my office the next day I saw the Colonel ahead of me and coming my way. I rushed forward, hand extended, when to my utter astonishment he looked straight forward, passing by without a word.

I went to the club on that eventful eve to see if I could unravel some of the mystery which seemed to surround the Colonel's movements. He was not there.

I began then to inquire about his whereabouts. I found that he had that day sent in his resignation to the club saying that he had just been appointed Right Worthy Grand Master, or something like that of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, Independent Order of Good Templars.

I was utterly dumbfounded. I had presented a bottle of whiskey to one of the leaders of the Temperance movement. His combination of title and home was certainly confusing; but I will never jump to a conclusion again.

H. SCUDDER.

Jokes.

A piece of advice.—Have your pockets lined with asbestos so that money won't burn them.

1st student.—"Say, that invisible paint will be a great thing, won't it?"

2d student.—"Yes, I'm going to paint myself with it next matinee day, so's people won't see me going to school."

1st student.—"Yes, and I'm going to paint my pony with it."

Mr. Bryan is authority for the very gratifying statement that some members of the fourth-year class have about 3 miles of Virgil to traverse, together with 2½ miles of Homer.

Scale: Six feet to the verse.

Second Year.—"Say, did you ever take Greek?"

Witty Fourth Year.—"Yes, I took fifty cents worth."

The Second Year thought and thought for a whole half hour, and was then heard to say, "What a fool I was, he meant 'two quarters.'"

There was a wise philosopher

Who expressed himself in verse,

Four seven twos! It might be better,

But I'm glad it isn't worse.

Soon after the fire, which proved so disastrous to the cable car line, a gentleman remarked that since the fire they had put "sleepers" on Fourteenth street.

Mr. M. being asked why the class did not remember things once told them, answered—"Because they go out one ear and come in the other."

The Old, Old Story.

They played the game of Love, these too,
Upon a summer's day,
T'was the only thing, you see, they knew
To pass the time away.

It took them down through shaded lanes,
It led them under trees,
It kept them out when daylight wanes,
Their excuse, "they wanted breeze."

It made them always come the last,
And always come together,
It never made them waltz right fast
No matter what the weather.

It made them glad when side by side,
And sad when far apart,
It made them want to take long rides
In carriage, hack, or cart.

It made her win the game, in part,
For it made him win it too,
The prizes, love's magic dart,
Which pierced their dear hearts through.

EM. E. F., 99.

"The Way of the Transgressor."

Mr. Carter's cornfield occupied an elevated, if not an advantageous position on the summit of a high hill, a peculiar place for a cornfield, but one supposed to possess advantages over those in the valley. It is proverbial that negroes love corn; it is also proverbial that they steal it when an opportunity presents itself. Mr. Carter was well aware of the corn loving tendency of his colored neighbors, but on the other hand he had had the best practical demonstration of their extreme laziness, so with a keen perception and brilliancy of invention that did credit to his profession, he planted his corn on a hill top. There, "warmed by the sun and wet by the dew, it grew, it grew," until almost ripe. Then one day Mr. Carter was told that bears were prowling around the neighborhood, and, what was more to the point, were satisfying their delicate appetites with his beloved corn. Mr. Carter's remarks on receiving this interesting information were forcible and appropriate, but immaterial here. It was rather hard, he thought, that he should go to the inconvenience of planting corn on a hill to protect it from the voracious appetite of the negro, merely to put it in the mouths of wild beasts. The situation had to be faced, however, and finally after much deep thought he de-

cided to place several set-guns (those most mysterious of human inventions) among the corn, and to await results, at a safe distance.

On the night on which he decided to try his new and improved method of catching bears, Mr. Carter stationed himself not far from the field in question, after having carefully placed several set-guns in the corn. Towards midnight he noticed, creeping up the hill side, a dark figure—the bear undoubtedly. It made straight for the corn. A few minutes of silence ensued, during which Mr. Carter held his breath, waiting for the guns to manifest themselves. He did not have to wait long, for in a few moments a resounding crash and a sharp crack, followed by such a yell of mingled pain, surprise, and terror as does not often come from the lungs of a bear, broke the night stillness. The yells continued and so did the pops from the guns. Mr. Carter began to think there must be a whole pack of bears in his cornfield, and was just beginning to congratulate himself on the success of his scheme, when, advancing nearer to the corn, he looked in and saw there, not a whole pack of bears, nor even one bear, but a frenzied negro, dancing around on one of the guns, in a very ecstasy of agony, while scattered at his feet was a sufficient amount of corn for two or three dinners, even negro dinners.

Again Mr. Carter's remarks were characterized by a singular brevity and clearness of expression as he helped the negro's already rapid progress down the hill side. The corn still remains unpicked, the set-guns still serve as a warning to all trespassers, and the bears have not yet been caught.

FRANCES FENTON.

The Trial of the New Engine.

(A Western Fairy Tale.)

Upon the arrival of the express from the east, at a prominent Western town, an engine just from the shops, was substituted for the old locomotive which had brought in the train. The express was two hours late, so the superintendent decided to put the speed of the new engine to the test.

The engineer climbed into the cab of his new charge, and after hurriedly glancing about, pulled the lever back, thus starting the engine off with a bound. As he had a clear track for a hundred miles, he determined to make up the lost time. The fireman helped him to carry out this determination by doing all in his power to increase the speed of the already rapidly moving train.

The throttle was wide open, and the train flew onward. So fast was it going that when it came to a curve the rear coaches seemed to leave the rails and swing around into position as if there had been no curve to break the straight line of cars. The fireman looked out of the window and became speechless with wonder. Woods and fields were out of sight in a second, and milestones flew by as rapidly as telegraph poles do when passed by a train of moderate speed. Then glancing at the other side, he saw apparently a tall paling fence. It was the flying telegraph poles.

When the train had nearly reached the next stopping place, it struck a very sharp curve, a twenty-degree turn, and swung the rear coach, which broke loose just then, across the adjoining Canyon of the Colorado. The coach, after its extensive aerial journey, dropped safely into a snowdrift on the Rocky Mountain slope.

Meanwhile the rest of the train continued its journey until it came within five miles of the station. Here the engineer began the task of stopping it, a difficult one because of the great speed attained. By shutting off the steam and applying the airbrakes he managed to bring it to a standstill directly in front of the station. The engineer then looked at his watch, a smile of satisfaction creeping over his face, when he saw that he was ahead of time. But what was that noise he heard behind him? Was it another train following close upon him? No, it was impossible. He could not understand it, and neither the fireman nor the passengers understood it. All listened while "Toot, toot, too-o-o" came along and passed by. Then they realized what it was. It was only the sound of their own whistle blown by the engineer at every crossing, catching up with the train.

SECTION D1.

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1897.

No. 4.

Vol. III.

A Lullaby.

Sleep, little child, so dear to me,
What matter if the wild waves roll?
What matter if the night winds roam?
Those restless wand'ers from their home—
They only come to sing to thee—
Then sleep, little child.

Sleep, little one, rest quietly,
The stars above smile down on thee
The wakeful moon her vigil keeps
That peace may reign while baby sleeps.
She promises sweet dreams to thee—
So sleep, little child.

Sleep, little one, so dear to me,
Thy infant heart shall know no fear.
Tho' stars and winds and waves may fail,
Tho' clouds ensnare thy moon so pale,
Thy mother's heart still beats for thee—
Then sleep, little child!

JEAN CURTIS APPLEBY.

An Alaskan Episode.

The male residents of the village of Bleeker's Gap and the surrounding country, had decided to organize a Story Club.

As Silas Payne put it—

"These 'ere long winter evenin's when we hez nothin' to do an' don't hev to go to roost arly, we wants suthin' to pass away the time. I ben readin' 'bout clubs o' various an' promiscuous kinds, an' I see lots o' mention made o' one wat is called a 'Story Club.' Now, I rekin' we might hev one o' that sort oursels. We kin all spin pretty good yarns, I take it."

So the "Story Club," or "Big-pack-o'-liars Club," as one of the farmers dubbed it, was voted "a go."

The first meeting was to be held in a room over the village store, and they said that the man who could tell the most outlandish yarn should be the president.

They gathered promptly at the appointed hour with all on hand excepting one farmer who lived some distance from

town. Those present entered enthusiastically into the contest; they told their yarns with much strength and vigor, taking full advantage of the "stretching" license, though they did not expect to win the post of honor. For exaggerated stories and "lies," Bill Higgins had always taken the cake in that settlement, and they "reckined" he would this time.

It was Bill Higgins' turn now. He began, and in his usual fashion soon had his audience spellbound, gazing at him with staring eyes and gaping mouths.

There could be no doubt that the presidency was his, and the chairman rose, amidst a storm of applause, to announce the fact, when the door opened and the tardy member entered. Of course he must be given a show, though all were certain it would be a poor one. Bill, himself, not anticipating a dangerous rival in him, tilted his chair back against the wall with a satisfied air and a conceited grin.

"Jingoes! this is cold weather, boys," said the new-comer walking up to the red-hot stove and holding his hands out to warm. "But," he continued, "this is the torrid zone to wot it wuz in Alasker when me an' Ned Jones was thar. My, but we seen more 'n one sight out thar I tell you! I rekyleks one time out thar when we wuz perspectin' 'long the banks o' one o' the streams. We was a-walkin' along pretty bizzy, when suddenly Ned shouted—'By Jinks! Looky-thar, man!'"

I looked, and thar wuz a tremendous flock o' big 'skeeters a-sailin' 'long on the other side o' the crik. Ned gazed at 'em steady, an' sez he,

"I think those ere 'skeeters ar' Dawson City 'skeeters." He'd been out thar so long he'd had lots o' speriances with those bird-, an' the minnit he peeled his eye on a gang, he could tell what part

o' the land they come from. We wuz a-noticin' an' a-commentin' on 'em, when he turns roun', an' he hollers agin,

"Consarn my buttons, ef thar ain't another gang! an'" sez he, "they're strangers from the South, or I don't know nuthin'. Ef they be, look out fur fun—there'll be a scrap sure, er my my name's not Jones."

The Dawson City 'skeeters wuz the largest bird. Ned said that wuz 'cause there wuz so many miners there now—they hed good feedin'.

Both gangs wuz goin' over the stream and as they chose egzakly the same place to cross in, I could see that they'd hev a collishun 'bout half way over. They sailed forrud, an' kep' gettin' a leetle nearer to each other, an' I looked fur a bloody scrap to begin in a second, when all o' a sudden the country 'skeeters swooped down to the water, an' apparently left the road free to the others. But Ned said they did that to wet their bills an' make them slicker, an' they'd come up an' go to work in a minnit.

It wuz a-growin' colder an' colder all the time, an' my nose got so froze I liked to hev lost it afterwards, for I wuz so ingaged in watchin' those 'skeeters I didn't pay no 'tention to it then. Well, as I says, it kep' gettin' colder an' colder. I sez to Ned, "Wot's the matter with those flabbergasted lunnytiks down thar? They sartin act queer. Ar' they a-goin' to drown their-selves?"

"Ned," he sez, sez he, "It do look sorter strange; let's see wot ails 'em."

With that, we crep' to the edge o' the water an' peered over and, gentlemen, what do you think we saw! You'd never guess ef you took a year to do it in, but hang me fur a liar, ef 'taint so. Thar wuz those country 'skeeters with their bills froze fast in the ice! Yes-sir-ee!

the temperature had fell that sudden that before they could get their bills out o' the water it had done froze tight on 'em, an' thar they wuz, good and solid, with their legs a-kickin' in the air!"

Great excitement prevailed as his voice died away. The men pressed around with eager questions and ejaculations of astonishment and admiration. All but one; Bill Higgins seized his hat and quickly made for the door.

"He's got one on yer this time sure, Bill," shouted a big farmer after him.

The hardy miner and explorer from "Alasker" was acknowledged by all to have taken the cake as a "yarner." He was enthusiastically voted into the presidential office, and continues the beloved and honored executive of the "Club" to this day.

CHARLES V. GRUNWELL.

The Cat.

[Being an effort from a First Grade Graduate.]

The cat is a pieceful annimol, except when you pul her tale—and then she gets mad, she has nine lives, and she finds use for them all, she is at hoam, in most any place, partickerly in somebodie's else hous, and she is fond of prominadin, on fences, and other like delicate places. The cat has four feat, two in front and the other to behind, the two in front are called four feet, but I can't see how, cuz I never heard of two being fore. She has a good constertution and sharp clause, but they ain't like the clause in another constertution I have heard of but can't think of now. I will tell you some more after I catch a cat and see her more close.

JAMARPE.

The Power of Mankind.

Although I am but a member of the Western High School, a student of limited age and experience, yet I have heard something of the world's progress, especially along the lines of education and science. Among other things, I have heard it said that some day the power of science over nature will be complete, and that even now, with the world in its golden age of invention and discovery, it has to a great extent, reached that end. But, as far as my experience

goes, I have found it very different. From science I have obtained no aid; the physical seems always to conquer.

Thus it happened that, on one bright sunny day in early September, I experienced another of nature's triumphs. Ah! the air was so bracing! (It was not in Washington. Oh, no! but on the rocky coast of Maine.) The morning had passed pleasantly and the dinner hour, much to the elation of all, had arrived. Soon a hearty New England dinner had been enjoyed, as so many have been before. The pies, for which New England is celebrated, were especially appetizing on this occasion, as I remember well.

At last, four boys sat amongst the deserted tables of the hotel dining room. One proposed a tennis or whist match, another a swim, another a sail, but the fourth, after pondering deeply on the weighty question, proposed a fishing trip. The last thought was evidently a happy one, as all eagerly acquiesced and agreed upon the old tide mill as the fishing ground. We were not slow in acting, but started immediately for our boat, a light green, wide and roomy sloop, and a fair sailer. The breeze was favorable, so that the two miles to our destination were quickly traversed.

An inlet, varying in width between fifty and one hundred yards, opens from the main bay. Through high rocky walls, we sailed into the quivering shadows of dark pines. The old mill, now deserted, stands upon a dam which extends across the inlet, reminding us of the haunted mill we have read of in fairy tales. Its great brown walls rise in a huge square, dark and ominous. The black windows seem great eyes which the wind, blowing in and out through the cobwebs, makes appear to wink. A small channel is cut in the dam, and through this the tide rushes and swirls into and out of a vast basin which extends forward for several miles. At both the flood and ebb tides the water rushes through the opening and over the wheel, thus making an almost perpetual motion. We anchored just off the raging current which was hurling small mountains of foam out into the bay.

A lively contest for the honor of catching the most fish was commenced. Now a shining pollock gives up the battle after a sharp struggle. Now an ugly horny sculpin is drawn up like so much seaweed, and produces a hearty laugh on the unlucky fisherman who will have to unhook it. I have heard people talk about a "Cheshire cat grin," but in a "sculpin grin," they have a finer and more expressive article. Thus we fished for some time.

The sun had set and the western glow was fast fading. First it was a blood red, then orange, then yellow, which uniting with the azure sky, formed at the edges a beautiful green.

A goodly lot of fish must be laid aside for an old sea captain in the village. Cunners (salt water perch) lay thick in the boat, gaping and flapping with their rough bodies. Flounders, all breadth and no thickness, with both eyes on the same side of their bodies, eyed us mysteriously through the dusk.

At last one of us had caught forty fish, and it was high time to stir. The dread knowledge of the flight of time and also the thought of supper, seized us suddenly. Immediately the sail was raised, the boat cast off, and we were gliding homeward. "Darkness was on the face of the deep," and the boat made furrows of glimmering phosphorous.

We must make a short cut home and go between a long bar and the shore. None of us doubted our ability to do this, although the tide had fallen considerably before we left for home. We sang songs and the shores echoed with our hearty peals of laughter. Just as a calm comes before a storm, and pride before a fall, thus deep water comes before shallow.

Only a quarter of a mile away lay our goal. One of us went to the bow and shouted "plenty of water." The breeze was freshening and we were bowling along. "Shallower!" he cried, then, "Back! back! back!"

But what was the power of mankind? How could any human invention prevent the calamity? In a moment we were grinding harshly on the rough bar! Off came shoes and stockings! We were in the

water in an instant! But again, what could we do? Who can stem mighty Neptune as he rushes out to sea? The boat was high and dry! All effort was of no avail.

Loaded with poles, fish, etc., we must tramp a long quarter of a mile over ankle-deep mud flats and neck-deep marshes. Now and then as one sank unusually deep, there would be an explosion of the hitherto pent-up wrath. At last we arrived at our cottage, completely conquered. I was minus a shoe and a toenail. One I could supply, but not the other. It could not be made! As usual, Dame Nature must come to the rescue. Talk about science and invention?

CHARLES A. TAUSSIG.

The Editor's Lament.

Had I a love to waken thoughts poetic
Within this soul,
The air would ring with verses oft prophetic,
The azure would resound
In praise of me—by muses laurel-crowned.
But as the maiden tarrieth late
It still is my unhappy fate,
Instead, as poet, high to stand aloof,
For this, "The Western," to correct the "proof."
AN EDITOR.

Her First Attempt.

She is very pretty. She is in F1.
I was sufficiently interested in her, being but human, and a boy, to ascertain her section and her name. She is, as I have said, pretty, decidedly so. Therefore I watched her. Before her on the desk lay paper and in her hand was a pencil; the pencil played a prominent part in the proceedings. The young lady in question gazed vacantly around the room—vacancy struck me as being decidedly becoming to a certain type.

She chewed her pencil and watched the clock. Then she frowned and gazed at the ceiling. Then her eyes wandered around the room and fell on me. Ordinarily this sudden attack would have been untold bliss, but the eyes didn't fall hard enough and immediately wandered away. She had evidently not even seen me. She gazed at the platform; I concluded she was counting the chairs. She certainly counted the rings on the curtains and I am positive she calculated the number of

men necessary to carry the piano down stairs.

By this time there was very little left of the pencil—just enough to write with—and she began to write with what was left. She wrote for about five seconds and then her eyes began another tour of the room. She counted the hairpins of the girl in front of her; she calculated the number of cadets in the room—and never glanced at me!

She began again to write. After a few minutes she glanced at the clock. Then her gaze became suddenly and wildly fixed on its unoffending face. The hands showed fifteen minutes before the end of the hour. She bent over her paper and again wrote. She wrote and wrote and wrote! After fourteen minutes she stopped, gazed once more around the room and—smiled at me! By this I knew that her story was completed. S. B.

THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR WESTERNERS: I am afraid I can claim very few of you as my friends now; you have outgrown my generation, or rather my class, of '96. But because I still hold a corner of my heart entirely devoted to the old Georgetown High School, and so am in sympathy with you all, I am taking the liberty of writing to you. Probably a large number of you are looking forward to entering college some day and therefore are interested in anything connected with colleges. It is only on this supposition that I dare to think you will be entertained by what I may say.

Since I last wrote you, I have turned the tassel on my mortar board around one corner, which changes me from one of the "green things upon the earth" to a sophomore—i. e., a wise fool. Yet in spite of this promotion in the college world, I can't, for the life of me, decide whether I feel more fool-like or more wise. But then it isn't a subject which I allow to worry me. The days of our second year here are occupied with making the most of our privilege of initiating the newcomers into the college world. We glory in being able to say such crushing things to our younger sisters as brought the hot

blushes to our cheeks last year. We revel in being termed "bad, bold sophies," in being allowed to walk first in or out of a door (if no juniors or seniors are near) while the freshmen stand aside. It is our constant delight to get into a room full of freshmen and strike terror into their unsophisticated souls by accounts of the "awful matriculation exams." before the X-mas holidays. We write little songs about the freshies, calling them young and verdant. These songs we sing on special occasions, smacking our lips over them when the freshie looks foolish and embarrassed. We play harmless little tricks on them, such as stealing their trunks, locking them into their rooms when they have an important engagement, presenting them with white bits marked in green "1901" when they are on their way to a large reception, or sending sticks of candy to them while at their first class-meeting, etc. All these little items go to make up sophomore life—that is, the frivolous side of it—and tend to give us the impression that we are having a good time. But this doesn't include what is put down in the catalogue for the programme of the second year of our college course. That list, of laboratory work, daily English composition, physiology, biology, osteology and all the other 'ologies, is too disagreeable to be mentioned in polite society. In fact it is this unpleasant side of the life that has caused several of our class to leave college and return home broken down in health. The dean says these break-downs in health are caused by cream puffs, midnight picnics, etc. But then he's only a man and doesn't know. However, in spite of the hard work during all four years I have never yet known a girl who was not sorry when her commencement week came and she sang that little song that contains a good-natured "grind" on the students of Johns Hopkins University:

I'll take my satchel in my hand
In a few days—in a few days,
I'm going to leave this college land
For I am going home.

CHORUS—

Farewell to Hopkins jays
In a few days—in a few days.
Farewell to college days
For I am going home.

JOSEPHINE M. DAVIS, '96.

THE WESTERN.

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ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1897.

EDITORIAL.

Heralded by the usual amount of wind and rain and by just two forlorn little flakes of snow, winter, with his snow-white beard and hoary locks, has arrived, just in time for the Christmas holidays. The merry little Christmas sprite, decked with holly, is very much in evidence just now, officiating at almost everything that takes place. Poor little fellow! Although made to bear the load of all our delinquencies, he is ever smiling and cheerful. His serenity, however, is but a reflection of the peaceful sensations felt by all, for the dread day, matinee day, is passed and gone and we may possess our souls in peace for some time to come. This is the season of good resolutions, and a general atmosphere of expectancy surrounds us. In forming your new resolves do not forget your friend, THE WESTERN, who stands with open arms, ready to receive them, and who is especially thankful for small blessings.

Sub-Editorial.

Every patriotic American in the Western felt only too keenly the thrusts which were given us the other morning, when reference was made to the ignorance of the American people, as a whole, in regard to the national hymn.

We know too well that but few people do know the words of that hymn. Yet I, for one, have a sneaking feeling that we sing it well enough. I don't mean from a musical standpoint, however.

We feel humiliated when we hear of such cases as the one referred to. Yet again our hearts swell with pride and enthusiasm when we think of such a one as happened in the harbor of Samoa some years ago. There was a rebellion in progress on the island and most of the large nations had sent ships of war to look after the interests of their citizens there. While the ships were lying at anchor, totally unprepared for danger, a terrible storm came up and most of the vessels were washed ashore or driven to destruction on the coral reef. While the storm was at its fiercest and the immense seas were sweeping the ships from stem to stern, the United States frigate "Trenton," with upward of five hundred souls aboard, was seen sweeping and plunging forward toward the coral reef, to death and ruin.

Above the roar of the storm and the thundering of the surf, across the water floated the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," played by the "Trenton's" band and sung by her crew, which was massed in the rigging waiting for the death that was surely theirs. As she swept onward to her end she passed Her Majesty's ship "Vandalia," steering for the open sea and safety. As these two mighty frigates passed, one going to safety, the other to destruction, the "Trenton's" crew burst into cheers for their brother tars who were to remain in the land of the living and cheered them, until the "Vandalia" was hidden by the darkness and storm. This was one of the many incidents that go to show the undying love of the Americans for their country and for their flag. Possibly the "Trenton's" crew did not know the words of the song they sang,

but nevertheless their love for their country was just as deep in their hearts as it would have been had they been able to sing without a mistake.

P. E. CHAMBERLIN, '99.

Notes of Interest.

At inspection drill the other day one of the inspectors tried in vain to discover the whereabouts of Sergeant M's heart.

"Have you no heart?" he asked.

"No," said Mr. M., "I haven't a heart; someone else has it." Any information regarding the owner of this valuable article will be gratefully received.

For any information concerning the French language, grammar, translation, or composition, apply to Mr. A. B. Bennett, Jr. If he is not to be found, his assistant manager, Mr. B. P. Lamberton, Jr., will give you the desired information.

"O tell me not in lying accents
Spelling is an easy thing."

If the author of the piece entitled "The Trial of a New Engine" will come to the editor's office any day after school, he will hear something to his advantage.

What is the meaning of the peculiar arm exercises indulged in by the first year cadets? They come into the Hall every morning moving their right hands up and down the right sides of their coats as if they were in search of something. Is it anything that can be easily supplied, like a pocket?

In doing your Christmas shopping, don't forget to patronize those who advertise in our paper. It is only fair that we should do this.

Look for our Christmas number! It will be a special edition and a good one.
F. F.

First in prominence among the new clubs formed at the Western this year, the "Great Conglomerated Associated Organization of Cake Rushers, Limited," stands first in size and popularity. Judging from appearances this organization grows in membership daily, and the fad of cake-rushing is becoming quite the thing. The chief members of the organization are Messrs. Fernow, Chamberlin and Lightfoot. The list of honorary members is almost too long for publication.

To an Old-fashioned Picture.

Long, tapering legs, encased in hose,
Trimmed at the knees by fancy bows.
Green velvet jacket, bedecked in braid;
One hand upon a table laid.
A white silk shirt, with frills and lace.
A powdered head, a pinkish face.
Shell ears, blue eyes, that seem to know
Just what you think and where you go.
But the dainty colors are growing dim,
His my grandfather before I knew him!

MARJORIE FENTON.

Notice!!! A Prize. Look!!!

A beautiful GOLD PIN will be given to that subscriber of "The Western" who obtains the greatest number of CASH subscriptions between now and the Christmas holidays. The subscription price from that date, including the CHRISTMAS NUMBER, will be at the reduced rate of 35 cents, mailing price, 45 cents. This is a fine chance for a Christmas present, and every enthusiastic Westerner ought to enter the contest. If you are not a subscriber—subscribe. Enter the contest and win the PIN. For further information inquire of the business manager.

Mr. Tire (to Mr. Wheel).—"I heard that you spoke at the bicycle meet yesterday and got hissed out."

Mr. Wheel.—"That's true, but I heard you were so puffed up that you couldn't get in."

Fanny, the maid, to Miss Lou, the happy hostess of the latest, greatest, and loveliest football hero. "Deed Miss Lou, he's baid look jest lae one o' dem Christian antheims."

We may venture to say, from the wild and frantic questioning which took place below stairs on the girls' side, last Monday, that were the "Neglected One" to disclose his identity he would be anything but neglected for awhile.

Oh fearing Freshy, silly Soph, Jolly Junior or somber Senior, fold not thy report.

R. E. W.

He—"You say you are a mind-reader, so I wish you would read mine."

She—"Thank you, I never indulge in any very light literature."

THE WESTERN.

Western.

The fellow who thought a Georgia "cracker" was a new article of food, is about as bad off as the man who tried to purchase peppermint creams at the Philadelphia mint.

The fire which started some days ago in a sporting goods establishment was extinguished before the arrival of the engines. Somebody probably turned the golf hose on it.

We read in history of Caesar's heavy horse artillery. Some of the Caesar horses are pretty heavy in the present period. Why, some of them have two or three hundred pages.

He: I had a big whisky-punch to-day.
She: How was that?

He: Why a drunken man hit me in the eye.

He: I see Johnson has entered suit for \$25.

She: Is that so?

He: Why yes, don't you see him in his new \$25 clothes?

P. S. And then the cat died.

We would advise the young ladies who do not possess riding habits, to get into the habit of walking.

Though a great many of the boys at school do not care for mathematics, they profess to having a liking for some figures—those on the stage, for instance.

As there is so much noise made in filling the furnaces, we would suggest the use of soft coal.

They say that "knowledge is power," but the knowledge that one is due for matinee does not give one any additional power.

If we should select a library, we think that two good books to start with would be enough; such books, for instance, as pocket-book and bank-book.

The young gent who thought the word "chirography" had something to do with the feet, is keeping his berth at St. Elizabeth's vacant for only a short period of time.

Divorce Case in the Chemical Lab.—"Combustion" from "Hydrogen," on a plea of non-support.

Exchanges.

We have received by exchange the "Easterner," the "Review," "the Cornell Daily Sun," the "Capital Vista," the "Brown and White," from Lehigh; the "Orange and Blue" from Bucknell; the "High School Record," from Amsterdam.

The various editors of the "Easterner" are to be congratulated on the well-filled columns of their paper. It is bright, original, and above all things, a school paper.

The "Capital Vista," published in Brookland, D. C., by Miss Howe, is a clever and interesting paper.

The "foot-ball edition" of the "Review" has appeared, and fully justifies our expectations. As a school newspaper the "Review" is a success.

Symphony.

Sitting in the gloaming, I heard the soft, mellow notes of the dreamy Schumann 'Monat Mai,' and listening, my very soul quivering with its subtle tenderness, thrilling with ecstasy at the divine expression of that indescribable, responsive something in me, I dreamed, in reverie, and dreaming—dreaming—; I see the soft veil of eventide mellowing into faintness the rich tints in the west—I inhale the fragrant breath of nature rising like incense from the verdant earth; I hear the first light, long-drawn touches of the evening zephyr sweeping the vibrating chords of dim, rich words, and hearing, feel the tender melody rise from the swaying forest, and mounting, ever mounting in great undulating waves of harmony, lose itself at last in passionate, endymionlike murmurings before the opalescence of the early morn.

X. Y. Z.

Place—Greek Palace (?) of Learning, (in other words Room III.)

Time—Fifth hour.

Dramatis personæ—Greek Professor, Fair Maiden, Bold youth.

Fair Maiden—"Is that word an epitaph of Achilles?"

Bold Youth (after laughter has subsided)—"An epitaph is a tombstone."

A Mistaken Idea.

The maiden came tip-toeing into Room 1 during the progress of a recitation in that pleasant spot. She looked anxious, as though anticipating either something disagreeable or unusual, one was unable to tell which. Sidling up to the teacher, she asked in a whispered, but perfectly audible voice:—

"May I get into my desk?"

The class pricked up its ears. Contrary to the wildest expectations of the teacher that it would ever do anything but doze under the drowsy influence of Morpheus, it became intensely interested in, not the pending lesson, but the maiden. The teacher was interested also, but for a different reason: the girl was breaking a rule. However, she received, though undeserving perhaps, the desired permission, and turned to go to her desk. The seat attached to this necessary school article was occupied by a dapper first year youth. He immediately rose, upon the approach of the new comer, gathered up his books and stood off a little distance. He regarded her attentively and very expectantly, as did the other boys and all of the girls. The boys looked unbelieving, very, and the girls—visions of glory in the acrobatic line, being added to their sex, in the person of a "rubber lady" flitted through their minds, while they anxiously wondered "if she would really do it." One and all, being Freshmen, and women, they resolved to simply record the fact, if accomplished, as one more of the High School wonders. In the meanwhile, this observed of all observers, the guileless maiden, was raising the desk lid. The class held its breath. Apparently the crucial moment had come. Would she do it? She calmly put in her hand, which, being a girl's hand, and consequently small, needed no shrinkage for the accomplishment of the act, and—took out a Latin grammar: simply that, and nothing more.

The class, recalled to itself by the authoritative tones of the exasperated teacher, gave a little groan of vexation. It felt so completely taken in.

"She said she was going to get into the desk," sobbed one disappointed lass, when

the why and the wherefore of her inattention was demanded.

MARJORIE FENTON.

Western.

If any of the "flunked" are looking for a fight they can find plenty of scraps in Miss Westcott's waste-basket.

Hitherto section R of the third year has been enjoying four hours out of the week, a most comfortable time, free from all the cares and worries concerning study. These hours have been something like an afternoon tea, where everyone talks as fast as he or she is able and there is no visible result from the racket.

This is however, all ended now. The class is, we hope, awakened, and not only the more studious portion of the class, but even those so socially inclined may hope to learn something yet.

We all take pleasure in welcoming to our faculty its new member, Miss Pearson, a graduate of Cornell University.

We may not have a Kamptown Club any more, but we are going to have an "operetta," which in variety and general delightfulness will rival the entertainments of the Kamptowners themselves. So save your pennies "Westerners" for our coming entertainment and tell it out abroad that the Western is going to give another of its unequalled musical treats.

Mr. William Woodward, Mr. Prevost Hubbard and Mr. Bruce Mackall, representing the Castle Chess Club, will be pleased to accept challenges for the chess championship of the Western High School through its captain, Mr. Mackall. Notice. No match will be arranged with any team not composed of three members.

B. M.

The foot-ball game between the Western High School and Gonzaga College teams, which was scheduled for Saturday, the 5th, did not take place on account of the extremely disagreeable weather.

First High School Cadet—"Say, Jack, does your uniform fit well?"

Second High School Cadet—"Fit me well? I should say. It fits me so tight I can feel the stripes in my shirt through it."

A certain lady, conspicuous for her absence of avoirdupois, recently gave a peculiar reason for refusing to join the church. She said she was willing to give up the world and the devil, but if she had to give up any more flesh she would have to remain out.

The cat with nine lives is a prominent feature of civilization, but the Navy, they say, has a cat with nine tails. This is worse than Hawthorne's Twice Told Tales.

From an officer just put in command of one of the U. S. C. companies of the city—"When I give the command to halt, place the foot that is on the ground beside the one that is in the air and remain motionless." Section E, 1.

The Western football team played a most satisfactory game with the Business team on Wednesday, December 8. The score was 4 to 0 in favor of the Westerners, although the weight of the opposing team was very much in excess of that of ours.

The French recitation in Room 6 was ended. With perfect composure she walked across the hall to Room 5 for English. Choosing her favorite seat, she awaited the arrival of the remainder of the class. When the class came, what was her astonishment to find it was the other section. Then she remembered that physics was the recitation for that hour, so she hurried up the stairs. The bells had rung. She entered the laboratory. Nothing but vacant chairs and tables met her view. Oh yes! the program had been changed, it was college Latin in Room 3. Reaching the top of the stairs, she quietly opened the door. Yes there were familiar faces. She sat down after asking several people to move. Imagine her amazement when someone, she didn't know who, said: "Why! you don't take Greek!" She made a hurried exit and sought the study hall as the only place of refuge.

Such are the daily trials of a certain absent minded member of the Western. Who is she?

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1897.

No. 5.

VOL. III.

Christmas Eve.

Without the sky is gray, the country dark,
And we within gather around the fire—
The Yule-log burning in the fire-place. Hark!
How it crackles! Watch the flames mount higher
And higher, reaching up for unknown things,
As we, watching its bright curious play,
Wonder, with laughter, what the morrow brings
And wait, with expectation, Christmas Day.

From hand to hand passes the cider-jug,
A laughing trio on the hearth crack nuts
And toast the red-cheeked apples. From his
mug

The farmer drinks our healths. At last he shuts
And bars his oaken doors, and then to bed
He leaves the youngsters laughing all the while.
He kisses the baby's golden head
Already in the baby's face a smile.
Are happy dreams, upon her face a smile.

SIRVILLE BOULANGER.

Terrorized Into It.

People said that Nan Pennell was as proud as Lucifer" and that she never forgave the few unlucky mortals who, by some strange chance, "got ahead of her" in school or society.

In one instance, however, the verdict of "they say" was distinctly wrong. That was in the case of Nan's affairs with Tom Hazlett.

Three years ago, when Nan was twenty-three and Tom some few years older, they were as happy an engaged couple as ever planned for future life together. Nan's pride and Tom's too stubborn sense of justice clashed one day, with the result, that the engagement broke with a sudden snap and, like poor Humpty Dumpty, "all the king's horses and all the king's men" couldn't patch it up.

Nan was really most at fault, but Tom was no angel either, so the days slipped by and lengthened into weeks, months and years without a reconciliation.

Of course they were constantly meeting at the houses of mutual friends, but only the most chilling conventionalities

were ever exchanged between the two. In spite of it all, however, and quite unacknowledged by either, the old love still lived in each heart underneath the ice of pride.

Tom was a rising young lawyer whose present clientele did not admit of his setting up an office for himself, so he was fain to be content with desk room in a large building where many other briefless barristers enjoyed or groaned under similar privileges.

The entire front of the large room where Tom occupied a modest corner, was the stamping ground of Nan Pennell's crusty old uncle, Colonel Norwood, a claim agent of some prominence for whom Nan did typewriting. An alcove, screened off at one side, served as the colonel's private sanctum. Thus the two quondam lovers saw each other many times a day in line of business, but the effect was only that each grew prouder and colder toward the other until would-be peacemakers despaired of ever "bringing 'em 'round."

Things came to a climax one cold night in January, when the exigencies of some special work drove Col. Norwood to the office after dinner for an extra session, Nan accompanying him to attend to the copying. They reached the office shortly after seven, finding several other toilers already pegging away under their green-shaded drop-lights. Tom Hazlett in his distant corner seemed busiest of all, though no one looked up as they entered.

Nan threw a little extra dignity into her bearing as she recognized Tom's blond head, but she might have spared herself the trouble, for the young man remained serenely unconscious of her presence.

She forgot all about him, a few moments later, as seated before the machine her whole attention was absorbed by the effort

to decipher the Colonel's peculiar chirography as exhibited in the piles of briefs set out for her elaboration.

An hour passed quickly. The Colonel finished his work and waited rather impatiently for Nan. Her fingers flew over the keys, yet the pile of papers still loomed up aggressively.

The Colonel sneezed, realized that he was feeling cold and began also to feel aggrieved. Finally he broke out:

"See here, Nancy, you're old enough to see yourself home just around the corner without my waiting, aren't you? I'm catching a beastly cold, and there's nothing more for me to do any way, so I guess I'll go home and get to bed."

"Certainly, I don't mind. I've done it before now and there's nothing to be afraid of. It'll be another hour or so, at least, before I'm through here."

"All right. Finish it all up and take an extra nap in the morning. I shan't want you before noon. Good night," and the Colonel departed.

Left alone, Nan worked busily, her thoughts as active as her fingers, for she had reached a sort of routine work that did not require much attention.

"How much easier to work now than when that room is buzzing with people, as it is all day long," she thought. "I'm sure I've accomplished already as much as I did this whole afternoon. How quiet it is! They must be thinning out. I wonder if Tom Hazlett, like our flag, 'is still there.' Hope not. 'Twould be like his stilted politeness to insist on seeing me home if he finds I'm here alone. I'm sure I don't want his company. Impudent fellow! They say he still blames me for our disagreement. The idea of harboring such spite all these years! Before I'd own up now to being in the wrong about it, I'd — but here's the end at

last. Thank goodness! I'm really sleepy. Here goes for home."

When Nan, after arranging her desk and putting on her wraps, entered once more the public part of the room, she was somewhat startled by the twilight gloom that pervaded it. The reason was apparent enough. Only one toiler still remained at his desk and the single drop-light there cast but feeble gleams into the extended space beyond.

"Thank goodness, his back is toward me," thought Nan, as she recognized Tom Hazlett. "I can steal out without his knowing it. I'd hate awfully to have him find me here by myself."

She tip-toed carefully out into the hall, then stopped aghast. The place was as black as Erebus dipped in ink; not even the stair rail was visible.

The intelligent janitor, thinking the building empty, had extinguished the lights and gone home at peace with the world.

Now if there was one thing that Nan Pennell particularly disliked, next to apologizing for a fault, it was darkness. Standing there with the door-knob in her hand, the blackness pressing upon her very eye-balls, it seemed to her as if she must shriek aloud.

"Oh where are those electric buttons?" she thought, groping wildly with one hand about the nearest wall. "Strange I never noticed where they are. What shall I do? I just never can go down those three flights of stairs in this awful dark!"

As she turned her troubled head toward the office again, Tom Hazlett's well-poised head silhouetted against the one spot of light met her glance, and pride came to the rescue with a rush.

"Nan Pennell, you are a perfect imbecile! What if he should come out and find you standing here like a great baby! Twenty-six years old, and afraid of the dark! Shame on you!" With which valiant words, Nan suddenly released the friendly door-knob and feeling as if she had cut loose from her last earthly hope, made a rush for the balustrade, found it, felt her way, with eyes tightly closed against the terrible blackness, to the steps

Continued on page 7.

HADES.

DECEMBER 22, 1897.

DEAR EDITOR:

I died the other night, as you may remember. It was very pleasant indeed. I only closed my eyes for a moment and reopened them to find myself here. When I left that world, you had hardly begun to think of Christmas, but I found Hades in a perfect whirlwind of preparation for that event. Being but a newcomer I at first found much difficulty in learning how to manage, but Chancer and Shakespeare, the ruling members in our part of this world, seemed to take quite a liking to me and it was not long before I was acquainted with the greatest men in this world.

For this reason, and, perhaps for no other, I have entered into the preparations with quite a fair knowledge of the people and their customs. This knowledge was by no means easily acquired. This world is so like and yet so unlike that, that it was at first very hard to adapt myself to my new surroundings. The climate is, of course, very aggravating at first, but we soon get used to it, and, strange to say, really enjoy it.

We are going to have a Christmas tree, a most beautiful thing I believe. It is to be lighted by electricity and decorated with garlands of burning lava and molten lead. We anticipate much pleasure from the mere spectacle, but, to add to this, all are to receive presents. I have just ordered a present for Will Spakespeare—a new doublet of asbestos cloth (nothing else will last for any length of time down here) embroidered with lava thread. I have no doubt that he will be pleased with it, for the asbestos is a new thing and the lava thread quite the latest fad among our English-speaking inhabitants.

It is practically impossible to write or even think just now, for Cæsar is standing in front of me and explaining to a crowd of his intimates (he is meanwhile trying to make me listen) that he never, from the day he was born until he reached here, said anything like "Et tu, Brute."

Charon leaves for that world in some five or ten minutes and the lights are being turned off. I still believe it bad

for the eyes to write by fire light and will close.

Most warmly your friend,

A. M. Z.

The New Woman.

She could'nt keep the pace she set,
I wonder why 'twas so;
Last winter she was all the rage,
Last spring she was all the go.

What frightened off this woman fair
In her bloomer dress so pop?
Now was it that she feared the men?
Or the mighty bicycle cop?

Surely the men were afraid of her,
As down the street she went,
Scorching down the Avenue,
With her back like a bow-string bent.

Last year when she came over here,
Some said she came to stay,
But others that she was a passing fad,
And would not last a day.

'Tis true that she has forsaken us,
And why? I would like to know;
I have heard it said she was not the thing,
And I guess, that it must be so.

S. W.

A Study in Brown.

He is sometimes known by the savory appellation of the "ginger-bread boy," owing to his resemblance to the color of that appetizing dainty. We hope this likeness holds good in sweetness also, but you know we can not always sometimes tell, appearances often being deceitful. He is brown from the crown of his head which is covered by a goodly, but not excessive quantity of reddish hair, to the toe of his boot, which is tan. His eyes are brown; his clothes are brown. He wears a white shirt, but a brown neck-tie. A brown derby is sometimes exchanged for a brown golf cap. He doesn't ride a wheel, at least not to school, but if he did we feel sure it would be a brown wheel. Not having an intimate acquaintance with him, we don't know the nature of his likes and dislikes, but we feel confident that somewhere, tucked away in his heart of hearts, there must be a "Brown Betty." In the Study Hall he is always in a brown study. He hails from the first year and is quite a new boy. Can you guess who he is? His last name begins with an M.

EM. EF.

P. S. We notice with surprise and disapproval that our "symphony in brown" has procured a grey Fedora.

EM. EF.

The Girl.

[By one of the Boys.]

The girl is a most peculiar thing, exceptin my girl, an she's xception. She has to lovely brown eyes, xceptin the one where her brother hit er, an thats black, but I'm goin to fix him for that, cuz he's smaller'n I an, an I kin beat him, tho he says I kant, but you ort to see my big sister, what aint my sister any more, cuz she's growed up, and made her day bue, an I had some of the ice cream what was left in the freazer: and some girls I no can play baseball and are worth sumthin, but the others aint no good 'cause they can only sew and cook, and I'd tell you more but my paper's give out.

"JAMARPE."

A Christmas Tale.

The embers were glowing, the shadows were deep,
Upstairs in the nursery Louie, asleep,
Was dreaming of pudding and all the good things
Kris Kingle, at Christmas, to good children brings.

The sitting room table stood close to the wall,
The curtains were heavy, the Christmas tree tall,
Its toys and its tinsel half seen through the gloom,
Diffused a sweet odor of pine, through the room.

Beneath its first branches low lying and black,
Stood the gifts that Kris Kingle'd just loosed from his pack;
The wagon for Johnny, the cradle for Lou,
The horse and the bugle for Billy Boy Blue.

There were baskets of candy, the Christ child asleep,
In the manger by Mary; and Little Bo Peep.
Her crook very tight and her dress very high,
Came leading her flock through the fresh moss close by.

Hung thick on its branches, encircling the tree,
Were apples and nuts, strings of popcorn, and see,
A great shining angel, a star in its hair
Glimmered faint on the top branch, way up in the air!

Kris Kingle himself, his coat snow flaked and brown,
His white beard all silvered, about half way down
Hung looking so jolly, his pack tied on fast
You wonder what gifts he was keeping for last.
But hark! from the mantel the silver-toned clock

Began to toll midnight; Bo Peep and her flock, stepped forward in haste;
'T was the magical hour
When toys their tongue and to move have the power.

The rocking horse pranced, the tin soldiers began
To fall into line and the rubber ball ran,
To say to the tea set that he was for Lou,
Though he thought himself fitter for Billy Boy Blue.

And now from the table, position of state,
Came a voice that was haughty, I grieve to relate;
'T was Miss Mary, Lemima, Ruth, Kalamazoo,
The lady from Paris for little Miss Lou.

Her blue eyes were open, her cheeks flushed and bright;
The horn tooted wildly, the bugle from fright
Played "The Campbells are Coming," the fife and the drum
Fell in with the chorus, with rattle and hum.

At length the noise ceased and Miss Kalamazoo
Began to berate them in words not a few;
She called them all common and low as can be,
Beneath the contempt of such ladies as she.

Poor little Bo Peep was crestfallen and shy,
The room grew quite silent, when faintly a sigh
Stole forth from the corner, they all tried to see
Whatever that curious creature could be!

A white waxen face, with a crack in one eye,
The other quite gone, wigless, clothes ill awry,
A leg crushed and broken; the sawdust came through;
And what is it telling Miss Kalamazoo?

"You think yourself happy, you're proud of your face
Your pink and white gown, your bronze shoes and your lace,
Your tiny gilt fan and your umbrella, too;
Last year I came from Paris for little Miss Lou!"

The toys were all silent; poor Kalamazoo
Grew pale as the moonlight, now flickering through
The room, hushed and dark with the firelight all gone;
'T was the last of her spitefulness, I dare be sworn!

A. C. H.

Blinic: Isn't she a peach!
Cynic: Well she ought to be, for her heart is a stone.

She: Do you love me enough to die for me?
He: No, my love is of the undying kind.

We wonder:

Why the alcove is so attractive to the "male monsters" now-a-days.

Why "Jamarpe" gazes so often and so tenderly at the small band of gold which encircles his little finger.

Why those Fourth Year Men persist in exercising their lungs to the tune of "George" at intermissions.

Why the girls who have study-period third hour Monday, are so entirely ignorant and so very anxious to be informed of facts known only to the teacher in charge. (Possibly Mr. P. of C. L. knows.)

And lastly, why our contributors, blessed with civilized names, persist in assuming noms de plume which lead our readers to believe that the "Western" is maintained chiefly by contributions from Zooloo land and Timbuctoo.

'01.

Clippings.

The queer vibrations so often heard in Room I., have now extended to the Chemical Laboratory. Perhaps it is because the ponies, having grown to be horses, their stamping has increased with their size.

All the boys will soon be coming to the Study Hall on Wednesdays and Fridays for punishment, which consists in being stared at for thirty seconds, by every girl in the room. Isn't it severe?

The second year girls' drawing portfolios are quickly becoming filled, but not with their drawing work. The mysterious articles are poems and notes signed with very legible initials not belonging to the writer.

Why is it that all the boys in the company are small, yet some of the most attractive small ones are not in it?

One of the teachers informed us that most of the students are rapidly being overcome by a disease which ravages their hearts. The germs are supposed to have originated in the girl's pretty faces and the boys' new uniforms.

J. A. N.

THE WESTERN.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1897.

EDITORIAL.

A Merry Christmas to all ye who have so nobly supported the "Western" in this the third year of its short but eventful life. A Merry Christmas we say, and may the immortal gods preserve you for many more of them. Looking over the pile of last year's Westerns we find in the Christmas number, the prophetic words: "This is our last Christmas in the Curtis building," and it seems to us we can do no better than quote our honored predecessors, saying with truth and verity this is the last time the piercing notes of tin-horn and bugle will sound in these venerable halls at Christmas; this is the last Christmas (ponder it deeply Westerners) that we may celebrate in the Curtis building. This thought, if we let it linger, might bring sad visions in its train, but away with all sad visions at this happy season! Away with thoughts prophetic! Let us make the most of our last Christmas here; let

us fill the old school with such a spirit of gladness and goodwill that it will not soon forget us.

Could we but think of some new and pleasing method of giving you our best wishes, we would gladly do it, but as it is, nothing presents itself to the unfortunate editorial mind, but the time worn words: "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Sub-Editorial.

We have heard many complaints of late concerning the lack of notes, jokes, personals, et cetera, in our paper, and therefore wish to put the matter plainly before you. We fully realize the importance of just such reading matter, in a school-paper, and yet how is it to be obtained? Are the nine long suffering over-worked editors to go poking about, finding out everything about everybody? Are they to tire out themselves and their friends, at the same time winning for themselves the appellation of "Paul Pry," while you sit calmly and peaceably by, waiting to complain of the next issue? Would that be just? We are sure you will agree that it would not, so write! write! write! and the "Western" will be as it should be, a paper of the school, for the school, and by the school.

RUTH WELLMAN, '00.

The Spirit of Christmas.

He was behaving badly! No one, not even his doting mamma could have denied it; the worn out teacher did not attempt to do so. She had barely frowned when he persisted in kicking, under the desk, the unhappy legs of the fellow in front of him. She had simply uttered a short, sharp "John!" when the room shook with his repeated efforts to roll off his seat. She had tried to appear oblivious to the soul stirring sounds of his banging desk-lid, accompanied, as a sort of bass, by the scraping of his heavy boots on the wooden floor. She had not, apparently, seen at all, his life-size drawings of herself, labelled in full, which were held directly under her nose, for the edification of the class in general

and herself in particular. She had done all these things and more, but "even a worm will turn." So when, owing to his harmless desire to shoot cannon balls evolved out of paper, chalk, or anything else within reach of his enterprising fingers, at feeling, but less war-like inclinations, the class was transformed into a mass of dodging acrobats, she "called him up." He stood first upon one leg then upon the other; he wriggled his toes and performed gymnastic feats with his fingers, behind his back. Then the teacher began sternly "John!" There was a long pause.

"John, what is the matter with you?"

His eyes twinkled and he fairly winked at his frowning mentor.

"Christmas's coming!" he giggled.

MARJORIE FENTON.

THE Eta Chapter of Zeta Beta Psi had its first spread at the home of Miss Craighead a few weeks ago. Besides the members of the society Miss Josephine Wisner, of the Evanston, Ill., High School and Miss Gertrude Colwell were present. Miss Wisner came to Washington to establish the Eta Chapter, she being a member of Alpha Chapter. Miss Colwell was the first pledge, and amid the scenes of fun and happiness, caught her first glimpse of society life.

The initiation of Miss Colwell was solemnized on the night of the Saturday before Thanksgiving. After the ceremonies the sisters were entertained by Miss Orme, and at the table welcomed Miss Colwell into the joys and mysteries of Z. B. ?.

E. A.

Just In Jest.

Teacher—Johnny, what is the capital of Maine?

Johnny—Era—era—ugh—Wait a minute teacher, I've got it right on the end of my tongue.

Patsy, the incorrigible—Faith this stick it out and lit's see if ye have.

Mr. Jones—And his wild, fierce eyes swept the mighty hall with a glance.

Rastus—Laws, chile, wish I could sweep a mighty hall dat easy.

R. W., A 2.

Some Celebrities.

Tall and broad, this boy I see
A great ball player he's going to be—
That's Paul C.

A swinging arm; how people talk,
They say he has a swinging walk!
That's G. A. B.

Her face is fair; her eyes are blue
But best of all she's always true.
That's I. C.

Though known in school to be a sin
He always has a merry grin.
That's Harry B.

A voice that speaks and tells to all
To what fine art she's had her call,
That's Bessie C.

"That one may smile and smile
And be a villain."
That's Harry K—schmidt.

Flaxen hair, blue eyes free,
An actress of no small degree.
That's E. Sigsbee.

A manager, a speller of lengthy words galore,
My hero's famed for being an orator.
That's N. M.

High as the skies her charms we'll rate
She n'eer disdains a tete-a-tete.
That's Bessie O.

Good at Latin, better at ball,
But best of all in Study Hall.
That's Richard B.

Dark brown hair, dark brown eyes,
A color rivalling the rosiest skies.
That's Kathleen G.

Dashing air, great Greek scholar,
Known to flirt, quite high collar.
That's Reggie L.

Jolly as he well knows how,
He's jollier than the rules allow.
That's Lawrence G.

He missed the word; he failed to win;
For a spell was then cast over him.
That's Mr. P—bury.

Though innocent of every crime
This boy's right in it every time.
That's Fernow.

Straight black hair; big gray eyes,
First sergeant; likes pies.
That's Will S.

Massive brain; lots of curls;
Nice boy; loves girls.
That's C. A.

First Lieutenant; makes puns;
Girls all like him; lots of fun.
That's Jamarpe.

A jolly fellow; a clever student;
Admires the girls; but is always prudent.
That's Mac M.

Things Heard and Seen.

There is a funny, as well as a pathetic side to every day life, and at this time of year especially, when every thing points to the close proximity of Christmas. When crowds of Holiday buyers throng the stores and markets, from morning to night, one is impressed with that fact more than ever. The other evening while watching the crowds in one of the large down-town stores, I noticed a very stout middle aged woman, with more bundles than she could handle, making for the street door, which happened to be one of the swinging variety. Just behind her was a small boy, whose one aim in life seemed to be to get through that door before the woman. So with a dart he dodged by her and made a dive through the door, which swung back just in time to hit the woman a smart blow. It seemed to me that for the next five minutes it rained tin soldiers, Noah's arks, and rag dolls. After the shower had somewhat subsided I offered my assistance to the fallen heroine, but whether it was the bland smile on my countenance, or visions of the small boy and swinging door, I know not, I simply got a look that would freeze the blood of a Klondike; so I left.

While walking that part of Louisiana Avenue, commonly known as "Commission Merchants' Row," my attention was attracted by a small group of men watching some negroes trying to hang the carcasses of a couple of deer to one of the hooks over their stall. As I came up, one of the negroes, a real old white haired specimen, stepped upon a coop, in order to reach the hook, but the top broke in, and as he disengaged himself from the debris, one of his brilliant companions remarked that "He want no chicken, if he was in er coop." So the old man retired in favor of "them there young bloods what knows hit all." The "young bloods" procured a couple of barrels and a board, and three of them climbed upon this improvised platform with the deer. Two of them lifted the bodies up, while the third endeavored to put the rope over the hook. Lift the little "dears" up higher, said he, who was doing the rope act. "Come on mah darlings," said one of the

others, but just then one of the barrels collapsed, and the whole outfit was piled in supreme confusion. Well!! if you could but have heard the conversation of a dark blue tint which issued from that pile, you certainly would not have believed that the moment before, those same men were speaking in such affectionate terms of the same little "dears."

PAUL CHAMBERLIN, '99.

REMARKS BY THE SAGE.

At the pension—

Petit garcon: Avez-vous dit, "nez"?

Mlle. X:—who prides herself on her French—Oui Monsieur, j'ai dine.

Merriment of guests and discomfiture of Mlle. X.

Cityman: I hear you have a kind of rustic "Bridge of Sighs," in your village.

Countryman: Well, stranger, the only bridge of any size we have, is across the creek.

He: Have you heard that Jones is lying at the point of death?

She: Well I am not surprised, for he is accustomed to lie, under all circumstances.

He: Did you know I was an artist?

She: Well, I noticed that you occasionally draw on your imagination.

She: Do you know what brought me here?

He: I suppose it was your new hat, for it is mighty fetching.

He: The other night when I left the theatre, it was raining pitchforks.

She: And to make matters worse, I suppose people began hailing cabs.

Parson: Never fear, your sin will find you out.

Reprobate: Well, just so it don't find me in, I'll be satisfied.

She: Did you have a very touching sermon to-day?

He: Yes, it was on charity, and they touched me for a fiver.

Some people are called deep-thinkers, only because their thoughts never rise to the surface.

Around the World in Eighty Minutes.

The sound of music and laughter came, on Christmas Day, 1997, from a handsome mansion in the suburbs of Washington City. Electric carriages flew hither and thither over the smooth asphalt, while airships sailed overhead. Some carriages were standing near the house, waiting, no doubt, for their owners who were enjoying themselves inside. After a while a trim looking air-yacht, built in the shape of a cigar, with steel covered ends, was brought before the house by a domestic. Then the hostess and a party of guests, in yachting costumes, came out and entered it.

When everything was ready, the yacht shot upward for about a half mile, and poising momentarily in the air, darted forward, directly west, on a trip around the world. Onward it flew, at the rate of about 300 miles a minute, dodging heavy air-schooners, and other slow airships. The people inside looked down through a thick glass in the yacht's floor, at the flying land below them. Soon the Pacific came in sight, and for the next fifteen minutes nothing but water could be seen. After crossing the ocean they saw Japan and China underneath. The inhabitants—who were engaged in a battle, in which, as of yore, chemicals played a conspicuous part—stopped for a moment, and though they had seen airboats before, looked with awe upon this one, whose great speed had, doubtless, this effect on them.

Asia was soon out of view, and Europe nearly crossed. Spain was under the yacht now. An army of Cubans, who were invading and laying waste that country, saluted the American flag which was flying from the rear end of the yacht.

In a few moments the Atlantic Ocean was beneath the yacht, and when it had gone about two-thirds across, a large iceberg came in sight on the horizon. In fact it was so high and wide that the hostess, who was managing the yacht, did not know whether to go over or around it, but as she did not want to lose any time, she decided to dive under it. So the yacht was directed downward

at an angle of about 45 degrees. It was surely going to its destruction, for she had forgotten that there is always more of an iceberg under the water than out of it. On the yacht went, with the hostess and her companions unconscious of their danger. Swish! Splash! Under the water shot the yacht, striking the berg about in the center. There was a crack as of a thousand 20-inch cannon exploding at once. The ice-berg shivered, and then parted, disappearing in the ocean for a time. Meanwhile the yacht had gone between the two pieces, and when nearly at the surface, it struck another hard substance, which was nothing less than the steel bottom—about four feet thick—of a man-o'-war. But such an obstacle was not to interfere with the yacht, for it went directly through the steel bottom as if it were so much cheese, and continued its course, none the worse for the experience.

The yacht soon arrived over the City of Washington, and alighted before the mansion from which it had started, just eighty minutes before. The ladies, who had only felt a few slight jars during the whole journey, alighted and went inside the house, where they entertained the company by recounting their adventures of the last hour and twenty minutes.

DEAN CALDWELL.

One of the Freshmen remarks that he don't know why Operetta, but he supposes he is Gladiator.

(P. S. He is still at large, but the police are on his trail.)

Although a great many people are neither clever nor brilliant, they have a great tendency to sin till late.

It is noticed that the man who shouts Amen the loudest in the church, is not the one who puts the most in the collection basket.

He: (11 P. M.) I must be off.

She: It appears that you have been in that condition all the evening.

She: (after the introduction) Oh, isn't he just perfectly killing!

He: Yes, I suppose so; he's a doctor you know.

Our Western Alphabet.

A—is for Andrews, the curly-haired youth,
B—is for Brewer, who lost a front tooth.
C—is for Chamberlin, so straight and so tall
D—is for Dunwoody, beau of the hall.
E—is for Edith our sweet "Gibson girl,"
F—is for Fernow, with head in a whirl.
G—is for Graves, who had a hard fall,
H—is for Hayden, got hurt at football.
I—is for Isabel, in Latin so bright,
J—is for Johnston, a second year light.
K—is for Kathleen, sweet as a rose,
L—is for Lennox, 'tis English she knows.
M—is for Marie, the painter so sweet,
N—is for Nathan, our "Manager" neat.
O—is for Oscar, the orator clever,
P—is for Paul (L) who talked on forever.
Q—is for No one, so let it pass by,
R—is for Miss Ramsburg, so sweet and so shy
S—is for Smart, sometimes called "Rags."
T—is for Tracy who goes on big "jags" (?)
U—is for you poor uninterested reader,
V—is for Virgie, in all fun the leader.
W—is "Western" so dear to our hearts,
In promoting its welfare, we all take our parts
X, Y, and Z—stand for nothing at all,
So, just for a change, a halt we will call.

INCOG.

THE UNKNOWN.

Do you know him, dear reader? Ah! Would that we were so fortunate! We adore him—of course! So do all the other girls—of course!

Everyone is in love with him—which is human! He absolutely ignores us all—which is inhuman!

He is a "special" in course, in appearance and in all the girls' hearts! We asked some of the others if they liked him! One girl told us he was "the sweetest thing in the Western High School!" Another said she had been in love with him for two years, which is constancy itself—from a girl! She knows him! Happy creature!

We, unhappily, do not take chemistry or we might see this boy of boys a little oftener. As it is we are in the seventh heaven of bliss if we catch a glimmer of him at noon. But he is as adamant beneath the sweet smiles and tender glances showered on him. This cruel indifference is breaking our hearts, one and all! How terrible it will be for all the girls in school to have their hearts broken.

We are jealous of no one else in school, but we have heard of a certain young lady who is—away. We have also heard that his heart has gone away with this young lady, and it is therefore that he

is oblivious to the enchantments of the foolish young creatures of the Western High School.

But our feelings overcome us! We can no more! Human nature will bear no further burden of sorrow! We will forget him!

May he never realize how many hearts he has broken, and may his course in C—prosper most wonderfully.

Tears! Slow Music!! Curtain!!!

IGNORED.

Another "First Year" Tragedy.

(And still they come.)

A little boy,
A study Hall.
A piece of chalk,
An awful brawl!

A teacher stern,
Away we go!
A note to "Pa"
"Won't do it no mo!"

P.S. [Wait 'till next year first—revenge is sweet!]

N. CRAIG.

TERRORIZED INTO IT.

[Continued from page 2.]

and dashed wildly down them at a pace she would never have dared to approximate in sober daylight.

She reached the first floor in safety, tho' out of breath, and felt her way to the door, only to discover, with a sinking heart that it was locked from the outside. She was a prisoner in the Alden Building at eleven o'clock at night.

Human nature—feminine human nature could endure no more. Proud Nan Pennell dropped upon the lowest step and burst into tears. Into the midst of this abject misery came again a vision of Tom Hazlett still at work upstairs. In a moment Nan felt inexpressibly relieved, then came the realizing sense of their present strained relations, and also the stinging prick of conscience as she recalled her share in that foolish quarrel.

"Go and ask him to help me out! Beg Tom Hazlett for favors after—Well, I guess not! I'll stay here in the darkness till I die and get eaten by the rats first!" This lofty resolution came to an inglor-

ious end, as with a rustling sound, something warm and furry brushed against Nan's hand and scampered aloft.

It was only Debbs, the office cat, but Nan's overwrought nerves gave way before the awful thoughts of rats and, with a wild scream of terror, she fainted away.

When she opened her eyes again, it was in a blaze of light that glorified even the smoky walls of the corridor and made Tom Hazlett's grey optics seem positively radiant as they gazed down into hers.

"(Oh-h-h—)" breathed Nan while a feeling of peace stole into her troubled soul. For another blissful minute her eyes closed again, then with a start, she realized that her head was on Tom Hazlett's shoulder and—could it be possible?—yes, his arms were around her! Struggling to her feet, tho' Tom would have prolonged the precious moments of her helplessness, and vainly striving to smooth her tumbled locks, Nan's dignity returned with added force.

"How dare you, Tom Hazlett! Have the kindness to open that door and let me go this minute! "I"—here the proud voice broke a little. "I feel—er—a little queer. The rats startled me."

Poor Tom! What dreamy visions of reconciliation had been whirling thro' his head in the brief moments that he had held his old sweetheart in his arms! They faded into nothingness before the haughty young woman who now confronted him.

He rose mechanically and tried the door only to find as Nan before him, that faithful Jim had made egress that way impossible.

NORVAL.

(To be concluded in our next.)

We have heard of many deeds of strength; how Atlas bore the world upon his shoulders; how Horatio kept back the bridge—I should have said held: how David smote Goliath; how Samson "downed" the temple; and how Catalina carried everything his way, and didn't ever leave the city of Rome. But then our generation is not in a position to properly judge of such things when we are not even able to raise ourselves from our seats when we recite.

A Letter From The Gallery.

We meet under the most favorable circumstances, "us fo' and no mo'!" Our object is to promote good singing in the third year. Our leader is Mr. Wm. Smart, without the use of whose powerful lungs and mellow notes, we would probably not have been heard from as much as we have. Mr. Mulligan, the club's president, is to run, backed by the club, for the championship of the school in rapid singing. His best time, so far, is 1.20. Mr. Middleton's voice is a little cracked, and needs training; no wonder, for as the treasurer of the club, he has to use his vocal chords more than the rest of us. Mr. Linkins is a little bashful as yet, but the club earnestly hopes to make a "star uproar" singer of him before long. Having had the indulgence of the school in the past, we request that, in our performance, you do not call us out more than three times, as Mr. Middleton's voice could not stand the strain and the number of our songs is limited.

Yours truly,

THE ASSORTED. HOWLERS.

P. S. At present the club is N. G. "No girls."

LINKINS.

He was in his usual hurry. The newspaper reporter fairly flew down the avenue to his customary destination—the depot. The thought finally dawned upon him that he wished to know the hour of the day. He had left his watch home on the piano in the parlor. What should he do? He must go to the trouble of asking someone. Ah! there sat a grocer on a box outside his establishment. With hurried steps he hastened to that individual.

"Have you got th' time?" he asked excitedly.

The grocer looked at him with a business-like air.

"What kind of thyme do you prefer?" he said slowly, "by the bunch or—"

The reporter walked away in disgust. Many were the thoughts which traversed the mind of our hero, but—he lost his train.

W.

How strange it is in school day life,
That one or two should always strive,
By dint of ridicule and jeer,
To turn a class from duty clear.

But true it is as fact can be,
That these same ones can never see,
'Tis not Miss B—who stands so cool,
But they themselves who play the fool.

V. S. MORRIS.

Love Me Love My Oysters.

If there was one thing on the face of the earth or rather in the water under the earth, that this girl thoroughly detested, that thing was a raw oyster. This inoffensive animal, even when changed beyond all human recognition during a seance in the frying-pan, the sauce-pan, or the baking dish, as the case might be, offered no particularly grateful sensation to her delicate palate. When taken in its natural and unadulterated form, it was, to her, one of those—

"Slimy things that crawled with legs,
Upon a slimy sea."

If there was one thing in the terrestrial sphere of ours which this girl thoroughly liked, that thing was a certain young man. He was, to her, that "onliest only" of whom we hear so much. Like the oyster, he was an inoffensive animal, generally speaking, but unlike the oyster, this girl was especially enamored of him when in his natural state, that is to say, when in his normal condition. It was a well-known fact that his normal condition consisted in making love to the girl. It was also a well-known fact, among his associates, that next to the girl, this young biped loved an oyster, preferably a raw one.

The course of their true love, in accordance with the time worn adage, did not at all times run smoothly. Small ruptures, caused no doubt, by nothing more than a slight friction of their natures, assumed, in the eyes of the couple, vast proportions. In short, they had a falling out. It was just in the height of the oyster season, during the so-called months. Either she had smiled a trifle too sweetly upon some other fellow, or he had exchanged one word too many with some other girl; it doesn't matter which. The fact remained that their respective relations were somewhat strained. The

girl found solace in copious tears and the sympathetic ear of her "dearest friend." The man sought comfort in the mastication of fat, juicy, raw oysters, followed by that blessed pipe. Matters went on in this terrible way for at least twenty-four hours, at the expiration of which time, when neither could any longer stand the lengthy separation, in the manner peculiar to two people of their state of mind, and heart, they "made it up." Their's was a voiceless consent to let bygones be bygones, but it was effective just the same.

In his regained position of adoring lover, this young man was extremely, supremely happy. He felt magnanimous; he felt that nothing was too good for his Thisbe, nothing was too much to be done for her. And so, in the innocence of his ignorance, he procured and brought to her what to him was nothing short of Epienrian bliss, a half dozen blue point oysters! He placed them at the shrine of his heart's desire, in other words, on the tea-table, announcing, as he disclosed them in all the glory of their oysterhood, to her terror-stricken gaze, that he would sit by and watch her enjoy(?) them. The girl was dumb-founded. Then, collecting her scattered wits, she suggested that she talk to him now, and eat later. But he assured her that his greatest happiness consisted in seeing her happy, urging her, at the same time, to begin. Seeing her hesitate, he selected the biggest, fattest one in the lot, and poising it deftly on a fork, held it up, alluringly, before her very nose. She shuddered and involuntarily set her teeth. He saw it, and quick to take offense, jumped to false conclusions. Putting down, with a bang, the fork, from which was suspended the unfortunate oyster, he shrugged his broad shoulders and remarked that "Of course he ought to have known that she wouldn't care for anything he brought her." The girl was wild and speechless with anxiety. She saw him stride across the room, she noticed the ominous frown deepen on his brow, and she realized that it was a case of "love me, love my oysters." She ate the whole six, with a smile on her face, while he watched her!

MARJORIE FENTON.

SOLDIERS SHUT OUT.

Western High School Defeats Cavalry Team at Football.

The Western High School Eleven defeated the Fort Myer team at football, Saturday the eleventh, by a score of 4 to 0. The match was played at Fort Myer, and was an extremely interesting one, from start to finish. The playing on the part of the High School boys was snappy, and entirely devoid of fumbling, while that of the Soldiers was rather slow, but very steady. Although the Western team was greatly handicapped by the far superior weight of the troopers, they held their ground firmly, and stubbornly contested every inch of ground gained by the Sixth. The only score during the fifty minutes of play was made by Manakee, the right end of the Western team, who got the ball on a fumble, and made a beautiful run of more than half the field for a touchdown. The team work of the Western was especially good.

P. CHAMBERLIN.

Stamp collectors, open your eyes! One of our number has a "new" stamp, the only one of its kind ever issued. I believe a stamp that can be heard as well as seen? Inquire of Mr. Manakee in foil practice.

One of the students suggests an elevated boardwalk for crossing the drawing room. Those who play football find little trouble in "breaking through center," and those who can dance usually "two step" around the chairs and desks; but alas for the others!

Certain eminent etymologists have suggested that the English language would be improved by the addition of an indefinite pronoun—some word that combines the sounds of she and he. This would be charming. Something like the following would be in order as an announcement from the platform:

If any pupil has lost his pocketbook, he can obtain it at the office. He should be cautioned against leaving his property around or it may go hard with him.

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1898.

No. 6.

Vol. III.

FRIENDSHIP.

Like the gentle, soothing sound of distant singing,
From a far-off choir,
Like the warm, soft colors of the early sun's
Bright beams,
Ever mounting higher,
Like a young child's pure regard, like an an-
gel's music
On the lyre,
Seems to me, dear heart, the blessing of our
friendship,
A glowing fire.

Like the trickling of clear water o'er the mossy
rocks
In a murmuring stream,
Like the glistening dew upon long, fragrant
grasses
Which wave and gleam,
Like tiny stars which in the heaven's vast firm-
ament
Do beam,
Seems to me, dear heart, the holy benedic-
tion
Of our friendship's lasting dream.

MARJORIE FENTON.

The North Pole Gravity Road.

One bright morning, in early summer, an electric sled, containing three white men and a negro called Toby, started northward from an ice-bound ship in the Arctic regions, on a trip for fresh meat. It skimmed swiftly over the icy surface for fifty miles, until it reached a high mountain of ice. As the side of this mountain sloped gradually, the sled was able to get up to the summit. Upon arriving there the men could see all around them. Looking to the east, south and west, they saw glassy plains of ice with massive bergs mixed in here and there, while to the north lay a most impressive scene. Stretching out far ahead was a series of ice mountains of similar height and slope, and seemingly equally distant one from another. The hunters were gazing intently upon this wonderful work of Nature, when the leader, a gruff Ir-

ishman, bawled out "Sled ahoy!" But no one else saw it. Presently Toby yelled, "Dar she am, an her be comin dis away." The rest of the party had just caught a glimpse of a flying figure seated on a sled, at the top of the third mountain from them, when out of sight it went again. In a few minutes it again came into view over the top and down the slope of the second ice mountain. It was coming so fast that it was difficult to see it plainly. After getting to the end of the downward slope, it came whizzing up the long incline of the mountain on which the astonished hunters were standing. When within a hundred feet of the little party, it stopped, as this slope was much longer than the others and the momentum was not sufficient to take it farther. Then the occupant, who was nothing else than a large polar bear, got off and looked around. On seeing the men, he sniffed the air and coolly picked the sled up and carried it several feet to the right. Then fixing the runners into two deep grooves in the ice, the animal gave his sled a shove, and jumping aboard, was off.

All this time the men were so astounded with what they had seen, that not a gun was pointed in the bear's direction, but soon they were called back to their senses by the mad Irishman, who rebuked them for letting the bear slip through their fingers. But then it was too late, as the bear was out of sight. The Irishman stood irresolute for a moment. Then an idea seemed to strike him, for he dragged the sled to where the grooved track started. Seeing that it would fit the track he placed it on the right-hand one, and ordering the others to get aboard, shoved off. Downward they flew and then up the other slope at a terrific speed, until the top was reached, when

they took a downward course again. They thus traveled northward for an hour or so, until the Irishman, remembering that he had other force beside that of gravity at his disposal, turned on the electric current, causing the sled to bound forward at double its former speed. Soon after they heard such roaring and howling that it shook the mountain. The sound grew louder and louder as they approached, until at last, as they were ascending a steeper slope than usual, the Irishman became frightened and turned off the current. Just then something flashed by them on the other track. They looked back and a long sled on which were seated at least a dozen bears, was seen flying up the other slope. "Dat bar," screamed Toby above the terrible noise, "done gone and tole de rest ob dem and dey be gwine back arter us." The words were hardly out of his mouth before they had reached the summit, and the scene that presented itself here caused all to faint with fear except Toby, who had the presence of mind to reverse the current, bringing the sled to a standstill.

He then looked down at the plain below. It was covered with roaring polar bears. In their midst was a tall golden pole, glittering with pearls and diamonds. It dazzled his eyes to look at it, but he had little time to gaze upon it, for a large body of bears seeing him, started up the slope at a gallop. He did not know what to do. The rest of the party were insensible, and hence no help could be expected from them. In his desperation he shoved the sled and its senseless occupants across to the other track, and fixing it into the grooves, turned on all the currents possible. In a minute he was at the top of the next mountain, and upon looking behind saw another of those

long sleds filled with bears coming after him. Up and down the pursued and the pursuers flew, the latter gaining slightly. Finally Toby saw the sled ahead just going up the incline of a mountain a mile or so off. He was gaining on it. What if he should run into it? He could not stop for fear the sled in his rear would catch up with him. After thinking over the matter he decided that it would be better to buck against the back of a bear than have the front of one collide with him. So things went along all right until, after steadily gaining upon the bears ahead, Toby's sled struck it as it was going down the last incline, but as the speed of the two sleds was about the same, the jar was slight, the bears not even looking around. In spite of these favorable circumstances, Toby immediately swooned.

When he came to, a quarter of an hour later, he found that the others were still in a state of insensibility, and that the bears were looking backward with a look of fear. He was about to use one of the guns when the ship from which he started in the morning came in view directly ahead. He dropped the gun in wonder. How was this? How did he get there? Then it all flashed upon him at once. He and the bears had kept together and attained such terrific speed that they were sent over the last ice mountain and over the broad plain beyond to the vicinity of the vessel. He must do something now or they would be dashed to pieces against the sides of the ship which they were rapidly approaching. So he turned off the current and reversed, thus causing his sled to drop behind that of the bears. The latter, when nearly to the icebound ship, struck a piece of ice projecting above the level surface, an accident which caused the sled to turn to one side suddenly, and to throw the bears heavily against the staunch side of the ship. The whole dozen were killed outright. When Toby and his sled came up, the captain of the vessel stepped out and demanded what this meant.

"Oh! Oh! said the breathless negro, 'Dat be a carload ob bar meat dat Ize side-tracked off heah from de no'th pole gravity road.'" S. DEAN CALDWELL.

Out in the Gutter, Under the Tree.

Out in the gutter, under the tree,
Oh the fun, the pleasure it was for me,
To dig with my penny shovel and hoe
In the far away days of long ago!
Sometimes I would make some sure enough
dams

Like those in the country at Uncle Sam's.
Then I would pile the mud up so—
A make-believe house of the Esquimaux.
But to-day I am making something grand
With stones and shingles and water and sand
That I got 'round the corner (I took them and
ran
For fear I'd be caught by the horrid watchman).
My house I build small, just cozy and sweet.
A stable right near, and a garden complete,
And a well, lined with stones and filled to the
the brim

With water; be careful not to fall in!
As I finish it up with a fence straight and neat
My eyes seek a window across the street
Two shining brown orbs twinkling brightly I
spied,

"Anita come out" all in rapture I cried,
"And play with the house I have made for you."
She runs over gladly; but I'd like to know who
Could resist her as, with a toss of her head
"I'll play if you first catch me" she said.
"You're it" with a bound she springs far away
Me after her wildly, needless to say.
She runs through the ally, round this tree and
that,

Tearing her apron and losing her hat.
"Time" she says as we near the place
We started from. Now her rosy face
Is full of dimples. She looks down
And points; but I only frown.
Someone had torn my house to the ground.
The stable in pieces lay all around;
The water had sunk through the sides of the
well

My home was thus shattered; all was pell-mell.
"Bah, can't catch a girl! What a boy you are!"
(That made it so much harder to bear)
Were I not a boy I know I would cry
But I stalked away proudly, my head on high.
Since those far-away days, days long ago
I've built something grander, its name you all
know.

I'm afraid, but I'd like to invite those brown
eyes

To come make my castle a far greater prize.
Even now I see that toss of her head
"I'll come if you first catch me," it said.
Even now I race as hard as I can
But alas as I thought 'tis all in vain.
The castle is shattered where she stands
And now I see her mocking hands
Her voice echoes from near and far,
"Bah, can't catch a girl, what a boy you are."

ALBERTA WALKER.

The Reading Room of the Congressional Library on a Rainy Day.

A gray, almost misty atmosphere completely envelopes the immense reading room of the Congressional Library. Scattered very widely apart at various

tables, and clad in all their old forlorn looking rainy-day attire, are a few sombre individuals. Even the books which they gravely peruse, seem to bewail their fate, and present dull, colorless faces. Pacing solemnly and noiselessly to and fro in thickly-carpeted aisles are pale, sleepy-visaged officials. Save for the occasional ghostly rustle of a turning page or the dull unearthly groan of the pneumatic tube as it reluctantly gives up some long-sought-for volume, an almost uncanny hush pervades everything. And over all comes the distant muffled sound of heavily-beating rain.

ALICE LEE ROCHE, '98.

Come My Love, &c.

She had read *The Western* faithfully, issue after issue. This, of course, was purely amusement, not because she thought she ought to read it. She read it, as I said before, and after having read it, she decided to register a solemn vow that something from her pen or pencil, as the case might be, should appear in that paper before another month had passed away. Days went by, however, and no brilliant inspiration came to brighten her heart and the columns of *The Western*.

She lay awake at night thinking of intricate plots and clever conclusions for them. She spent her study hours in making rhymes on every conceivable subject, from a pin to the horrible mouse. Nothing suited her fancy, and she grew more determined than ever. She purchased a small and dainty note-book and a pretty silver pencil. With the pretty pencil she jotted down in the dainty note-book remarks on every "character" she saw.

But the great inspiration came not. In fact it absolutely refused to approach. Chocolate creams were of no avail: chocolate cake failed for once to enliven. She is still waiting for that idea to come. Perhaps, in the sweet bye and bye, it will appear. Can you hasten its arrival, dear Editor? She is so lost in the intricate mazes of deep-laid plots and closely woven characters that she cannot, without aid, get out. This aid she implores of you.

A. M. Z.

OUR BUSINESS MANAGER.

With hurry and haste,
For time he can't waste,
He's exceedingly busy,
'Twixt "Paper" and chemistry.
Our Business Manager.

'Tis strange to see him,
About 1.45 p. m.,
On every other Monday,
After every other Sunday,
Our Business Manager.

As he goes from room to room,
With an air of serious gloom,
The "Agents" is his call,
To the Office under the Hall,
Our Business Manager.

There he from his pile
Of "The Westerns" in style,
Distributes the papers
With his usual capers,
Our Business Manager.

Then after school is out,
At the gate he waits about,
His musical choice to see,
A Bradbury it must be,
Our Business Manager.

B. M.

"A Seniors Soliloquy."

Directed against the Western Editor.)

To write, or not to write, that is the question:
Whether 't is nobler in a boy to suffer
The pang and quips of an editor's tongue,
Or to take arms against a sea of pleadings,
And by writing end them? To think, to write,
And by a piece to say we end
The askings and unnatural pleas
The "staff" adheres to—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wanted. To write—and write—
—more, per chance it is rejected! ay there's
one rub!

From that last poor piece, what pain results.
When we have failed to see it come in print
We give us "blues": there's the respect
That makes our poems few and far between;
For who would bear the jibes and jibs of girls,
The teacher's scorn, the waste-basket's mouth,
The unalloyed freeze, the icy glare,
The marble heart, and the slurs
That others love to cast upon you
—once 't is known to one and all,
—you have failed? Who wouldn't try again
—one once more, and be accepted,
—that the dread of the next issue,
—the unpublished sheet, forth, from whose
reptiles

—to come, puzzles the head
—takes us rather grin and bear our present

—write again and be rejected.

—writing will make authors of us all,
—ours our big ruled sheet of virgin hue
—er o'er with straggling black,
—mighty thoughts to which we would give
—each,

—at dimly to our muddled brain.

—some are born to die unread.

"JAMARPE," '98.

Terrorized Into It.

(Concluded from our last.)

"I don't see that I can help you out,"
he said. "I seem to be quite as much of
a prisoner myself."

Nan stared at him.

"Do you mean that there's no other
way out? That we must stay in this
horrid place all night?" The horrified
expression on her face brought a faint
smile to Tom's. He began to see humor
in the situation. The humor deepened
as he looked around the hall. His eye
had fallen on something that furnished a
means of escape, but he carefully re-
pressed the exclamation that rose to his
lips at the sight and, with difficulty keep-
ing back the grin that threatened to ex-
pose him, assumed a coldly indifferent
air and replied:

"Oh, no, not so bad as that, Miss Pen-
nell; I can get out by the fire escape, I
suppose——"

"Oh, of course," broke in Nan, eagerly,
"The very thing! I never thought of it.
Let us go at once."

"But you couldn't get out that way,
you know. It only extends down as far
as the second story. I shall have to drop
that distance, or climb down the drain-
pipe."

Nan's face fell again. Tom's spirits
rose proportionately as the gloom on her
pretty face deepened. He wickedly
added fuel to the fire.

"Of course, if I get down without break-
ing my neck, I'll hunt up that rascal Jim,
get his keys and let you out. It'll take
some time, for he lives way over in the
Southeast, and before I could get back,
the lights would be turned off. They
go off at midnight, you know, and it is
now," with elaborate exactness, "just
twenty-six and a half minutes past
eleven."

Such a look of abject terror came into
Nan's face at the bare thought of being
left in darkness again, that Tom's heart
almost misgave him, but the rascal con-
tinued:

"However, you won't mind a little
thing like that, Miss Pennell. You're
so independent——" Nan winced—"It
wouldn't be more than an hour and there's
nothing here to harm you. I don't believe

the rats would——" but this was the last
straw.

"Oh, Tom, forgive me! I was wrong
that summer, and I'm sorry, but don't
leave me here again with those awful
creatures. I-I-can't sta-and it!"

Once more Nan burst into tears. Once
more her head found an appropriate rest-
ing-place, this time for a longer period,
and once more Tom's brain seethed with
blissful thoughts that this time came to
stay.

It took some time to restore Nan's
equanimity and then some more for mu-
tual explanations and self-accusations,
but finally Tom said—

"Well, now I guess we'd better be be-
ginning to get out of this."

"Get out!" exclaimed Nan. "I thought
you said you wouldn't leave me!"

"Nor will I, darling——" rapturous
pause with punctuations of kisses—
"I'm only going to the telephone and you
may go too."

"The telephone!" Light began to
break in upon Nan's troubled mind.

"Yes, it connects with Jim's bedroom,
you know. We'll have him here in a
jiffy."

"You—you knew it all the time and
yet frightened me so?" gasped Nan, as
the extent of his villainy was disclosed.
"Oh, you unspeakable wretch! I take
back every word I said. I was terror-
ized into it and I'll never forgive you!"
But she did, the very next minute, wo-
man like.

NORVAL.

A slippery walk, from recent showers,
A man comes by whose name is Towers,
Slips on the walk, thus wet for hours,
Funeral to-morrow, bring "fresh" flowers.

Latest Racing News From The Turf.

"They're off in a bunch." Grapes.

"On the back stretch." Suspenders.

"On the last quarter." Moon.

"Caught in a pocket." Holes.

"Rounding the corner." Sewer.

"Running free and fresh." Water-
spout.

"Wins by a neck." Giraffe.

THE WESTERN.

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Fourth Year.

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THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni.

Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1898.

EDITORIAL.

After a long holiday, such as we have just had, during which we have so sadly neglected her, the Muse, the presiding Genius of our paper, is unpropitious, and will not respond with her customary graciousness to our call, so we must deal gently with her, until the shadow of her displeasure shall have passed away. In the meanwhile other things (and not unimportant trifles either) are claiming our time and attention. The Operetta is almost at hand and those who are not busy rehearsing for it, are equally busy selling tickets. We see daily with astonishment manifestations of perseverance and thought in those whom we deemed incapable of such things. The prize, offered to the class selling the greatest number of tickets, bids fair to make the contest a lively one. The fourth years, the second years, the first years, the third years, all are equally determined, and

each class has declared with convincing eloquence that the prize will be its. As this is strictly a non-partisan paper, prophecies as to the true winner are prohibited; but whichever class it be, whoever the fortunate one, he will only add another star to the glory of the "Western."

We have received two or three communications which seem to be attempts at defending with very unnecessary warmth, our well-beloved mother State, Virginia. Loyalty to one's state is always commendable, but we might suggest that Virginia needs no defense at anyone's hands, and that the "article" referred to as an "attempt to abuse Virginia," was written by a Virginian himself as a harmless joke rather than with any idea of disloyalty to his State. Heretofore it has not been considered necessary to label the "jokes" in THE WESTERN, but for the sake of Virginia's warm but mistaken defender, we will take care in the future to mark anything referring to Virginia, and if necessary to add a brief explanation of its purpose and meaning.

The young ladies of the school are very much interested in the formation of a basket-ball team. Fate however, in the shape of a small playroom, seems to be against them, and as yet, no regular organization has been effected. Mrs. Walton has the young ladies under her supervision, and we hope that she may be able to develop a team, which, in our new building, will find room for practice, and become a success.

Our company is a jewel, and one whose brilliancy is becoming seen from afar, and whose sparkle is not to be dimmed. It is well versed in the movements prescribed in the close-order drill, and is making preparations for a good showing on the occasion of their first public appearance, February 22d. Captain Taussig is an ideal officer, and already has the "prize bee" in his bonnet, or cap. May the bee refrain from stinging, and may our company win again!

The Operetta.

The twenty-first and twenty-second of this month will be remembered as red-letter days in the history of our school, and its well known and always greatly enjoyed entertainments. On these eventful nights, the Western, following its annual custom, will add one more to the series of delightful performances which have graced the stage of our dear old study-hall in the past. Though not wishing to cast the least bit of reflection on what has gone before in the shape of matinees, musicales, Kamptown shows, etc., we feel justified, owing to its tremendous attractions, in saying that our coming program will by far be the best thing of its kind that has ever been given, not only by the Western, but by any one of the other high schools.

The greatest amount of interest, owing chiefly to our abundance of school patriotism, centers around an operetta in which twenty-five of our most popular and most talented girls take the leading parts. The story of this little musical play is simple, but beaming over with fun and sparkling with wit. Miss Bessie Cobough, our prima donna, will render several solos, besides her beautiful work in the bright choruses. She proves, as Cinderella, her dramatic to be only secondary to her vocal ability. Miss Lillian Craigin is inimitable as the "Romantic Girl." Her part is one of the brightest and the most amusing in the play. The only male character in the whole cast finds a clever interpretator in Miss Ethel Sigsbee. Miss Bessie Orme and Miss Sadie Rittenhouse act their roles of spiteful sisters to perfection. Miss Fannie Appleby figures as a "lady principal," while Miss Elizabeth Alexander impersonates a retired actress. Miss Julia Smoot as an old maid, Miss Suevia Nordlinger, a French governess, and Miss Margaret Welsh, a fairy godmother, contribute much fun and spirit to the play. Miss May Hemmick is splendid as the "greedy girl."

School talent shows itself again during the evening in a graceful energizing drill by several young ladies of the fourth year. Besides all this, outside talent adds pleasure and variety to the program on each

evening. Miss Annie Forbes, so well remembered at the Western, will give impersonations in costume. Miss Vernon, also in costume, will render a solo. Miss Vernon, it will be remembered, was one of the artists who sang so delightfully for us last winter. Lack of space prevents our enumerating all of the numbers on the program, but altogether the attractions are so many and so very great, that not one of us, from the smallest Freshman to the tallest Senior, can afford to stay away either evening. So come one, come all, and let the sound of your enthusiastic applause raise echoes, perhaps for the last time, in the old Curtis building.

M. FENTON.

A Mythoplasm.

The puerile Hezekiah had been enjoined by his aunt not to "go out of the gate;" so, with youthful ingenuity, this precocious, insubordinate archer vaulted the palings. Heeding not the frantic gesticulations and expostulations directed toward his fleeing shadow, the sprightly archer tore down the road. Turning a corner abruptly, he confronted Squire Tomkins' bull, which, unfamiliar with the child's harmless antics, caused by the perpetual exuberance of his juvenile spirits, decided to give chase.

A lively chase ensued. The small boy's callidity and dexterity were continually portrayed by his propensity for utilizing all idoneous bushes as fortresses. From behind these he watched in glee the repeated unsuccessful attempts of the meensed beast to toss him. Finally, however, realizing the incertitude of the absolute impregnability of, and entire absence of any vulnerable points in, his stronghold, Hezekiah determined to again try the road. This time he was saved from a hideous and untimely death, only by his usual quick wit. A small bridge and a rail fence lay before him. Trusting to his impetus to outrun the bull, he plunged across the bridge and over the fence. As he hung, suspended in the air, his feet stepping heavenward, his head buried in the weeds, he had a fragmentary perception of the corpulent animal groveling about in the turbulent stream. An

hour later little Hezekiah stole homeward; a sad rent in his trousers, a frown on his forehead, and sober thoughts in his mind, "Better obey the meaning instead of the words of an order."

Which is the peroration of this perisodological piece of mythoplasm.

P. S.—When in doubt consult the dictionary.

E. K. O. CLARK, '00.

The Christmas Entertainment.

Amid the pleasant music of tin horns and loudly chanted Western "yells," we took our seats in the Hall the last day before the holidays. When the noise had to some extent subsided, the entertainment was opened by a delightful chorus from the music class. This was followed by recitations by the Misses Fishel and Graves, and vocal solos by the Misses Everett and Coughlin. Miss Daisy Field gave us a most charming selection on the violin. We were disappointed by being denied the pleasure of hearing Miss Lennox's violin solo, which was prevented by some trouble with her instrument. Messrs. Ball and Stoddard played a mandolin and guitar duet, and guitar and banjo duets were given by Messrs. Ball and Wright.

The entertainment was concluded by speeches from several of the alumni, who gave us much good advice, which we will try to follow. We found the entertainment as a whole a great success, and went to our holiday dissipation with delightful recollections of our school, to which we returned with no reluctance, but on the contrary, much pleasure.

S. B.

CHORUS—Sleep Little Baby.

Recitation—Doughnuts Like Your Mother

Used to Make. Miss Della Fishel.

Song—Dreams, Strelezski. Miss Everett.

Violin Solo—Beethoven Waltz. Miss Field.

Recitation—The Changing Year. Miss Graves.

Mandolin and Banjo Duet—Love's

Daughter Waltz. Mr. Ball and Mr. Wright.

Song—The Serenade. Miss Coughlin.

Violin Solo—Cavaliere. Miss Lennox.

Reading—Christmas Wreck. Mrs. Walton.

Guitar and Banjo—Normandie

March. Mr. Ball and Mr. Stoddard.

Time flies, but the leader of an orchestra always beats it.

What They Drink.

The undertaker—bier.

The optician—eye-openers.

The milliner—night-caps.

The pugilist—knock-out-drops.

The poulterer—cocktails.

The harness-maker—black-strap.

The insurance agent—fire-water.

The Treasury clerk—mint julip.

The broker—stock ale.

The telegrapher—chain lightning.

The dude—soft stuff.

Fisherman—cod liver oil.

The school girl—gum drops.

The conductor—punch.

The dairyman—milk shake.

The astronomer—high wines (winds).

The Dusty Rhodes Weary Willy—any old thing. CHARLES KENGLA.

The Western is never forgotten by those who are, or have been so fortunate as to study within its portals; for every year at Christmas and at Easter the alumni from far and near come back to the old Western to renew old ties and acquaintanceships and to give to their followers the benefit of their superior education and wisdom.

This year was no exception to the rule. Robert Leetch, Reese Alexander and Robert Tenney from Lafayette paid us a visit; Ned Cheney, who seems to have developed a new and unexpected modesty and bashfulness of disposition, and Lloyd Snoot were here from Cornell.

Two of the first graduates of the Western, Miss Mabel French, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mrs. Schmidt, formerly Miss Flora Neuhaus, came back to see their friends among the faculty.

The communication signed "A Friend" has been received and deeply appreciated, although it is not considered best to print it. Disinterested criticism of this sort from those who have the good of the WESTERN at heart, is very welcome.

We would like to ask A. M. Z. whether, when she went to Hades, she saw anything of Taussig or Petty. We feel sure they were there, but wish to be more certain.

Things We Should Know.

The operatta is drawing near, and as an inducement to sell tickets has been offered the sale should be large. This will, in all probability be the last entertainment which we will give in the Curtis, and we should all come and bring our friends—either at our expense or theirs. We would hate to go into our new school with a debt hanging over us, so we should therefore make all speed to sell tickets, and clear ourselves of this obligation.

The Glee Club, which was organized sometime ago, is in a fair way to become a successful organization. While not hoping to produce any "heavy" opera, the club is strong in its determination to have a good time, and be strictly a "glee" club. The officers elected up to the present are: Secretary, Mr. Lamberton, and Chairman, Mr. Petty. Miss McKee has accepted the position of pianist, and when it secures a director, the club will soon be heard from.

Smiles.

Master: "Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale?"

Johnney. "Whalebone."

Master. "Right. Now, what little boy or girl knows what we get from the seal?"

Tommy. "Sealing wax."

Young gentleman: "Girls, did you get your algebra?"

Girls: "We got at it."

Young gentleman: "I would have helped you with it, but I took algebra at a day school and can't work it at night."

Bobby was at a neighbor's, and, on receiving a piece of bread and butter, politely said:

"Thank you."

"That's right, Bobby," said the lady. "I like to hear little boys say 'thank you.'"

"Yes; ma told me I must say that if you gave me any thing to eat, even if it was nothing but bread and butter."

What is the best pet for a parlor? Carpet.

Somebody says, "the man who borrows money borrows trouble." It was

not supposed that trouble was so hard to borrow.

Young Poet: "You read my little poem Mr. Sheerce?"

Editor: "Yes. It was quite pathetic, excited considerable comment in the office. The boy who attends to such matters informs me that it was the first poem he ever burned which was so full of tears as to put the fire out."

An Imposition.

While riding up town the other day on one of the electric cars my attention was attracted by a couple of darky laborers who had evidently just quit working. They had their dinner buckets with them and the great splashes of mud on their well patched overalls told very plainly that they had been digging for the new car tracks. As it was the time in the afternoon when the offices were closing and consequently the car rather crowded, the two men were standing. At almost every corner there stood a small group of people waiting to get on the car so its stops were very frequent. Every time it stopped the conductor would shout in a not over gentle voice: "Move up! Move up! Plenty of room up front!" The result was that every one was kept moving. I could see that the two workmen were tired and getting out of patience at having to move so often. Once more the car stopped to admit some more passengers. "Move up! Move up! Plenty of room up front," cried the conductor. This was too much for one of the workmen. "That's just hit," said he in a grumbling voice, "Yahs pay yah fare an these yer conductors keep a yellin' Move up! Move up! till yah walks all the way."

Western High School Gallery of Players.

Hamlet.....	H. Carl Kleinschmidt
Shylock.....	W. W. Middleton
Othello.....	G. A. Birch
Jack Falstaff.....	Richard Brewer
Juliet.....	Miss Cobaugh
Romeo.....	Jerome Lightfoot
Rosalind.....	Miss Violet McKee
Portia.....	Miss Marjorie Fenton
Jessica.....	Miss Rittenhouse
Benedict.....	George Hilton
Bassanio.....	Jesse B. Hirst
Polonius.....	Mr. Hodgkins
Launcelet.....	Edward Long
Touchstone.....	Crosby Miller
First Grave-digger.....	W. H. Linkins
Macbeth.....	Paul E. Chamberlin

A Kitchen on Christmas Day.

Everywhere in the sunny kitchen, there lurks an unseen spirit which tells that Christmas has come. The table seems unable to hold its unwanted burden. The stove almost groans beneath the numerous pots and kettles, which steam and smoke in a most promising manner. On one side of the table a pumpkin-pie holds close fellowship with a mince sister; a round shimmering mold of cranberry sauce seems ready to roll over with mirth; celery, potatoes, all the good things which are necessary for the Christmas dinner are present—nothing is wanting. Even the aleohol is in the holly-wreathed dish, which waits to hold the plum pudding, now boiling merrily in one of the pots. But oh! how slight do those things seem in comparison with the plump brown turkey, which enthroned on a mighty platter, a red turbaned negress holds high in the air! How her eyes seem to dilate, and her bosom heave, as she surveys it. Almost can one hear her say: "I hopes dey'll sabe dis chile de wing!"

E. ALEXANDER, '98.

The Current Topic Club is still holding weekly meetings, and many topics of interest have been discussed. The question of annexing Hawaii, is up for consideration at the next meeting of the club. This club is an aid to study as well as an organization of pleasure and its value cannot be over estimated.

To the Editor:

We beg to announce that the "Great Conglomerated Associated Organization of Cake Rushers, Limited (or unlimited), is not the only novelty at the Western. One other, secondary only to the above, is the "Big Four Cane Rushers," which daily displays its school loyalty (?) by gracefully manipulating small candy canes, conspicuously striped in red and white. Will they admit honorary members, I wonder, or is their motto "We fo' an' no mo'?"

ONE INTERESTED.

Why was the elephant the last animal to get into the ark? Because he had to look out for his trunk.

The Western.

"Natures chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1898.

No. 7.

Vol. III.

Lamentations.

How can I yell for red and white
When Harold drills in "C,"
Or stamp and shriek, with all my might,
Since Fred's in company "D?"
And Jack says company "A" will win,
But Ed. is out for "G."
And George declares 'twill be a sin
If I forsake old "E."
But company "F" is Will's first choice;
Yet I have friends in "B."
Don't know where to lift my voice,
Or who will win for me.
And so I will appeal to you,
So please help set me right,
And ask you is it gold and blue,
Or yet the blue and white?
Or perchance 'tis neither one,
The third I'd hate to slight,
So I'll go in now, just for fun,
For "H" and red and white.
"1902."

The Tale of a Moth.

"Any ginger ale on ice" ?
"Yes, sir ; get it immegetully."

While the old man fished about in the soap-box he continued a conversation which my arrival had evidently interrupted.

"You kin talk about science 'an all that, if you wanten ; but my opinion is that a man ought to have some consideration fur his neighbors. Yer can't never pass by Professor Watkins' house, if so's the wind's blowin' in the right direction without gettin' powerful whiffs of some-thin' that smells worse en rotten eggs 'n' spilled meat.—Yere's yer ale, sir"—

"Sides that," chimed in a worthless looking loafer leaning against the counter, "the Professor himself is aluz stringin' round the country yere with a fish-net ter ketch butter-flies ; bustin' through people's hedges 'n' tramplin' their gardens 'n' actin' like a ninny generally. What 'th him an' those Raulsin boys this neighborhood's goin' to the dorgs."

A venerable farmer, in overalls and a broad-brimmed straw hat, blew out a great cloud of smoke and from his perch on a soap-box nodded his sage assent.

"Yes ; Professors is dang'rous sort o' pusons to hev around ; they do say thet he's got all sorts o' bugs an' flies up there in his silk worm room that 'ud kill every chap in the country ef they got loose. I don't know much about this un, but I remember old Prof. Brown."

I paid for my ale and left precipitately. An old farmer's memory is a terrible and wonderful thing.

I saw that my friend and one time preceptor, Prof. Watkins, had already established a positive, if not a wholly desirable, reputation in his new home. This discovery was of particular interest to me because when the Professor heard of my projected cycle tour through New Jersey he had written to ask me to stop a couple of days with him. I was at present on my way there.

I found that I had not far to go. Hardly more than a quarter of a mile from the store I espied a house which I knew must be my destination. It was an extremely attractive place. A broad well kept lawn always has a peculiar charm to me, and when that lawn surrounds a house with a pointed roof, over hanging eaves, ivy-grown walls, and broad verandas, I am about satisfied.

I had stopped at the foot of the lawn to admire all this when my attention was distracted by some one rushing headlong down the front veranda steps. It was the Professor ; that short, heavy body and shiny bald spot were impossible to mistake.

I had every reason to believe that I was a favorite of the Professor. (I was too recent a graduate to call him ought but Pro-

fessor.) But considering my friend's growing age and size I was hardly prepared for such an enthusiastic greeting. I soon saw my mistake, however. He had not even seen me.

He rushed across the lawn, now this way and now that, waving his arms wildly in the air and making frantic efforts to grasp something invisible to me. He doubled and turned, twisted and jumped with the mad energy of a dog stung by a bee. I simply stood and stared.

At length he tripped and fell sprawling. With a few brief but forcible remarks about croquet wickets he scrambled to his feet and recommenced his wild career. This time he headed straight for me. Honestly I was scared. A heavy half-back coming around my end with his teeth set, his hair flying in the wind, and dire determination gleaming in his eyes, had never half the effect on my nerves that the Professor had then. His eyes glaring from under his shaggy eyebrows seemed to be intently following some imaginary prodigy in the heavens, his short beard bristled fiercely, his nostrils were distended by his hard puffing and his mouth was wide open gasping for breath.

I dropped my wheel on the grass and nerved myself to tackle him for his own sake. But before he reached me he stumbled again. It was then that I first noticed a large moth floating past me.

"Hey, there! You! Catch it!" roared my prostrate friend.

I was too dazed to even make an attempt.

"Oh, you blame jackass. (The Professor evidently took me for a Freshman.) Why didn't you catch it? Hello! Hoover, that you? he continued rapidly as he picked himself up. "Glad to see you! Pardon me for calling you a jackass.

Oh! come on quick! don't let that thing get away for heaven's sake!"

I followed him down the lawn and into the road. Meantime he explained in short, breathless sentences:

"Moth, destructive moth! comes from India! multiply tremendously! eats up everything! worse pest than seven-year locust. For God's sake catch 'em! There are two loose!"

My doubts as to the Professor's sanity faded away. Just as I got near enough to make a grab, the thing sailed over a fence into a neighbor's hay-field. Over I clambered after it. I heard something rip as the Professor laboriously followed.

There were several men in the field making hay. As the moth was flying toward them, I yelled for them to catch it. Of course, they only stared. As soon as I could make them comprehend the emergency however, they dropped their forks and were after it shouting loudly.

Then the moth took to the road again. The Professor, who had just managed to scale the fence, had to turn back and climb over again. I'm afraid he swore. The insect did not keep to the road long, but zig-zagged over into a lot in front of a large boarding house. As the chase entered the yard, a small boy appeared on the porch. He did not stop to ask the meaning of it all, but with a whoop of intense delight, joined the pursuers. About seventeen other boys, of various shapes and sizes, poured out of the house and followed suit.

These, I afterward learned, were the Raulsin boys, who, in the store loafer's opinion, was helping the Professor demoralize the neighborhood.

Once more the moth sailed out into the road. The Professor, who had not ventured into the second lot, was there to head it off. With a triumphant yell, he dived for it. Alas! the only result of that dive was a cloud of yellow dust and a stream of red language. The moth sailed calmly on.

As we ran past him the Professor scrambled up and yelled:

"Five dollars apiece for those moths, men! Hurry!"

Nobody had seen but one, but after that we ran madly on.

The moth fluttered straight down the road. It did not seem to go fast until you tried to catch it; when your hand had almost closed upon it, it would suddenly shoot forward a few paces and dodge across the road with provoking absence of effort.

As we proceeded we received strong reinforcements. Hired men left their work, a new house going up near the town was entirely deserted, ambitious youths sprang out of their hammocks and cast aside their novels, even elderly men dropped their pipes and morning papers. In a short time there was a merry crowd with us.

The reward and the danger increased at a like ratio with the pursuers. Five dollars apiece would be paid for the moths, "dead or alive," and they would suck blood, lay a thousand eggs a day, blight trees, eat crops and carry disease germs. The excitement was intense.

As we neared the store there was a rush to the front porch. When the storekeeper learned the circumstances, he enquired of his white whiskered friend.

"What'd I tell ye!"

A drunken man, dozing on a bench, sprang up and rushed out with a tipsy yell; catching sight of a big-winged grasshopper, he began a stern chase. Across the fields he ran, zig-zagging as artistically as the moth itself. First he'd yell, "I've got it;" then, "No, I haven't either; all a — mistake."

In the meantime the moth had swerved about the corner of the store and started across country.

Before we had gone far, another moth appeared on the scene. It was not much like the one we were chasing, but as it took its way down hill toward a shady grove all the lazier members of the party followed in full cry. The original moth, with the whole crowd of boys close behind, disappeared over the sunny hill.

As I had joined the chase more for the fun of the thing than to catch the moth, and perhaps was somewhat influenced by the sunny hill, I stopped to watch the older men.

Their moth did not seem as active as the first one, for they had gone but a short distance when the whole party con-

verged suddenly on one spot and simultaneously made a dive for the same object. The result was quite remarkable. Of all the fifteen or twenty men who had been scattered over the fields only a large heap of wildly kicking legs was visible. Helpless with laughter, I watched them from a distance. It was the nearest thing to a foot-ball scrimmage that I had seen since I left college.

J. H. WILSON, Jr.

[TO BE CONTINUED].

Echoes from the Opera.

We would like to ask if the "commisary charges," for Miss Hemmick's act, were deducted from the receipts, or if the sundry apples, cakes, pickles, buns, biscuits, et cetera, (principally et cetera,) were donated by the Associated Charities.

Miss Cragin's descriptions of true love, seemed to meet with popular approbation, and we feel at liberty now to call upon her to explain any of the intricacies which come up, and which we do not understand. We are certain that her store of knowledge on the subject is vast and unlimited.

Miss Cobaugh's, powers of mesmerism are so great that she made us believe a leather slipper, glass. We will pardon this "juggling with our faculties," if she will only sing some more for us.

Miss Sigsbee's delineation of the Prince was all that could be desired, but there seemed to be something the matter with the way her sword was put on.

Miss Alexander must have been marvelous as Juliet, and she is as she herself remarked, the greatest living, Lady Macbeth. We would like to say that the lady in question, has been dead for quite a while, so there is no danger of her claim being disputed.

JAMARPE.

Rage

He was mad, and as the boys say :
 Flapping mad, all through ;
 His hair stood up, his cheeks blazed red,
 His eyes were snappy blue.

He showed it in his manner,
 He showed it in his walk ;
 Not worst of all, I fear to say,
 He showed it in his talk.

He went blank, strokety, stroke !
 He said all he wildly said
 Coming through the pouring rain,
 He dragged his brand new sled.
 M. F., '99.

All the Worlds a Stage

Mr. Birch—Beau Brommel.
 Mr. Hoffmann—A Texas Steer.
 Mr. H. Buck—The Devil's Deputy.
 Miss Appleby—What happened to Jones.
 Miss Cabaugh—The Sunshine of Paradise Alley.
 Miss Orme—The Great Diamond Robbery.
 Miss Rittenhouse—A Contented Woman.
 Mr. Wright—The Wrong Mr. Wright.
 Miss Curredan—A Lady of Quality.
 Mr. Petty—Half a King.
 Miss Nordlinger—A Girl from Paris.
 Mr. Kleinschmidt—The Fencing Master.
 Mr. Hilton—Hamlet.
 Mr. Taussig—El Capitan.
 Mr. Middleton—A Brass Monkey.
 Mr. Sterne—The Devil's Disciple.
 Mr. Bennett—A Virginia Courtship.
 Mr. Brewer—Richard III. (I.)
 Mr. Mulligan—An Irish Gentleman.
 Mr. Smart—The Indian.
 Mr. Hopkins } Two Little Vagrants.
 Ms. Hopkins }
 Mr. Hirst—A Country Sport.
 Mr. Moore—A Fool of Fortune.
 Mr. Andrews—A Gilded Fool.
 Mr. Mechlin—Prince Ananias.
 Mrs. Young—An American Citizen.
 Mr. Linkins—A Little Minister.
 Mrs. M. Fenton } Die Journalisten.
 Mrs. F. Fenton }
 Mrs. Sigsbee } The Conquerors.
 Mrs. Morris }
 Mr. Breckinridge—The Governor of Kentucky.
 Mr. Solyom—The Electrician.
 Mr. Smith—The Senator.
 Mrs. Harris }
 Mrs. Baum } McSorley's Twins.

My Only Ghost.

I have always remembered with great fondness this Ghost—my only Ghost. For a Ghost, he was most charming, and though seemingly of that age which is prone to much useless questioning, he was singularly free from obtrusive garrulity.

I was living in a very old house in the country. My chamber was a small one lighted by only one window. A still smaller room which I used as a dressing room, adjoined it. In one corner of the room stood a small, strong table probably a hundred years old. This I never used and, except for a dark corner, it was perfectly bare.

One night I came to my room about ten o'clock and quickly prepared for bed. I opened the window about six inches and had just turned out the gas when I became suddenly aware of a thumping sound, clearly evident in the silence. It might have been dripping water rather near, or some one walking with regular steps some distance away. I however dismissed all thought of it and tumbling into bed was soon asleep.

Two hours later I was again listening to that sound. Everything was now absolutely silent—with the silence of the country in winter—except for that same sound; tap! tap! tap! Half awake and rather startled by its vividness, I could not at first ascertain whence it came. But in a moment I had decided that it was from the dressing room, and had begun to gather up sufficient courage to enter the other room. I arose and started toward the door, the sound increasing all the time. When I reached the door I was fully convinced that the author or author-ess of the noise was on the other side of it. I was frightened half out of my wits, but I nerved myself to the deed and opened the door. The sight that I beheld should have scared me to death, but it didn't. I experienced no relief from my fear; it simply passed away from me and left me heedless of everything but what I saw before me.

Seated on the old table was my ghost; nothing but a little boy of six or eight years, in the costume of a century ago.

He sat kicking his heels against the table: this was the noise I had heard. He was smiling and immovable, except for the little legs swinging back and forth, and the bright blue eyes which followed my every movement with child-like interest.

It did not occur to me to speak to this phantom. How I knew it was a phantom I cannot say. I only knew and accepted it as such. There was no desire on the part of the ghost to open a conversation. He sat and swung his heels and watched with his big blue eyes. No other feature of his face moved and yet the expression was not fixed—the eyes were too bright and dancing for that.

My own actions were quite as inexplicable as those of the ghost. I stood still and watched him for a few moments, smiled back at the blue eyes and quietly returned to bed and to sleep. I heard a clock strike three and opened my eyes to find that it was very dark, the darkness before the dawn. And I heard, tap! tap! tap! that same sound! I jumped up and went to the window. As I reached it I burst out laughing at what I saw. I had pulled the window down six inches, the curtain six and a quarter. As a result the curtain stick was tapping the top of the window. I am not a student of physics and I cannot explain this phenomenon (if it be phenomenal); I only know what happened and I relate it to you. Perhaps it was a dream and perhaps I really saw the boy-ghost.

A. M. B.

Our Boys.

A is for Andrews, whose hair is so curly ;
 B is for Birch, whose form is quite burly.
 C is for Chamberlain, who is a warm child;
 D is for Dunwoody, who sets the girls wild.
 E is for Ed, [Perry,] a very fine winker;
 F is for Flourney, a very great thinker.
 G is for Grunwell, a handsome young man;
 H is for Hirst, who talks all he can;
 I is for someone I really don't know;
 J is for Johnson, who is very slow.
 K is for Klienschmidt, they say is quite lazy;
 L is for Lambertson, who is dreadfully crazy;
 M is for Michlin, so tall and so slim;
 N is for no one, but lookout for him.
 O is for Offutt, a very fine soldier;
 P is for Petty, who has much on his shoulder.
 Q is for someone, we know quite well;
 R is for Rittenhouse, a second year swell.
 S is for Solyom, who can tell what will happen;
 T is for Taussig, our noble young "Capten";
 U is for US, of the third year so high;
 V is for vanity of the fourth year near by;
 W is for Wright, a great banjo player;
 X, Y, and Z is the name of some other fellow.
 DOC. AND DUCK.

THE WESTERN.

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Fourth year.

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ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1898.

EDITORIAL.

All hail to St. Valentine's Day with its sighing swains, and love-sick maidens and countless pierced hearts. May you all receive a very large share of these delicate love offerings, so delightful because so mysterious. They should help us to bravely bear the sad or welcome news we are to receive so soon, for once again the quarter is drawing to a close and the time is here for moralizing and repenting. We should all be glad that the much contested "marks" are things of the past, that for the future work for work's sake is to be our motto. With such a standard as this is there anything we cannot accomplish? Echo answers "Nothing."

To proceed to a more practical subject, the "Western" has reached a point where it can go on no longer without the aid of the school. For the past two months about three members of the school outside of the editorial staff, have contributed to the paper, and we have had to depend on a few obliging members of the alumni, to fill our columns. It is no long-

er modesty or timidity which holds you back, but simple lack of interest, and this is certainly a stain on the good name of the "Western." So let this new quarter be the beginning of your literary efforts, and don't let outside interest keep you from remembering your school paper.

How H Saved Georgetown.

As early dawn broke one clear day in the spring, the city of Washington was the scene of extreme excitement. People were running about the streets in despair. Bodies of soldiers were hurrying to the defence of the various public buildings. Stores were closed and the cars stopped running. In fact there was a panic like that one in 1814, for during the night five Spanish gunboats had managed to slip up the river and were now landing troops all along the river front. During all of this excitement the President, in his efforts to defend the principal buildings, had forgotten all about Georgetown, and suddenly thinking of that part of the city and remembering the deficiency in troops, he ordered out for its defence Co. H of the Western High School. Soon the whole company was together waiting for the command to march. After a short consultation the officers decided that the best place to meet the enemy would be the canal bridge on 32d street, as it was narrow and the only good place of access to Georgetown, so they marched the company to that place of advantage. Upon arriving there Co. H was formed into two platoons and awaited the attack of the Spaniards.

They did not have long to wait, for the Spanish troops, about 200 in number, were already landing and soon came in view at the bottom of the hill which ran from the bridge down to the river. Then they slowly marched towards the little company on the bridge. The Spanish officer was walking proudly in front of his troops, followed closely by his pet blood hound. The dog on seeing the strangers ahead, gave yelps and started up the street towards them at a run. The Spaniards stopped a moment to see the result. When the hound came near the bridge the Captain of Co. H stepped for-

ward a few paces and just as the dog sprang at him, he held his sword in front of him and ran it down the animal's throat and out his back. Then by a twist of the wrist he threw the dog into the canal. Upon seeing their mascot killed, the Spaniards came rushing up the incline, bent on revenge. They were met by a sweeping fire from Co. H, every member of which was as cool as any oyster. Soon the Spaniards recovered from their surprise at being opposed by a body of mere boys, and came on again in a mad rush. Another volley met them, but on they came with fixed bayonets, determined to sweep this small obstacle before them. The Spanish officer was far ahead of his men and jumping right in front of Co. H. he challenged the First Lieutenant, who was standing nearest him, to cross swords with him. His request was granted so quickly that he stood still in surprise, but recovering he came to a guard, then there was a clashing of swords and a shower of sparks, and in less time than it takes to tell it the Spaniard was stretched out on the ground with the Lieutenant's sword through his heart. In the meantime the Spanish soldiers had nearly reached the bridge and seeing their officer dead they were furious and challenged the cool cadets with a yell of retaliation. The cadets, who acted like veterans, fired two volleys in quick succession and seeing that the Spaniards wavered, they charged over the pile of dead bodies in front of the bridge and drove the enemy before them. Down the hill rushed the Spaniards pursued closely by the valiant "H" until they reached the river. There the defeated jumped into their boats and pulled towards their ship, followed by volley after volley from the cadets, who on account of lack of boats could go no further. Then Co. H returned to the bridge, where they were relieved from their duty by a company of infantry which the President had managed to spare as a reinforcement. The fight was won without the loss of a man, the bridge held and Georgetown saved, and the Captain dismissed his company until further notice.

DEAN CALDWELL

A Refrain.

methinks I hear through night and day
 One ringing voice, one deafening lay
 That fills my dreams like a haunting call,
 "No talking in the Study Hall!"

When melting sounds of music stray
 In sweet sonatas o'er my way,
 Each note repeats with thundering fall:
 "No talking in the Study Hall!"

When tired out I pause to rest,
 Dispense with work and thoughts at best,
 A thum my brain, resounds that bawl:
 "No talking in the Study Hall!"

When I would study English lore
 And parse a sentence o'er and o'er
 On every page I see the scrawl.
 "No talking in the Study Hall!"

When I search for knowledge new,
 To find historic phrases true,
 See in letters slim and tall,
 "No talking in the Study Hall!"

When calm I sit in reverie,
 With mind from labor troubles free,
 In every side I hear the call:
 "No talking in the Study Hall!"

F. D. M.

All's Well That Ends Well.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE: I. Teacher. II. Distinguished class of— III. Mr. Redduc's: Mr. Siwel.

SCENE. The Principal's Office.
 Time: IV. Hour.

Ting-a-Ling! Ting-a-Ling! Ting-a-Ling!

Silence reigns supreme.)

TEACHER, (promptly,) Mister Redduc, will you answer the 'phone?

MR. REDDUC, (vacantly,) er-er-er
 Then shaking his head,) er-er-I-I- don't
 don't know how.

TEACHER, (appealingly,) er-er-can-
 can-any one use the 'phone?

A Hand goes up.

TEACHER, (triumphantly,) Mr. Siwel,
 go to the 'phone, please.

MR. SIWEL, (meekly, as is his wont,)
 hello!

Then follows an interesting conversation of which the distinguished class hears only the Western end of the argument.

It goes something like this:

Yes, sir.

(The blanks represent the other end.)

The Western?

In the office? No, sir; she has gone out.

Yes, sir.

How's that?

Yes, sir.

Just here the class resumes work.

Mr. Siwel (Hurriedly,) keep quiet, please.

(Laughter—followed by profound silence.)

Yes, sir.

Mister who?

Yes, sir.

Yes, sir.

Please repeat that.

No, sir.

All right sir.

Yes, sir.

How's that?

Did you say that you wished me to repeat the message?

Yes, sir.

No, sir.

Yes, Sir.

All right sir.

(Just here the message is repeated to insure the accuracy of Mr. Siwel's auricular organs.)

"Please send some one to the Congressional Library who can give the construction, backward and forward, in Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Sanskrit, of conditions contrary to fact in indirect discourse."

Exit Mr. Siwel with profuse apologies for the interruption.

QUO. VADIS.

"Maud," said the younger brother, ruefully, as he danced around the room, "I cut my hand a few minutes ago; will you bind it up for me?" And he held up a red, streaming finger to the horrified inspection of a lovely pair of pitying brown eyes.

"Poor, dear boy," murmured his loving sister, while bending over the mutilated member, she consecrated to everlasting destruction, the handiest 'rag,' which happened to be, in this case, a dainty lace handkerchief.

"How did you do it?" she went on, and her sympathetic tears mingled with the bloody cut. But the younger brother was intent upon the unfortunate finger and her question went unanswered.

"Could'n't you resist fighting Tommy Jones, or how was it? Come like a dear fellow, and tell me I won't be angry."

The Younger Brother waited until the wound had been well wrapped up. He even delayed a little longer, for he got up and stood within easy exit distance of the door.

"I—well, I ran up against your teatable!" he remarked cheerfully as he bolted down the hall.

MARJORIE FENTON.

The "drill feeling" has already begun to permeate the companies, composing the High School regiment, and the rivalry between the schools promises to be as great this year as ever. In years gone by, our school enthusiasm has been a most noticeable factor in helping to win drills, and we hope, this year, that the record our predecessors have set for us will in no wise be abated. So get your lungs in order, all ye gay and festive Westerners, and get ready for a warm old time.

Western.

The red and white which form our school colors stand for two things, the white for the pure, high standard of work which we follow and maintain; the red for the blood occasioned by the enthusiasm with which we enter into athletic sports.

ANONYMOUS.

A Visitation

Already the "Western" spirit has been introduced into the new Western High School. Four of us boys, about two weeks ago, visited our future apartments. The beauty of the place so struck us that we began to leap for joy. On a small scale we raised "Cain." We gave scenes from Hamlet, Macbeth and Richard III., the duel scenes, of course. Then we played a little game of "tag" for a big quarter of an hour. We gave several selections from Sousa; the instruments being large sheets of heavy tin, and sticks,—drum-sticks. To wind up our pranks we played a game of basket-ball, and succeeded in making one goal, after which we were unable to dislodge the ball from the basket. In remembrance, in honor, in view of our enormous success, we now label ourselves the New School Quartet. We are sorry that we cannot admit more members to our society, but you see, if we did, we would no longer be a quartet, but a quintet, sextet, or something even more numerous.

M. C. L. H.

One meets in a day's time many notable army officers. One day, recently, the writer was introduced to Major Drawing, Major Staff, General Utility, Corporal Punishment, Private Debts, and several Colonels from Wellmet County.

At a base-ball meeting recently held, the outlook for a team seemed unusually promising. Quite a number of candidates presented themselves for places on the team, and it looks as if there were going to be two or three aspirants for each position. If this is the case we will undoubtedly have a good team, and the best will win. The usual High School League will be formed and we hope to make a good showing.

Can anyone tell why Mr. Hilton carried a cobblestone around in his pocket for about two weeks?

P. S. For any information on the subject consult Miss B. and Miss H. of the second year.

One of the most brilliant social events of the season took place last night at the residence of Miss Fortune. The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Among the Society belles who assisted Miss Fortune in receiving were: Miss Deal, Miss Taken, Miss Place, Miss Spell, Miss Doing and Miss Cal Culate. The most important gentleman present was Misdemeanor who has lately made himself so prominent in connection with the High Schools.

P. E. C.

The current Topic Club is making extensive preparations for a debate in the near future. The question up for discussion is the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands. The leaders of this debate have not been chosen as yet, but from the excellent material in the club to choose from the debate promises to be extremely interesting and beneficial.

The Senior class has several good sized "kicks" coming, about the way things are going on at present, in the "massive halls of learning," at the Western. They would, in consequence and with all due respect to Miss Westcott plead that she lend ear to their humble but nevertheless firm petition. In the first place they would ask that in dismissing in the morning, she would say the "FOURTH and Third Year classes are excused," and they would also ask in the same respectful vein, that the "Juniors Grand Spelling Test," be an event to be celebrated in the near future. Like the heap big Injine, "we have spoke," and await the result.

The "Glee" Club is rapidly getting into shape and promises to be heard from at an early date, in a substantial manner. Among the many pleasant projects, for the coming months is a "cake walk," which gives promise of being a most enjoyable event. The club at present, numbers eleven instrumentalists and fourteen vocalists. Mr. G. Albert Birch has been selected (as director) of the instrumental portion and is rapidly getting them into shape.

Post Facto.

The Operetta has been given and we of the Western, have much cause to feel gratified: Those of the cast are to be congratulated on participating in a performance which for beauty and smoothness of execution, has never been surpassed in the annals of our school. The crowds on both nights were large and very appreciative, so that the good work of the various performers did not go unrewarded by the applause it justly merited. To attempt to give minute attention to each good performer, would necessitate an extra edition of our paper. Miss Cough carried her part with the ease and assurance which betokened a complete mastery of a very prominent assignment. Miss Cragin's rendition of a romantic girl was very true to life, and her description of the actions of a person afflicted with "true love" was a revelation to most of us. Miss Hemmick, as the young lady possessed of powerful eating abilities, carried a difficult role and lots of other eatables,—in a highly creditable manner. Misses Orme and Rittenhouse as the spiteful sisters; Miss Nordlinger as the French teacher, and Miss Sigsbee as the Prince, more than realized the expectations of their friends. Misses Alexander, Appleby and Smoot were inimitable in the delineations of the quaint comedy characters to which they were assigned. The others performed their parts beautifully and the young ladies of the chorus also assisted in the success. The "Energizing drill" by the young ladies of the fourth year had a pronounced success, and great credit is due Miss Pease under whose supervision the drill was conducted. The other artists who assisted in the first part were all that could be desired. In fact the whole performance could hardly have been improved upon, and we only hope that our next venture will be as successful, financially and artistically as this one has proven.

J. AMARPE.

The Freshman who attempted to sell an Operetta ticket to one of the Seniors is still frozen in spite of the efforts of several of his-classmates to thaw him out.

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1898.

No. 8

VOL. III.

A Valentine.

I send to you, fair lady, mine,
This humble little Valentine,
An aged Owl.
Perhaps you'll under rate this prize,
But, pray, for my sake, don't despise
This learned Fowl.

Though prejudiced against his race
E'en render with a fitting grace
The De'il his due.
Heed not the mournful song he sings,
The Owl was made for better things,
To wit, to woo.

SELECTED.

The Tale of a Moth.

After a great deal of fighting the clumsy farmers managed to separate their own legs from those of their neighbors. Three of the party rose triumphant. One had the right wing and head, the second the left wing, and the third the hind legs of an innocent yellow butterfly.

These three fortunate ones, having agreed to divide the reward, started for the house. The rest of the mob accompanied them, to see fair play, I suppose. When I ventured to remark that the dismembered parts of the moth had a very ordinary look, these intelligent agriculturists derided me and asked where I came from, anyway. Seeing the folly of attempting to reason with them, I left them to stroll along, telling each other just how it happened, and arrived at the Professor's house in time to warn him.

As I entered the house, the Professor and his wife came out of his silk worm room.

"Hello, Hoover! You know my wife?"

I did, and when I had paid my respects to her I gave them both an account of the chase. When I told about the drunken man's antics, the Professor laughed a great round laugh.

"Yes," he said, "that was Swilliams. He's always happy when he's drunk, and never sorrowful except when he's 'broke.' Well, you see this is the way the thing happened: I had those two moths in a jar, with a wire tip in the silk worm room. This morning when I took a fresh supply of leaves in for the worms, I neglected to close the door. I hadn't been in the room long, before I noticed the top of the jar off and one of the moths just flying through the doorway—ah, here are those people, I suppose."

There was a shuffling of feet on the veranda and the sound of the electric bell.

Do you know, the poor old Professor had to argue with those people nearly an hour to convince them that they had caught the wrong moth. He flooded them with scientific language, perspired, gesticulated, and only refrained from swearing because he knew his wife was peeping through the parlor blinds.

The thing was finally settled about dusk, by the arrival of the other party. One of the larger boys had caught the original moth. Comparison effectually proved the dismembered one to be an imposter. The successful boy was one of those who had heard the Professor's offer of reward, so that he did not expect fifty dollars.

When everything seemed on the eve of an amicable settlement, the old store-keeper—Cantank, they called him—got up on the steps to make a speech. He was a thin-faced individual with spectacles, a large quid of tobacco, and a luxuriant goatee. He used a long, bony forefinger to emphasize his remarks.

"See here," he began; "there's one of those durn things loose yit. Now, it

all depends which one it is. If it's the male he can't do no harm, but if it's the female"—here I heard Mrs. Watkins leave the window—"if it's the female, she'll go layin' eggs all around this county, and whar'll be your craps then? The Professor yere is about the only one to tell us which one he's got, so I wish he would."

In a moment the Professor reported that they had caught the male.

By this time the lawn was full of people, most of them farmers or farm hands, although not as a rule afflicted with over intellectuality. They all fully understood the danger. They began grumbling among themselves and talking in rather a threatening manner. Finally, the Professor dispersed them by saying that he would raise the reward for the other moth to \$10; that he appreciated their feelings, and would do everything in his power to prevent any harm. He also said that if the pest should materialize he would introduce the most scientific means of controlling it.

All the next day the Professor received large additions to his collection of winged things. Each addition meant a prolonged and heated argument to prove that it was not the badly wanted moth.

At length the neighboring villagers and farmers began to act in a very ugly manner. The store-keeper, Cantank, was evidently at the bottom of it. He held a sort of all day levee at his store and urged the people to make the Professor pay an indemnity for the probable injury to their living. Incidentally he sold unheard of quantities of drinks, cigars, cakes, etc.

So that the next evening we again had a crowd on the front lawn. A delegation, headed by Cantank, came in to ne-

gotiate the proposed indemnity.

The Professor looked at me in despair, but I could only grin.

Finally, having listened to their arguments with growing impatience, he rose under the chandalier in the parlor where we were sitting, and prepared to deliver himself. The light poured down on his bald head, and threw his eyes in the shadow beneath his brows. He seemed rather angry.

"Gentlemen, this is all tommy rot."

Cantank and his companions straightened up on the extreme edges of the parlor chairs. Having heard the Professor lecture before, I settled down with interest.

"All tommy rot! The injury to your crops is entirely problematical. The presence of one small moth genus in your county does not necessarily presuppose the entire destruction of your farm products. As any loss may occur and be directly proven to have been caused by the depredation of this insect I am perfectly willing, so far as my means will allow, to make it good; but the idea of expecting indemnity before any loss has occurred is preposterous. You seem to be entirely lacking in the sentiment of gratitude and absolutely impervious to reason. I have explained that the escape of the moths was entirely accidental; personally we made strenuous efforts to capture them, and have offered large rewards for a thing which would be much more to your interest than to mine. Now, gentlemen, if you have no further business I will wish you a very good evening."

The four country men arose and stalked from the room.

When the crowd outside heard the result of their ambassadors' efforts they began to give vent to their disapproval in a more open manner than hitherto. Insulting remarks began to be heard. Instances of the dreadful depredations of the gypsy moth in Massachusetts, were cited. Mrs. Watkins began to get rather nervous, and retreated to the silk worm room to make a last search for the missing moth. Personally, I thought it about time to take some precautions.

When a large stone and a spiteful curse came flying together through the window, I left the Professor to his meditations.

I learned later that the Professor ventured to the front porch to endeavor to conciliate the crowd. A small sea of angry faces derided him and a shower of stones drove him back.

In the mean time I had an idea.

I had noticed a good sized search-light in the Professor's laboratory, second story front, which he had brought home from the yacht on New York bay for repairs. The repairs had been finished and it was quite ready for use—had been attached to a battery in order to test it. Another fact that I found interesting, was, that on account of his large lawn and some experiments which he had in view, the Professor had an extraordinary water pressure in the house.

I attached the hose in the bath room with the nozzle pointing out of the front window. The search light I placed beside it. Then I turned on the water.

A sort of a gurgling, half-choked yell came from below. I ran to the window and turned on the search light. Then, managing the hose with one hand and the search light with the other, I soon had the lawn cleared and watered.

To be sure, they still threw stones from the road, but beyond breaking a few windows they did no harm.

The Professor had joined me by this time and we were scouring the lawn with the search-light in order that the enemy might not steal a march on us, when suddenly a man rushed into the column of light.

It was Swilliams, presenting the appearance of a half drowned rat, but acting as if cold water had had no effect toward sobering him. He danced and ran and jumped, seeming to be doing his very best to stay in the light. I was about to turn the hose on him when I was struck by a peculiar likeness of his antics to those of the Professor when I first arrived.

By Jove, I was right! There was a moth fluttering just in front of him! I had hardly noticed it before Swilliams' hand closed upon it, and a triumph-

ant yell burst from his lips.

"I've got it this time, sure enough!"

His voice at least was sober. In answer to the Professor's stationary gaze I said:

"You go down, Professor, and tell him to bring it up alone. I'll keep the light and the hose ready."

The Professor went down to the porch. Swilliams marched up the lawn with the search light following him. The Professor ushered him indoors. Presently they both clattered excitedly out on the veranda again.

"There's no mistake this time," called the Professor; "he's got it and it's the right one."

"Yep, 'n' I got the 'tenner too," assented Swilliams.

There was quite a stir among the people at the foot of the lawn, but presently Cantank's doubting voice was heard.

"How are we to know it's the right one?"

The Professor hesitated, so I called down:

"Send up the original delegation of eminent agriculturists, and the Professor will try to initiate them sufficiently into the mysteries of insectology, to enable them to recognize the characteristics of the gypsy moth."

I don't know how on earth they guessed my meaning, but they came.

When they came up to the veranda I poured the light down upon them. There they stood, the "eminent" agriculturists, their dank clothes sagging about their limbs, and their long goatees presenting the appearance of rather rapid stalactites.

The Professor brought out the other moth and a book with colored plates. The four looked and listened intently. Presently Cantank, the store-keeper, straightened up and remarked slowly, as he wrung the water out of his goatee:

"Wa'al, neebors, guess we mout's well go home."

"Before you go, gentlemen," remarked the Professor, "I'd like to give notice that I shall shortly present a bill for damages for some broken window panes."

The insurgents withdrew and another victory was accredited to the great cause of science.

J. H. WILSON, Jr.

Helps to Ambitious Scholars.

- 1 Refrain from all study in the Hall.
- 2 Never recite when you can get out of it.
- 3 Always leave your English papers home.
- 4 Always sit in a double seat in the Hall.
- 5 Always hum when engaged in any study.
- 6 Talk whenever you get a chance.
- 7 Use recitation time for hours of concentrated study.
- 8 Always fool away the first half hour.
- 9 Forget your program at every convenient moment.
- 10 Inhabit the alcove as often and for as long a time as is against the rule.
- 11 Never begin the practice of having your own pens and paper.
- 12 Always leave some lunch to chew on during the fourth hour.
- 13 Run races down the stairs.
- 14 Study hard during the opening exercises.
- 15 Always "switch" when passing an aisle.
- 16 Never prepare a lesson until the "day after."
- 17 Make engagements for every afternoon at half past two.
- 18 We advise cadets to be late every drill day.
- 19 Always be up at Stohlman's when the bell rings.
- 20 Bang the desk lids whenever you feel nervous.
- 21 Always become insulted when addressed by a teacher.

It Never Rains But It Pours.

I closed my book with a slam, made a grimace, and yawned, unrestrainedly and broadly. It was a decided relief to do so. I laid a gentle hand upon my Greek grammar and cast that frivolous book at the cat. She, with injured feline dignity, jumped on to the table, just missing the ink bottle and ruining my newly completed English paper. She then sprang from the table into a pot of heliotropes, knocked over a fern and mother's pet palm, and, frightened more than ever by this, she rushed for the door, upsetting on her way the small tea-table and breaking about a dozen china cups and saucers. The fox-terrier dozing on the rug was aroused by the noise and started after the cat. He cut his foot on a piece of the china and barked loud enough to wake the dead. This brought Bridget from the kitchen—nobody else was at home—and she, after "tidying up a bit," departed to her sanctum in such a towering rage that she spoiled the dinner. Mother, tired out by a day over-crowded with social and household duties, was completely overcome by this climax, and as a consequence was ill for

several days. Father is still in the worst of humors and cross as a bear. And all this because I could not translate a Greek sentence of six words!

ESS BEE.

Genius.

It was nearing St. Valentine's day, and there had been something peculiar about the bearing and mien of Tommy Stokes all the week. His arms and legs, strange to say, had not evinced their usual propensity for turning upside down and wrongside outward. He had shown no inclination to go across the room on his head. His mouth, though grave and stern, evidenced the remarkable desire to retain its normal, original position, and his eyes lacked those little dancing demons commonly known, in other folks' eyes, as "sparkles." When given an occasional chuck under the chin by some friendly playmate and enjoined, by an encouraging slap on the back, to "come and have some fun," Tommy only complied with a very realistic grunt, and the demand, delivered in an uncalled-for tone of voice, "To be let alone."

There were many and varied surmises, by his anxious friends and relations, as to the probable cause of this unheard-of condition of affairs. The boys suggested that he was brooding over his inability to turn handspings at the rate of a hundred a minute. The girls, viz. his loving sisters, said he was merely working out the plans for some new and especially fiendish plot, to be perpetrated upon their unwilling heads. His father explained, to no one's satisfaction but his own, that in Thomas's changing state of mind he discerned the growth of young manhood—Tommy was just nine. But all these were jumps to false conclusions, and it was not until his mother, in her superior wisdom, fixed upon the belief that Tommy had an attack of spring fever, advising, as sure cures, the liberal use of "Scott's Emulsion of pure cod liver oil," "flaxseed tea" and "slippery elm," that a clue to his real state of mind was obtained. For "'Tis in the spring that young men's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love." In fact, Thomas J. Stokes was contemplating sending a

Valentine.

"Buy one," some unfeeling person had said when Tommy remarked, in a casual sort of way, upon his designs. But the offer was rejected as the wild imagination of a distorted brain.

"Send a Valentine to 'her' with poetry written by some other fellow? Never!" and the young swain sat himself down to construct such a Valentine, and to compose such amorous verses as would be worthy of his Mary Jane. When done, the missive was "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Cupids in the successive stages of despair and delight, cupids with broken wings and stolen hearts, cupids with bows, cupids with arrows, and cupids with both, darted around in life-like confusion on a heart shaped piece of blue paste board. A piece of the American flag was tied in a most coquettish true-lover's bow knot in one corner. The remaining space was occupied by the poetry, truly original, and full of deep meaning and noble sentiments.

"I'll just show it to the family before I take it to her," Tommy decided in a spirit of real self-sacrifice. So, with a "want to read this?" he thrust the artistic contrivance into the hauds of his oldest brother, who read, in a voice shaking with deep feeling and admiration, the following:

My Valentine, while I have time,
Instead of drinking claret wine
I want to ask, in poetry fine,
If you'll for e'er and e'er be mine.

My Valentine, it seems a crime
To speak to you in aught but rhyme.
I love you so I can not dine,
And I never go to sleep till nine.

My Valentine, do not say "nein"
And we'll our hands forever jine,
And like two gentle, lowing kine
We'll hie us to the flowing brine.

MARJORIE FENTON.

THE WESTERN's readers will doubtless remember the allusion in the last issue to the "duel" scene, in which four of our promising youths participated. It has always been understood that a "dual" scene is engaged in by two persons.

THE WESTERN.

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EDITORIAL.

It was our intention that the last issue of THE WESTERN should have been a tribute to dear old St. Valentine, but the decrees of the editor do not always coincide with those of the printer, and so it happened that the editorial was the only article in which Valentine's day was mentioned at all, and that most of the Valentines went over until this issue. We beg your indulgence for this, and hope that they will give you as much pleasure as they would have given you had they appeared at the proper time. And now, following close upon this gay and festive day, comes the more serious, but perhaps more welcome feast, George Washington's birthday, bringing with it a well-earned holiday for us all, great and small. We should never let this day pass without reflecting upon its meaning, without trying to realize the greatness,

the simplicity, the wonderful influence, of him whose memory is honored all over the country to-day, and who, after a hundred years, is still as near to the people, as dear to them, as he was in those olden days. If we only realized it, it is a privilege to live in the same country in which George Washington lived and died, a privilege which we can not appreciate too highly and which should be the means of spurring us on towards better things.

Doings in the Current Topic Club.

I have been asked to write something about what the Current Topic Club has been doing of late. "Nichts" expresses it better than anything else. No meeting has been held for the past three weeks. So much for the honorable presidency of the "Fencing Master." However, there was enough spice in the last meeting to last that length of time. Then there was a very interesting sparring match, between "the envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary from Costa Rica" and "the gentleman from Texas," the former accusing the latter of having obtained his information from the "yaller" newspapers. Questions of personal privilege, charges and counter-charges, accusations and denials, flew back and forth, thick and fast, with a general mixed-up-tiveness that would have given fervor to the discussions held on the floors of our legislative chambers on the same subject of Cuba. It ended very amicably with an apology and an acceptance of the apology, however.

The debaters have all been chosen, that is so far as it has been possible to choose them. The judges are also appointed. They are three members of the faculty. The time keepers are Mr. Hirst and Mr. Woodward. As many debaters as it has been possible to make accept their appointments have been hard at work at the Congressional Library pulling down books by the hundred. We expect great things from Mr. Edgar A. Beatty, Mr. Solyom and Mr. Arthur Calvo on the one side, the negative, and equally great arguments from the

other, Mr. Miller, and Mr. Hoffman, the affirmative of the question, "It is to the best interests of the United States to annex Hawaii."

JAGUERTHA.

Notes.

The long step taken by the right guide of Company H is probably accounted for by his disinclination to wear his shoes out.

Any information regarding the relative progress of our company to that of the others may be obtained from Miss Fitch. See major.

The cadets are getting down to good, hard work. This fact is due in part to an announcement, recently made by the captain, that only the boys who were proficient would be taken on the field at the competitive drill. However, this hard work is also due to the "spirit" of our WESTERN boys.

Social

Owing to several "Ds" Miss X. Y. Z. will not receive next Thursday as usual.

The Misses W. received last Tuesday in their spacious home, No. 7 Alcove Alley. Music was furnished by the W. H. S. Glee Club, and an elegant lunch, consisting of green candy canes, was served. Among those present were the "Conservative Company of Cake Consumers" and the "Cane Rushers."

SOPH.

Exciting scene at Court—The young lady who stole our "First Lieutenant's" heart was prosecuted for "petty larceny."

With the new year comes a decided change in our tastes. The commonplace "gridiron" no longer enchants us. We are now satisfied with nothing less than a "diamond"—solitaire, too by the way.

We noticed that during the "cold snap" some of our Class of '01 gallan-devoted themselves to some very young ladies. Sure sign of Freshmanhood.

E. C.

A Storm.

One sultry August day a couple of summers ago, I was seated on the seaward piazza of a little summer hotel, watching a thunder cloud come rapidly up towards the land. As it approached everything seemed to become silent before it. Even the wind stopped blowing and the waves beat more quietly on the shore. The only human objects in sight were far down the beach, a man in oilskins and a woman with a shawl over her head. The woman was seated on an overturned lobster pot, the man was busy launching his dory and getting ready for his departure. He finished presently, and getting into his boat pushed off, but as there was no wind he sat down, letting the boat drift slowly out with the tide.

All this time I had been wondering why this man could be setting out when a storm was coming up, and when it was too late to get out to the fishing grounds and back, but I suddenly remembered that the crew of the life saving station "went on" that day and supposed that he was one of them.

The woman sat and watched him until the first few drops of rain began to fall and then ran up to the hotel piazza, where two men presently joined her. Then the rain fell in sheets, obscuring everything, and the little craft seemed utterly swallowed up. It was only a thunder shower, however, and passed away as quickly as it had come. After the rain had ceased, there was the little boat about half a mile away, rising and falling on the light green swells and quite safe. As I was turning away the woman suddenly gave a little cry.

I had noticed several dark clouds in the wake of the rain and had thought nothing of them, but now they gathered in a dull copper-hued mass and threatened the little dory menacingly. Beyond the light green was a deep blue, picked out with white specks, that rushed nearer and nearer the boat. Through the glass I could see the man standing up and trying to take down the mast, but before anything could be done the squall struck her. Over, over she leaned, and then,

when it seemed as if she must have stopped, a huge white wave struck her and everything was swallowed in a cloud of spray. At last the boat emerged bottom side up, and a black speck crawled from the water and up on the bottom.

There is little more to tell. The man had seized the side of the boat as it capsized, freed himself from the rigging and crawled up on to the bottom. The violence of the waves drove the dory ashore almost where it had started out, and the man was carried safely back to his wife, father and brother, as I afterwards found the three people to be.

But why had he chosen that particular moment for a sail? I shall never know.
M. MOORE.

We wonder why the girls are so desirous of obtaining information the last hour Monday.

There has been a sudden accession in the interest displayed by the male members of this school in the doings of the Basket Ball team for the past two weeks. This may be due to the fact that neat white curtains have appeared on the scene of action.

Classes reciting in the G. P. R. on Mondays are often mystified by the cabalistic marks on the boards with the words "reds" and "blues" written above. Any information on the same will be thankfully received.
FRESHIE.

In order to encourage the many young writers in the school to great effort in the literary line, as well as to promote a pleasant spirit of rivalry, a prize is offered for the very best Easter story. This story must be given to the editor two weeks before the copy for the Easter number is sent down, and the right of withholding the prize, in case no story meets the approval of the judges, is reserved.

We hope that the inquisitive maid of the Soph. class who so stealthily tiptoed into the boys "Gym." "to see what she could see," is satisfied.

Those who formed the theatre party

on Friday last, enjoyed it keenly.

Nothing base is meant by the appearance of those snowy (?) curtains in the girls' basement.
SOPH.

Obedient Mr. Tom.

"Tom, you must not make so much noise at night when you come in. Every time, you slam the doors so that I cannot sleep, and if I am already asleep I am awakened, and you can save me this by a little thought." Mrs. Tom looked beautifully reproachful.

Tom, poor, near-sighted Tom, looked over his morning paper, across the dainty breakfast table and, near-sighted though he was, beheld his pretty young bride clad in a most enchanting gown, ready to burst into tears from vexation.

"My dear, I know I'm awfully careless, and a regular old snob, but I'll really remember next time. The only thing is this: I can't see the doors in the light, much less in the dark, and how in the name of common sense can I help banging them? If you'll leave a dim light in the room perhaps matters would be better. But, indeed, dear, I am awfully sorry and I will try to remember—" and here the newspaper came in to screen from the servant's eyes a most touching scene, for reader and paper alike had gone around to the other side of the table.

When normal conditions had been attained, with the exception of a pink bow, which in some wonderful way had fastened itself to the elbow of Mr. Tom's coat, breakfast and bride and groom talk were resumed.

Now, Mrs. Tom was a model wife. That is, she let Tom go to the club, and in fact do anything he wanted to, but her first trouble had arisen from disturbed slumbers, and consequently on this sunny morning her first reproof to her spouse had been given. As for Tom, well, unlike many men, he remembered his wife's injunctions, and did his best a few nights afterward, when he went to the club again.

Mrs. Tom retired as usual, but left the gas dimly burning. It cast a fitful

glow over the room, lighting up the polished surface of her desk, and dancing with fantastic shadows over the silver on the bureau. The dim bric-a-brac seemed wrapped in shadows; the brass bed cast on the floor slanting shadows. Mrs. Tom slept.

A small mouse, well sustained by a trap which Mrs. Tom baited every day and every day forgot to set, danced among the curtains, then suddenly disappeared, as he heard a key enter the front door—a stealthy step also he heard, a distant creak; but Mrs. Tom slept. It was one by the clock when Mr. Tom turned out the gas in the hall below. He never slammed the front door, for the gas always lighted his actions in the hall. But up stairs! behold, a tragedy is almost here! Beware, Mr. Tom, a trial awaits thee!

"I'll take off my shoes, for they make a clatter on the steps; then I'll do my best to get up there through all those blamed doors without loss of blood for me, or sleep for her."

Remember, the gas was out.

He leaned over to unlace his shoes, but, alas! he forgot the umbrella stand and "dashed his desperate brains" against it, also dashing off his second eyes, which fell to the floor and broke into a thousand pieces.

"Blame that stand! Now, to-morrow I'll have to go around like a blind bat until I get some new 'specs'!"

He ran his hand over the floor, in the vain attempt to find something. He did find something—innumerable bits of glass, which cut his hand in innumerable places. Finally the shoes were off and, having cut his feet with the glass scattered around, he began his ascent to doom.

The top of the stairs was reached in safety. He opened the door.

"I'll bet a nickel she won't hear that door close!"

He gave a desperate clutch and stuck his hand between the heavy door and the jam. It swung shut with force, and only missed a terrific slam because his fingers were in between.

"Holy smoke!"

That's all he said. But, oh! what he thought! Any way, the door did not slam. But his fingers! You never saw Roman silk, or even a negro's dress, with half as many or half as artistically arranged colors! Between the blood which the glass had caused to flow, and the bruises earned between the door and the jam, his was really a wonderful hand.

He managed to get off his coat and vest with safety, but by this time his hand felt as if it had concealed in its depths a hundred-horse-power-perpetual-motion-electric-battery.

"I'll have to put something on this. I guess witch hazel or ammonia or bromo seltzer, or that patent liniment warranted to cure coughs, colds, consumption, aches, pains, burns, bruises, etc., or any old thing, to get rid of this confounded thumping in my hand, will do. Let's see. There is something in that little closet over her desk. Wonder if I can get over there in whole shape?"

His course was a direct one, and would have been safe, had only the desk been some where else. In a frantic effort to reach the bottle quietly he upset Mrs. Tom's glue. Then, trying to wipe it up with what he first grabbed—a fine mop, but rather costly, as it was her most elaborate drawn-work table cloth—he upset the ink, which ran with dark destruction over the wood through the table cloth, with which Tom vainly tried to stop the flood, down, down to the velvet carpet, and there lay in a dark pool. Almost frantic, he clutched at a pile of clothes and began to gently mop up the dark fluid with a white skirt of organdie. When the bad matter had been made sufficiently "worse," and his hand had taken a darker hue, he managed to get a bottle, and pour something on the wounded member. Mr. Tom's senses were rather benumbed by this time or he would have smelled the fine eau de cologne which he had purchased just the day before, for his better half. At least it washed off some of the ink, and he thought his hand felt better.

When all the room was dark, he walked over to the bureau to wind his watch, in which operation he duly upset and broke

his wife's cut glass cologne bottles. On the way to the bed he stepped in the half dry ink, and from the spot to the bed adorned the carpet with foot prints—black ones, too, on the carpet of velvet. Not a sound had been heard, and Mrs. Tom slept.

The sunlight crept in and awakened Mrs. Tom. Behold! What sight is this which greets her wearied nay-rested eyes—a ruined carpet, a black gown, her new table cloth, an odor of cologne, her broken glass, her sleeping spouse with one hand swollen twice and a half its size, all, everything appears in one dazing instant. Then she realized it all, and knew why she had slept unawakened.

Later in the day, when she was binding his painful hand and trying in the cool, darkened room, to soothe his aching head, she leaned over to him and in a soft whisper said:

"Never mind, dear, but next time slam the doors!"

ELIZABETH JEANETTE ALEXANDER.

To a Rag-doll.

O beauteous maid of the calico locks,
Pink, gingham face and tattered frocks,
With shapely arms of cotton-batting
And feet encased in colored matting!
You came from the old rag-bag upstairs,
From pieces of gowns that no-one wears.
You old rag-doll!

Your eyes are made of beads, stuck on
A forehead of fancy, flowered lawn.
Your mouth is a slit in the aged cloth,
Through which, for teeth, some beans peep forth.

I fear you have a flat, snub-nose—
A button cut off from someone's clothes.
Your look, sometimes, is quite inane,
"But Marjorie loves you just the same."
You old rag-doll!

MARJORIE FENTON.

If Mr. Woodward of the first year class, wants to know where his friend is on Wednesdays, the third hour, let him Hunter in the Senior class.
A Happy Medium—One who has just received a "fiver," for her services.

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, MARCH 7, 1898.

No. 9

VOL. III.

SPRING.

When March comes dashing, prancing along,
And the howling wind's song
Sounds o'er the land and the sea,
Out in the woods, where the wild flowers grow,
Out where the giant trees wave to and fro,
The spring-time is opening.

The robin is winging his way from the south,
And his little beaked mouth
Is opened in singing.
The crocus has spread out its petals at last,
And the daffy-down-dillies are coming up fast—
The spring-time is opening.

"MARS."

A College Story

For the last half hour jovial sounds had been issuing from behind the closed doors of room twenty-eight, on the second floor of Kent Hall, but they were familiar to the under-classmen passing by, who nodded to each other and whispered, "Senior luncheon!"

The dishes had ceased clattering long ago. The scraping of chairs on the floor as they were pushed back from the table, the clinking of glasses mingled with merry voices and laughter was gradually silenced by the tuning of a guitar. Then, very softly at first, came the strains of a song, swelling louder and fuller with the addition of fresh voices until it reached the ears of the bell boy and two little urchins, approaching down the hall. The bell boy leaned authoritatively against the door jam and forgot to nudge the small boy peeping through the key hole, as he listened to the last of the refrain and to the rich contralto voice near the door, repeating:

"Sing of the breeze on Creton shore,
Sing of the jewels of Persia's lore;
Yes, purer than these
And sweet as that breeze,
Be the lives of the women in dear
Goucher Hall,
Be the lives of the women who join
in the call,
Long life to our college of fair
Baltimore."

A brief pause followed by a hub-bub as of all talking at once, then the door opened suddenly, precipitating the small boy into the room at the feet of an astonished group of girls. The bell boy awakening to his sense of duty, caught the urchin by his collar and yanked him out into the hall. Apologizing profusely and with assumed gravity "Buttons," the bell boy, proceeded to explain to the young ladies how these little "imps," wriggling under his tight grasp, had demanded to see Miss Anderson and wouldn't be sent away.

As the group nearest the door strolled down the hall some one called back laughingly: "'None knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise.' Say, Joe, who'll be your next suitor, pray?"

This was greeted with a general laugh, and Miss Anderson's room-mate grumbled: "I shall have to lock you up in a glass case if I ever want you to myself, I suppose. Just think, girls," she added, "I have been waiting two weeks to read the last chapter of Davis' story in Scribner's, and here those little rag-a-muffins come and spoil this afternoon. Sometimes I almost wish there wasn't any Dean, there wasn't any sociology and there wasn't any college settlement!"

The cup and saucer rattled recklessly as she placed it with emphasis on the table.

"You'll do! Our selection wasn't half

bad when we made you the ranting villain in our play," called a voice from the corner, and its owner dodged just in time to miss the wet tea towel, which sailed past through the open window and fell on the head of the sophomore champion practicing tennis below. She poked her head out of the window and cried, "Lost, Room twenty-eight;" and from below came the answer, "Found, cash payment, please!"

The street urchin stood in the doorway listening to all this. He did not exactly catch the meaning, but thought it must be funny, for every one was laughing, so he threw up his chin and laughed a coarse loud laugh which seemed to *strike the wall and rebound* into the room. The little fellow outside peered over his shoulder and uttered a responsive chuckle. Then every one laughed again. It seemed to be contagious.

Josephine, with a half-eaten olive in one hand and a piece of Huyler's in the other, came over to the boys, holding the tempting bite just out of reach, as she said, "The fellow who gets the cleanest hands can have the first taste."

The boys stopped laughing as suddenly as they had begun, and followed her across the hall to the wash room. The girl in the window seat leaned back against the cushion and gazed after the trio.

"How did Josephine ever happen to let these College settlement boys come up here, I wonder?"

"Oh, they heard the sweet voice of the Siren and were drawn by that fatal charm, just as every other man is who comes near her."

"No, Grace, the truth," the girl protested.

"Surely I am like Cassandra," an-

answered Grace, "when I speak the truth I am not believed. Since you're a realist the facts of the case are, she was explaining to them a Yale-Harvard football game, one day, and they wanted her to show, then and there, how to tackle, but she made a compromise by promising to show them her precious snap shots of the last game, which her famous full-back sent her."

"Now that was like Joe, wasn't it?" answered her room-mate.

It was astonishing to see how much whiteness Josephine had scrubbed into these tanned faces and grimy hands, when she brought them triumphantly back.

She was a tall, graceful girl, with just enough dignity to give a womanly touch. It was her graciousness which attracted so many to her, and that slight air of reserve which caused the ever familiar under-classman to blush and be silent. She seated the little fellows at the table and served them bountifully with chicken salad and sandwiches, while the blue flame spluttered under the chocolate pot. Indeed, a waiter at the Rennert, expecting a silver tip, could not have been more attentive to a wealthy patron, than she in her service to these street gamins.

"Shivers, that's a cracky dinner yer give us," the eldest youngster remarked, drawing a deep sigh after a deep pause. "Won't want no supper will we, Billy?"

Billy wasn't so sure of this, for he nodded his head up and down, then sidewise, and ended this pantomime by stuffing another piece of cake into his already crowded mouth.

"I got two cents in my pocket, anyway," suggested the other to Josephine.

"What will that buy, Jack?" she asked.

"It'll buy two buns with raisins in 'em if I aint' very hungry, but if I am, eight more and this'll buy me grub to feed my face with at the soup house."

"Where will you get the other eight, Jack?" asked Grace, coming closer and sitting on the divan with her arm around Joe's neck.

"Git 'em all right 'nough; this'll bring 'em sure." Here he drew from his pocket a couple of dirty dice and threw them spinning on the floor, with a practised

hand.

"I fear I don't understand," remarked Grace, innocently, checking a smile.

Billy sniffed contemptuously over his third piece of cake.

"Hugh! you're a girl. I might a knowed you didn't know nothin'," Jack grunted, then hastened to add, "except how to tell us stories and you kin tell about them pirates and foot-ball fighters; I wan' if you can't." Here he struck an attitude and looked up admiringly into Joe's face.

The girls laughed and Josephine admitted she was gaining a singular reputation.

Jack gathered up his dice and thrust them down deep in his trousers' pocket. A queer expression crossed his face, then he shut his lips tightly and commenced slowly and carefully to investigate his other pockets. Finally he drew forth a small pill box from one of the holes and held it up in ecstasy.

"That's all my money in that box. A fellow don't want to play crap when he's got money; he waits 'till he gets busted and borrows it."

He shook the box in his hand, proudly, but hearing no rattle, opened it. It was empty. A fierce light flashed in his eyes; he looked definatly at Billy and his fingers curled up threateningly into his tough palms.

"Somebody's teched me! Hang out yer pockets, I tell yer!" he muttered between his teeth, as he started for Billy.

The girls unconsciously drew back.

"Cork up! who wants yer tin?" howled Billy.

"Dag out! yer swiped it!" cried the warlike Jack.

"In foot-ball a man isn't allowed to strike another above the waist," Josephine calmly remarked. "Jack, you havn't seen the pictures yet. Come over here."

He looked up in her face and met her frank, sweet smile with sullen eyes. His suddenly dropped and when he raised them again the threatening light had vanished from them. With Jack on one side and Billy kneeling on the floor, close by her, she passed over the big leaves of the album, telling a story about each photograph.

Grace picked up the guitar and commenced to sing, as she kept time with her foot,

Our college day must come to an end,
In a few days, in a few days,
Unless some

"What's yer givin' us," cried Billy, "them ain't the words to that song."

He scrambled off the floor and sang in a boyish voice, which was sweet on the high notes,

Down by a chicken coop on my knees,
Do dah, do dah,
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze,
Oh, do, dah, deh.

With a little encouragement he went through a long list of unknown verses and sat down at the end with the same surprising suddenness with which he had risen. His eyes wandered around the room, scanning every decoration, and finally resting on a picture in a "Gibson frame," on the dressing table. He glanced back at the book in Josephine's lap, then up again at the picture, to be satisfied that they were identical, before he spoke. When he did, it was rather a startling assertion he made: "That's a bully big fellow in them fightin' clothes. He looks like them pictures of Fitzsimmons in the papers."

This, evidently, was the best hit he had made, for the girls laughed in glee and Josephine flushed perceptibly.

The situation seemed to suggest itself to Billy for he added confidentially to Josephine: "I bet yer think he's dandy, too, don't you?"

Josephine laughed and closed the book, suggested to Billy it was growing dark and she would save the rest of the pictures for another day.

When Jack and Billy went down in the elevator with Josephine, a few minutes later, their pockets were so full of good things that Jack remarked he was afraid to sit down for fear of mashing them.

Billy said a hasty good-bye at the door, but Jack waited a moment, jingling two bright new pennies in his hand.

Josephine took his other hand in hers and gave it a friendly little pressure. Then the ice was broken and Jack blurted out,—"I was going to fight, I was, 'till I thought about you"—and he bolted out

of the front door after Billy.
 As the elevator ascended, some voice
 on an upper floor was singing,
 "Who's for joy, for light, and grace?
 Who in her soul for hope has a place?
 Come bring these along
 To put in a song,
 With freshest thoughts from a
 woman's mind,
 With purest beats from her heart
 enshrined,
 With beauty aglow from a woman's
 face."

EDNA WESCOTT, '96.

In the Drawing Room.

On entering the Drawing Room, the other afternoon, I was greeted with stares from the entire class. As I had endeavored to reach the desk of a fellow-student without disturbing the class, I was, to say the least, very much disconcerted at this state of affairs. The fact that the expressions in the eyes of all the students were of intense longing, as though they would like to devour me before I reached my destination, was not calculated to relieve my mind at all. I continued my way across the room amid a confusion of words from which I extracted such phrases as, "Yes, do." "Oh! please." and "I know you will!" I had a vague idea that they were addressing me, but why, I could not comprehend. As I looked so bewildered, they all proceeded to explain the matter, but, alas! the explanation was like some cures, worse than the difficulty, for out of the sound of many voices came indistinctly the words "Compose for us." If old Thor himself had suddenly arrived through the ceiling, I could not have been more dumbfounded. Surely every one knows that I have not the voice of a teakettle, with which to interpret the music already in existence, let alone the ear with which to gather blossoms from the meadows of harmony. Another thought came, "Possibly it was poetry they wanted." This only made matters worse, for I have never even tried to mount old Pegasus; in fact, I can't ride horseback anyway. Now, if Pegasus were only a ninety-six bicycle, matters might look more hopeful. My thoughts travelled at a pace that would break all the fast rid-

ing records of "the district," but, sad to state, they brought no gleam of light to my clouded brain. Suddenly, from the other end of the room, came the voice of dear Miss Guillaume. "And wear that cap, my dear," she was saying; "it will make it so nice for the class." Ah! the light has dawned; I have comprehended, and with that comprehension all my troubles vanish—what they want is, that I shall come pose for them.

GYPSY.

A Northwestern Fairy Tale.

One cold morning in January in the far-away town of Devil's Lake, North Dakota, a number of men, well wrapped in furs, assembled in the drug store to comment on the severe snow storm and great fall in the temperature of the night before.

The snow was six feet on a level and as high as twenty feet in some drifts, the temperature having fallen to 40° below zero. All hope of the morning train's arriving on time had been abandoned entirely, and many were the conjectures and bets regarding the lateness of the anxiously awaited train.

"I bet five dollars that they ain't a plow in Minneapolis that kin push this snow off the track," said Ranchman Tucker.

"I don't think any one 'll tak you up on that bet," replied Blacksmith Gould.

It was now 9.30 a. m. and the train was due at 10 sharp, but no hope was felt by any one that it could possibly arrive on time.

At last one of the men went out into the street to see who was stirring about, and as the wind was blowing strong from the southeast, the faint sound of a whistle was carried to his ears. He rushed back into the store, yelling:

"Boys, quick! I do believe the train's a-comin'!"

They all rushed out and looked in the direction from which the distinct rumble of cars could be heard.

"Look at that!" they all exclaimed, as, from the upper end of the town, rounding into the main street and rapidly approaching on the snow, came the train of

eight cars.

The crust of the snow was so strong that the train had left the track, had run over the crust, and had arrived safe on time at 10 a. m.

A. B. BENNETT, Jr.

Monday, February Twenty-first.

On February twenty-first, at 1 o'clock, the School assembled in the Hall for the exercises commemorating the birthday of George Washington. The exercises were opened with "Hail Columbia" from the School, Miss C. McKee kindly playing the piano and Mr. Tracy accompanying her on the cornet. Mr. Roberts then sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," the School joining in the chorus.

A short talk from Mr. Greenlees was followed by the "oath of allegiance" from the entire School. Rev. Dr. Whitman, of Columbian University, was then introduced and favored the School with an interesting talk, after which Mr. Roberts sang "The Star Spangled Banner." After a short talk from Miss Westcott, we were dismissed to return on Wednesday.

The spirit of patriotism shown throughout was delightful. May it never diminish and may we all hold forever that our Republic is the greatest and noblest nation of the world.

S. B.

An Hour with Kipling.

One of our third-year students, Miss Baker, who is a great admirer of Kipling, arranged a very delightful hour, last week, for the third year English classes. A short, but interesting sketch of Kipling gave a delightful idea of his rather wandering and erratic life and of his many poems and stories.

In order to illustrate some of the points she made, covering his style and diversity of subject, one of his best poems, "The Recessional," and his delightful allegory, the "Children of the Zodiac," was read.

As there are many more writers of the 19th Century as interesting as Kipling, we hope that the future may furnish other hours such as this.

THE WESTERN.

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Fourth year.

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B1—Geo. DONALD MITER. D1—SAM. DEAN CALDWELL.
C1—FRED. STANSBURY TILF. E1—FRED. E. MONTGOMERY.

THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni.

Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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MONDAY, MARCH 7, 1898.

EDITORIAL.

It is a universally recognized fact that editors, the world over, are the most grasping individuals, that they embrace every opportunity for impressing upon the subscribers to their papers the fact, that each special season, as it comes around, is predestined to inspire them to write. Lest THE WESTERN should be found wanting in this particular, the editor takes the opportunity to tell you that the Lenten season, above all others, should bring to you inspiration upon inspiration. Some of you may find this hard to believe; some may even go so far as to declare that it is not true, but take the word of THE WESTERN as a proof of its truth—test it, and, behold, the columns of THE WESTERN will be filled.

We have added a new department to our paper this issue—a column which will be filled with items of information concerning the literary world; that is to say, the literary world outside of THE WESTERN. Care has been, and will be, taken to find facts which will interest the book-loving portion of our school, and any points of interest which any one may

find concerning the Nineteenth Century writers and their work, will be most gladly received.

The editor is awaiting with interest the deluge of Easter stories which, it is to be hoped, the prospect of a prize will bring forth. It might be well to offer a prize for a poem also, for we are sadly lacking in these last very necessary articles.

A Prize.

In order to encourage literary effort among the writers in THE WESTERN, as well as to promote a pleasant spirit of rivalry among the students, a prize is offered for the best Easter story. This story must be given to the editor not later than the 21st of March, and the right to withhold the prize, in case no story meets the approval of the judges, is reserved.

Literary Notes.

PRIZES FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES.

“With the aim of encouraging literary activity among college graduates” The Century offers to give, during four successive years, three prizes of \$250, open to persons who receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in any college or university in the United States during the commencement seasons of 1897, 1898, 1899 and 1900. The awards will be as follows:

For the best metrical writing of not fewer than fifty lines.

For the best essay in the field of biography, history or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand, nor more than eight thousand, words.

For the best story of not fewer than four thousand, nor more than eight thousand words.

On or before June 1st of the year succeeding graduation, competitors must submit type-written manuscript to the editor of The Century, marked outside and inside, “For the College Competition,” signed by a pen-name and accompanied by the name and address of the author in a separate, sealed envelope, which will not be opened until the decision has been made. It is to be understood that the article submitted has not been previously published. The editor

may withhold the award in any class in case no manuscript is thought worthy of the prize. The magazine reserves the right to print the prize manuscripts without further payments, the copyright to revert to the authors three months after the date of publication.

Here, surely is a proposition that should have an appreciable effect in supplementing the efforts of professional educators to raise the standard of scholarship among the undergraduates of our colleges.

* * *

Some time in November the London Academy selected from the ranks of British authors the forty who would, in its opinion, constitute the British Academy of “Immortals,” if there were a British Academy. This list was widely published, and created a great deal of criticism and suggestion, both from other publications and from private sources.

The list was as follows:

John Ruskin,	W. E. Gladstone,
Duke of Argyll,	A. C. Swinburne,
John Morley,	Thomas Hardy,
Sir G. O. Trevelyan,	Leslie Stephen,
R. D. Blackmore,	Aubrey de Vere,
Rudyard Kipling,	W. W. Skeat,
Dr. Salmon,	W. E. Lecky,
W. P. Ker,	Bishop Stubbs,
Bishop Creighton,	Andrew Lang,
W. E. Henley,	Edmund Gosse,
H. D. Traill,	Francis Thompson,
Mrs. Humphry Ward,	Austin Dobson,
Henry James,	W. S. Gilbert,
A. W. Pinero,	Herbert Spencer,
George Meredith,	James Bryce,
George MacDonald,	R. C. Jebb,
Dr. J. A. H. Murray,	S. R. Gardiner,
Rev. Aidan Gasquet,	William Archer,
Mrs. Maynell,	W. B. Yeats,
J. M. Barrie.	“Lewis Carroll.”

What do the Westerners think of this list? Can any patriotic Westerner match it by a list of forty American Immortals? Put on your thinking caps and send your lists to the editor of the Western.

The Academy also announced that a book of merit should be crowned each year.

* * *

All lovers of Charles Lamb will be interested in the following clipping from the Critic of February 19—

The Old Boys' club, of London, has pledged itself to keep green the grave of Charles Lamb. A member of the Christ's

Hospital Club has just repaired the grave of Charles and Mary in Lower Edmonton Churchyard and placed around it a neat iron railing. The lettering on the tombstone has been restored, and an inscription added, to the effect that the grave was restored "by an Old Blue," Christmas, 1897.

Some time ago the London Academy offered a prize of 100 guineas for the best volume of poems, of the year. The prize was won by Mr. Stephen Phillips. His chief rival was William Watson, whose volume "The Hope of the World," is just out. The choice of the Academy is generally regarded as a strange one.

Funds for the James Russell Lowell Memorial are coming in so slowly that it is almost certain the design must be abandoned. The fund is in need of \$14,000 to secure a provisioned \$15,000 before March 1. If this sum be not raised by that time, \$9,000, now in hand, must be refunded to the donors. Where is our boasted Americanism?

It has been decided by the American Committee to close the subscription to the Robert Louis Stephenson Memorial Fund, in this country, on March 31, sufficient funds having been raised to make the scheme possible of fulfillment. The monument will be erected in Edinburgh.

We learn from the New York Evening Post's London letter that the poet laureate, Alfred Austin, has severed his connection with the staff of the "Standard" in order to devote himself wholly to poetry.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has recently received the degree of LL. D. from the St. Andrews University in Scotland.

Current Topic Club.

At a recent meeting of the Current Topic Club, all except one of the members present, were chosen as officers—either as president, vice-president, secretary, or as a member of the executive committee. Interest, however, it is hoped, will be revived by the debate

which will come off before another issue of the paper, and by speeches which will be given, it is hoped, by members of the faculty and Dr. Lane. The officers, as elected, are: President, Mr. Hoffman; vice-president, Mr. Miller; secretary, Mr. Edgar A. Beatty. The "Fencing Master" felt very much relieved when he was relieved of his office.

JAGUERTHA.

The Western High School in Danger.

To show the feeling of the pupils of the Western High School in regard to Spain and the Maine disaster, several of our more daring youths bought a Spanish flag, dragged it the length of the avenue, with the military attache of the Spanish legation closely following, soaked the flag in kerosene, and at noon burned it. The newspaper reporters, on account of the close vicinity of the Georgetown University, mixed the two up, and it was spread abroad in the New York papers that there had been a riot at the Georgetown University, etc., etc., the etc.'s being especially distorted and exaggerated. The next day the reporters went to the Georgetown University where they were told by the students that it was intended to capture the arms and equipments of the Western High School and sail away with a captured sloop to the help of the Cubans. This, also, was put into the papers. Company H should be on its guard, and ready to defend the dear old Western High School.

JAGUERTHA.

All is not Gold that Glitters.

During the celebration of Kaiser Wilhelm I's ninetieth birthday, Berlin was crowded with inquisitive sightseers of all nations. Americans, English, French, Italians, etc., etc., thronged the streets and broad avenues. Of course, the fortunate owners of "Punch and Judy" shows, trick bears, and the like, were out in full feather, displaying their marvels, and trying to gather in as many coins as possible.

While some strangers, obviously Americans, were strolling down one of the

streets they were attracted to one spot by the shouts and exclamations of someone, or something, in the centre of a large crowd. As they approached they noticed that people were peeping through the bars of a tall iron fence, surrounding a large mound of grass. In the centre stood a small Frenchman, who, with many gesticulations, was explaining that he would show to the public two of the most ferocious "Zulus" in captivity. They had but very lately been brought over from Africa, he said, but of course were somewhat *tamed*. The spectators must not be alarmed, they were really very harmless, now. By this time our compatriots had elbowed their way to the front and were patiently waiting until the little man stopped speaking. Then, by a weird signal, he called forth from the thatched hut, in the corner, two dreadful, gigantic savages, resplendent in war-paint and feather aprons, brass rings, and awful weapons. With several piercing war-whoops they began to dance about, brandishing their shields in the air. When this had lasted for about fifteen minutes, the little man, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, commanded the Zulus to collect the coin. Prancing and jingling, they passed around the fence, with shields extended for the coppers.

When they reached the Americans one of the children drew back from the black, muttering object, in horror. But his mother said, "Don't be afraid, deary; they are nothing but American Virginia darkies."

Down dropped the Zulu's shield, as both black hands were thrust through the bars.

"'Deed dat's so, Missus; 'deed dat's so! Fo' de Lawd, Miss, where'd you come from? Law', chile, ain't it good to hear a cibilized tongue again'?"

And nothing would do but a general hand-shaking all 'round, while the little Frenchman stood by gritting his teeth with rage.

E. CLARKE, '00.

TEACHER—Decline "tubarum."

FRESH FRESHMAN—I can only "go" to barroom. Be more explicit.

Spanish Treachery.

Everything at the palace in Havana was quiet. General B. was lying on a sofa in his private chamber. He was tired out with his daily duties and was taking a much needed rest. He was just about half asleep when the little electric bell rang.

"Come in," sleepily said the general.

A Spanish lieutenant, responding to his general's call, stepped lightly into the room. He glanced hurriedly around and then walked over to the sofa.

"Well, what news, Lieutenant?" drowsily asked the general.

"A cablegram direct from Spain," shortly answered the officer, handing an official-looking document to the general.

"Ah!" exclaimed the general, springing up and opening the cablegram as if it was a thing he had been dreaming about for a week. "Just what I have been expecting for the last few days," continued he. "Ha, ha! he, he! Oh! won't they be soon flying up and down and all around. Whoop, whoop!"

"Why, what is the matter with you, general?" asked the lieutenant, in an alarmed tone.

"Oh! you still here? I thought you had gone out," said the general to himself, as though a pleasant vision had just passed from him. Then he spoke aloud:

"You ask what is the matter with me? What an insult! Who ever heard of there being anything wrong with me? I—"

"Pardon me, General," interrupted the lieutenant. "I did not mean anything by it—only you seemed boisterous all of a sudden, and you know that is unusual for you."

"Well, what of it?" said the general, angrily. "No matter; no matter! I say, Lieutenant," continued the cunning officer, in quite a different tone, for an idea seemed to strike him, "I guess I'll need you to-night. Come around about seven this evening, and I will give you your orders. They will be serious, too. You may go now. At seven, remember."

[TO BE CONTINUED].

* * *

It was an old and dilapidated Latin grammar. It was backless and in many places pageless. The rules relating to those most peculiar and wholly unreasonable qualities known by the pseudonyms of "substantive clauses of purpose," "the infinitive in indirect discourse," "subjunctive in indirect questions," and such like, were rubbed and worn, while the conjugation of the verb "amo" was not decipherable at all. Artistic sketches of an evidently ancient and undoubtedly now extinct race of people ornamented, in plentiful profusion, the finger-worn margins of the few still intact pages. Splotches of ink, in all stages, from the daintiest lavender to the most brilliant vermilion, added color and illegibility to the text. Frequent requests for the disclosure of its whereabouts had been made, constant searches for the revelation of its identity had been instituted, but all without success. For this very immoral ancient lexicon, chuckling at its own cunning and truancy, reposed contentedly in a dusty corner of the creaky desk, and spoke never a word.

In the class room the sorrowing maiden, mourning the loss of possibly a dear and certainly a valued friend, kept on saying nothing.

M. F. '99.

If another snow storm should deign to cover our streets this winter, some of us will find it necessary to borrow the football players' costumes, as the shower of snow-balls hurled at certain (?) persons on their way home from school would soon prove fatal—(with "statesman-like attitude") we can't all throw alike, or even make the snow-balls as hard.

The Glee Club, under its able leader, is evidently progressing rapidly. During the singing of the hymns in the morning, their voices come to us poor mortals down below (them) like a "choir of angels' voices from above."

A very bright-blue pencil has lately attracted much attention. Perhaps it is because the color of the pencil just matches the color of all the air within three feet of the owner.

Recently a sum was collected for the purchasing of mirrors, powder puffs, and black court-plaster to be used in the Chemical Laboratory by Mr. L. S., Mr. M., and several other socially inclined "Westerners."

Will some one kindly inform us whose ghosts haunt the "Study Hall" and frighten timid maidens at midnight?

S. A. L. AND J. A. N.

Tardiness—a malady, prevalent among the rising generation of knowledge seekers, caused by an overpowering desire to sleep a minute longer, to consume one more hot roll, and a natural disinclination for hurry of any sort, usually affecting people of a somewhat lazy disposition, dangerously contagious, and only cured by repeated visits to the principal's office between the hours of two and five.

"I have a heavy cross to bear," snapped the disagreeable old lady.

"That's what makes you such a cross bear," replied the bright young man.

If Mr. Lewis should need a gun in the coming war let him get it from A. Hunter.

Who can claim that the pupils of the Western are lacking in imagination?

Here is one of our latest Virgilian translations:

"And the tree waved its hair like a shaking whirlpool."

Exchanges.

We have received by exchange "The Easterner," "The High School Gazette," "The Takoma," "The Chimes," "The High School Record," "The Bucknell Mirror," etc., etc.

"The Easterner" is one of the very best papers of its kind we have seen. With no pretention about it, it yet aspires a little higher than the ordinary school newspaper. Its articles entitled "Among the Books" are especially good.

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1898.

No. 10.

Vol. III.

An April Fool.

The March winds and the April showers
Are all mixed up together.
The sweet spring flowers are all dismayed
At this peculiar weather.
The violets feel the inspiring touch
Of gentle drops of rain,
And to open to the smiling sky
They really can't refrain.

The birds are building summer nests
In all the budding trees.
The sprouting, waving, youthful grass
Is flirting with the breeze.
In fact, dame Nature's premature;
She's inconsistent, quite.
Though the battle of the elements
Makes such a pretty sight!

MARJORIE FENTON.

Rudyard Kipling.

Rudyard Kipling was born in 1865, in the city of Bombay, India. He is proud of his birthplace and has dedicated his recent volume of poems, "The Seven Seas," to that city. In his poem, "The Dedication," he says:

"So thank I God my birth
Fell not in isles aside—
Waste headlands of the earth,
On waning trips untried—
But that she lent me worth,
And gave me right to pride.

"Neither by service nor fee
Come I to mine estate—
Mother of Cities to me,
For I was born in her gate,
Between the palms and the sea,
Where the world-end steamers wait."

Rudyard Kipling is the son of John Lockwood Kipling, an artist of some ability and a writer of polished and witty style. Mrs. Kipling, a very brilliant woman and an interesting companion, still retains her youthful vivacity and wit.

He has one sister, now a Mrs. Fleming, a statuesque, beautiful woman, as brilliant as her mother. Literary ability is possessed by the entire family, but Rudyard is the genius.

He was educated in England at a place called Westward-Ho, after the novel of that name. In 1880 he returned to India, where, at Lahore, he worked as assistant on the staff of the "Civil and Military Gazette." The work was unsuited and uncongenial to him, allowing no freedom to his great fund of humor and discouraging his attempts at originality. Yet, despite this discouragement, his natural buoyancy found the spare time to produce "Soldiers Three" and the "Departmental Ditties." By these he obtained fame at least in the little world of Anglo-India. But when E. Kay Robinson became editor of the Gazette, Kipling's work was recognized for its fullment and he was almost overwhelmed with work of the kind he enjoyed.

In 1889 he returned to England and went to work there. Later he came to America. He married the sister of Wolcott Balestier, the American author with whom he collaborated in "The Maulahka" and to whom his latest volume of Ballads has been dedicated.

Kipling never remains for any length of time at one place. In 1894 he had a home in Brattleboro, Vt., then a home in England, then at Inguay, then another at Rottingdean. He is at present in a South African town. It is expected that through him a permanent place in literature will be accorded this portion of the world,

"To the last and the largest empire,
To the map that is half unrolled."

Before leaving India he published "Departmental Ditties," "Plain Tales from the Hills," "Mine Own People," "Soldiers Three" and "Barrack Room Ballads." He has since published "The Light that Failed," "The Maulahka" (with Balestier), "Many Inventions," "The Jungle Books," "The Seven Seas" and "Captains Courageous."

The first impression of Kipling is not favorable. His face, naturally sallow, is not made more attractive by his heavy eyebrows and spectacles. Much writing has given a decided stoop to his shoulders and his every movement is abrupt, jerky in fact.

But a moment's conversation alters this impression. From behind his spectacles his eyes gleam with intelligence and strength, his abrupt movements are pregnant with a joyous infectious humor, and the stoop of his shoulders loses its awkwardness when one remembers that it is the result of work which has given us so much to enjoy. Kipling could never be called handsome, but the strong, healthy humor of his face attracts in spite of his lack of physical beauty.

In 1886, E. Kay Robinson sent to several English editors copies of "The Departmental Ditties," but just published. This informal method of introduction failed, but when some years later (in 1889) Kipling published in England several volumes, including his "Ditties," and these editors received copies through his publishers, they immediately recognized his worth and he was bought all over England. Today there is no more versatile writer in all England and America. Considering his age (he is at present thirty-three), it may be safely said that he is one of the most brilliant. Few

such young writers have so thorough a knowledge of their subjects and none can write on so many and varied themes.

Certain it is that no living writer of his age, nor of any age, can write such poetry as we have sometimes from his pen. His styles are many. He writes a "First Charity; or, the Story of Ung," and again, "Oouts; or, The 'Eathern." It is his custom to write his ballads as music, and this is particularly evident in his "Barrack Room Ballads." Many of these ballads are taken from songs that Tommy Atkins really sings, but he proudly owns his theft.

"When 'Omer smote his blooming lyre,
He'd heard men sing by land an' sea,
And what 'e thought 'e might require,
'E went an' stole—the same as me."

But great as he is in this field he is even greater, nobler even in real poetry. His poem, "The Recessional," written at the close of the Queen's jubilee, has been pronounced by many the greatest of modern poems. It has been said that the office of Poet-Laureate would have been more suitably filled by him than by Austin. He has a peculiar faculty of expressing movements and sounds by the use of the right word, or words. For instance, in one poem he has said, speaking of a battle song :

"True Thomas smote upon his harp
That birlled and brattled to his hand."

Nobody but Kipling ever heard anything "birl."

He has a habit of beginning his important nouns with capital letters—a forcible method of emphasis. He is also fond of alliteration and uses it to advantage.

His poetry is however no more wonderful than his prose. The latter is even more varied. He writes as well of the native Hindoos and Mussulmen of India as of the official and social life of Anglo-India and the barrack life of the soldiers. His jungle stories, and, in fact, all his children's stories, are delightful. He writes for every age and equally well for all.

He never writes but on a subject he has

studied thoroughly. His native stories of India are written from a thorough knowledge of Hindoos and Mussulmen; his stories of Anglo-Indian society are formed on an intimate acquaintance with the characters of whom he writes; before writing "Captains Courageous" he spent some time on the Northern Coast. I have heard it said that the "Mulaney Stories" were really told to him by an Irish soldier. It is at least certain that he was intimate with all classes and nationalities in India. He has not written many long stories, "Captains Courageous," "The Maulahka" (with Balestier), and "The Light that Failed" comprising their list. He has written innumerable short stories of which the success is due chiefly to his wonderful ability in suggesting character. We know his people thoroughly, though he never says "he was this or that." It is all suggested.

Let us congratulate ourselves that there is living and writing such an author as Kipling, and that he will probably write for some time to come.

S. BAKER.

Spanish Treachery.

[CONTINUED.]

"At seven," said the lieutenant, as he went out. He was not pleased, for he thought that the general had something unusual on hand.

The general looked at the cablegram again. It read:

"General —:

"To-night carry out plan No. 2, if you think everything will work well."

"(Signed)

"If I think everything will work well, eh?" repeated the general aloud, then to himself: "Well, it seems as if it is left to my option. Oh! I guess everything is in good working order. Let's see. She lies directly over No. 49. Everybody aboard is generally in his bunk about 10 o'clock, and we'll get the whole lot of them at one swoop. Again the town is quiet about that time. And finally her magazine will doubtless be set off by the explosion of 49. Thus the whole

ship will go up. Whoop! What a glorious scene! The poor devils aboard will be shaken a little, but what matters that? They have meddled with our affairs long enough. So to-night, between 10 and 11 o'clock, there will be an earthquake made to order. He, he!"

At 7 o'clock sharp the lieutenant was there and asked the general for his orders.

"Ah!" said that officer, "you're on time. Well, I want you to do a very simple but dangerous task to-night about 10 o'clock. You will be paid \$2,000 for the risk involved. You will, at the aforesaid time, go to the little closet, where the keyboard of the harbor is kept, and press button No. 49, and—"

"But—but, General," interrupted the lieutenant, astounded, "that connects with—"

"Sh-hush!" exclaimed the general, looking around him. "Keep quiet and do your duty."

"All right, General, but you must take the results."

"Oh, no, Lieutenant, I don't take any consequences."

"But, who will?" asked the lieutenant

"Why, ah—ah, Spain, if there are any," answered the general, slyly.

"Then, you are sure there is no risk for me?" asked the lieutenant.

"Of course. How could you be in danger? All you have to do is to press the button and go to bed."

"But, you said just awhile ago that it would be a 'simple but dangerous job for'—"

"Spain," added the general.

"Then, why are you going to commit this awful deed, if it is against Spanish interest?" asked the lieutenant.

"Oh!" said the general, seeing that the lieutenant was making good headway, "you see, it's this way: They have been sending filibusterers over so keenly that we were not able to catch them. So, in order to get a little even, we decided upon the plan which you are to carry out to-night or be put in prison. As for the risk to Spain, why, there will not be much, if any at all. For every

one on board will go down and the ship will be blown to pieces. The Yanks. will think some accident happened to the magazines, or something like that, you know. So, you see, there is not much risk. Now, go and make your arrangements, and about 10 o'clock I'll expect to hear a loud explosion in the harbor." "At 10 o'clock sharp you will hear it," said the lieutenant, fully convinced that all was for the best, and, besides, he did not want to go to prison.

Then he went and made the few arrangements required. About 9.45 he crept from his room and went to the room where the terrible closet was. Everywhere was quiet. He thought he saw a shadow and he wished that he had brought his sword along, but he would not go back after it now. Into the room he sneaked and went towards the closet. He fitted the key in the lock and was about to turn it, when a hand fell heavily upon his shoulder. He turned around as quick as a flash and confronted a lithe looking lad, with a revolver in his hand. He recognized, in this lad, the bell-boy who had been in the general's service for a year, or more, and who was supposed to be a true Spaniard, and trusty servant.

"What does this mean, sir?" demanded the lieutenant in a hoarse voice.

"Why, it just means this, I am an American, and I am not going to see my countrymen blown up in this terrible way. I have been in the palace here, as a spy, and I discovered your plot, so I determined that the best thing to do would be to catch you here. So you see that you and your general will not carry out plan No. 2. Now for business; hold your hands high above your head, and walk ahead. I'll take you." But he never finished, for the Spaniard seeing his chance, knocked his revolver from the brave little American's hand and caught him about the throat, intending to choke him. The little yankee caught the lieutenant about the throat, too. Then there was a terrible struggle, for although the lieutenant was superior in strength, he could not equal the boy in activity. Up and down the room they fought, in the dark, knocking chairs and tables over.

Finally, just as the plucky boy was getting the best of the fight the treacherous Spaniard drew his stiletto, which it seems he was trying to do all the time, and drove it into the poor little American's heart. Then he went back to the closet, and opening it, pushed 49. Immediately there was a most terrible explosion, which stunned him for a moment, and one only, for after straightening things up the best he could, in the dark, he picked up the body of the plucky boy and carried it to another room, where opening a trap door in the floor, he threw it in a dark pit underneath. Then he went to bed, satisfied with his night's work.

Soon after dismissing the lieutenant, the general went to bed, but could not sleep. He was anxious to hear a certain noise in the harbor. He rolled and tossed in his bed. Ten o'clock struck, but no explosion. A half an hour went by and the general was just about to get up to investigate, when there was a dull, yet sharp, sound that shook the earth. His bed seemed to fall to pieces and the palace to rock. But he did not move; he only glanced towards the harbor and there saw a great light. Then he shuddered. A few minutes afterwards he was sound asleep, for the awful explosion seemed to be a stimulant to him.

DEAN CALDWELL, '01.

Loyalty is Best.

They call us a section conceited,
Entirely too lazy by far,
Say our lessons are never completed,
And at *best* are found below par.
We've been lectured, and told we were haughty,
Class spirit is all wrong, you see,
But though they all claim we are naughty,
No section's more loyal than "E."

Why is it that a High School Student,
Most wilfully forgets
When he has cut a recitation
To send in his regrets?

H.

Will Mr. Scudder please tell us why
a new biology should be written?

Cavalry—Mounted horse men.
Side talks with Girls—Tetes-a-tetes.

He was very much in love, you know;
His thoughts to words archaic
Flew, though sometimes he became
Quite painfully prosaic.
She on whom he spent his tin,
To whom he sang his tuneful note,
Instead of the "apple of his eye"
He called, "the apple of his throat"

M. F., '99

Notes.

The school should congratulate itself upon the unanimous election of Miss Alice Fitch as sponsor of Company H. We may feel sure, now, that the Major of the second battalion has great confidence in the ability of our company, although an inmate of the Eastern High School.

* *

The program of the coming drill has been issued and the cadets are working hard for that memorable day in May.

* *

The captains of the companies drew for position, recently, in the competitive drill and the companies will appear upon the field in the following order, the 2d Battalion May 27 and the 1st Battalion May 28:

Second Battalion—company G, company E, company F, and Company H.

First Battalion—Company B, company D, company C, and company A.

There are ninety movements comprized in the program, somewhat different in character from those of last year.

We should feel proud of our position in the drill, as Captain Joe Taussig won the flag, three years ago, in the same position.

Wanted:—

A few new puns to replenish the time-worn stock of H. K., '99.

We are very sorry to learn that one of our most respected teachers is becoming addicted to the obnoxious habit of punning. While in class she requested Mr. Hunt, of the first year, to *hunt* up a subject for her.

A second year student, in attempting to pose, artistically, against the frame-work of a dark doorway, while pouring ink from a bottle into a small ink well, presented a rather startling spectacle to the temperance advocates of the school.

THE WESTERN.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

MISS FRANCES FENTON, Editor in Chief.
Fourth year.

ASSISTANT EDITORS:

Miss J. Appleby, 4th year.
Miss Marjory Fenton, 3rd year.
Miss E. Alexander, 4th year.
Miss E. Sigbee, 3rd year.
Mr. J. M. Petty, 3rd year.
Mr. P. E. Chamberlain, 3rd year.
Miss Ruth Wellman, 2nd year.
Miss Mary Hopkins, Alumnus.

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R3.—H. Kleinschmidt. K3.—Geo. Hilton.
A2.—Bruce McV. Mackall. B2.—Brenton Boggs.
C2.—Miss Annie P. Brown. A1.—Guy Wilson
B1.—Geo. Donald Miller. D1.—Sam. Dean Caldwell.
C1.—Fred. Stansbury Tyler. E1.—Fred. E. Montgomery

THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager

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MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1898.

EDITORIAL.

How the weeks are flying by, bringing with them a multitude of interests old and new, that bid fair to overwhelm us, for with the early spring the baseball team begins to demand a large amount of attention, the Company grows more interesting than ever, enthusiastic tennis-players make strenuous efforts to form a club (we wish them success?) the basket-ball team practises assiduously every afternoon, and the members of the Current Topic Club become more and more belligerent in their endeavors to decide weighty questions of international etiquette. These are but a few of the many organizations and side issues of the Western (we might well mention certain interesting meetings, held for the laudable purpose of reading Cæsar at sight, by many of our fourth year youths and maidens, always after two o'clock!) which claim so much of our time and interest, but the New

Western occupies, perhaps, a larger part in our thoughts and a more prominent place in our dreams than anything else. Enticing accounts of its size, beauty and advantages leave us no alternative but to go and view its growing proportions, which once seen are not easily forgotten. It has been decreed by our predecessors that a Senior must not envy a Junior, Sophomore or Freshmen under any circumstances. Nevertheless, if anything could excite our envy towards the Juniors it is their singular and undeserved good fortune in being able to taste the delights of the New Western next year.

Literary Notes.

Miss Elizabeth Robins, an American who has made a reputation in London as an interpreter of Thæus' plays, is coming to New York soon to play "Hedda Gabler" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

* *

Frederick Tennyson, brother of the Laureate, and one of the minor Victorian poets, died on February 26. His poetry was full of the imagination and appreciation of all that is beautiful, that characterizes Alfred Tennyson's, Keat's, and Shelley's poetry, but he never received the hearing, the recognition, that he perhaps deserved.

* *

M. Barrias has begun his statue of Victor Hugo for the Paris Exposition in 1900. It will represent a young and vigorous man seated on a rock, one hand supporting the chin, the face framed in long hair. On the four sides of the plinth will be figures representing epic and lyrical poetry, satire and the drama.

* *

It is proposed to erect a memorial window to Jane Austin, in the Cathedral, at Winchester. Contributions will be received by Messrs Hoare, 37 Fleet street, E. C., London. If Miss Austin had her deserts she would have a monument in Westminster Abbey.

Notes.

On Friday, March 11, a meeting of the representatives of the various High Schools took place at the Central School. The purpose was to begin preparations for the inter-High School Meet. Mr. Stewart of the Central was made chairman, and Mr. Charles Taussig was made secretary of the committee.

The following was decided upon: Only those persons who have attended one of the schools since Jan. 2, 1898, will be eligible to enter any event in the games, Mr. Buck excepted. The Meet will be held on Wednesday, June 1, 1898, at Georgetown College Campus, at 3.30 p. m. Various other questions were left open for discussion at the next meeting, which will be held at the Central, Tuesday, March 22, 1898.

Two years ago The Evening Star Company presented a cup, to be contested for in the inter-High School Meet. The provision was, that if a school should win this cup three years in succession, it should be its property for good. The Central High School has already won this cup two years in succession, and if it is won by them this year the cup is lost to us.

LET ALL TRUE AND PATRIOTIC WESTERNERS STRIVE TO BREAK THE CENTRAL COMBINE AND WREST BACK THE COVETED CUP, AS IT IS THEIR LAST CHANCE.

It is hoped that all the men in this school, who are capable of doing anything in the athletic line, will report to the committee on athletics: Messrs Birch, Buck, and Taussig, this week, as all must commence training by the first of April.

The last meeting of the Current Topic Club was, in truth, a very interesting one. Room II was crowded to its utmost. At least twenty-five were present. Contrary to what has been said, the chair was able to maintain order. That seven or eight members should feel so impelled to speak at once, only indicated the present pros-

perous condition of the club. As soon as the chair recognized a member, the others immediately settled down to await their chance to speak. What was said at the meeting has been so much a subject for discussion among the pupils of the school, that it is unnecessary to repeat it. But if any one wishes to hear something with ginger in it, he, or she, should come to the meetings on Wednesday. You will not want to speak yourself, but may want to, in order to relieve your feelings, before the meeting is over. Come one, come all.

JAGUERTHA.

Perhaps I am curious, but I should like to know why a certain young lady always comes in so late and none of the teachers seem to say anything to her.

P. S. Any information on this subject will be gratefully received by any member of the class.

* *

Who knows what the joke is, or what happened Wednesday, fourth hour, in the library, while section E¹ was there, to make the girls laugh so?

Perhaps it was only the room, which has such a demoralizing effect.

Professor Morris, who for the past week has been so greatly missed in the Western, is cruising among the Florida Keys, collecting his beloved specimens.

Subscriptions will be received for the purchase of two electric fans, to be raised over the desks of two young ladies on the extreme left-hand side of the S. H. We think it would be much more convenient for them than the continual trips to the windows for air.

"SYMPATHETIC."

In the near future a most exciting game of basket ball will be played between the reds and blues in the lower regions of the Western High School. Windows curtained, doors barred. Admittance positively prohibited.

The Lunch Hour.

Along at noon, in the Western, all sounds of labor are silenced,
 Thronged are the streets with students; and noisy groups at the doorways
 Sit in the cheerful sun, and rejoice and gossip together.
 Any one's lunch is a meal to which all are welcomed and feasted;
 For with these simple people, who live like sisters and brothers,
 All things are held in common, and what one has is another's.
 And under Stohlman's roof hospitality seems most abundant,
 For clerks stand here and there among the guests from the Western
 Fulfilling their anxious requests, and cakes, filled with chocolate and jelly,
 Fall from their outstretched hands, which receive ten cents in return.
 So passes the hour away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
 Sounds the bell from its tower and over the street rings a warning.
 Gone are the happy lunchers, those that sat on the doorsteps!
 Gone are the chocolate cakes garnished with olives and pickles!
 And gone are the happy consumers—to class midst howling and groaning!

"MARS."

The Tale of a Stubborn Pen.

The Glass Inkstand stood in a most conspicuous position on the front of the rickety desk. Its silver top was raised haughtily and its swelling sides savored of the pretentious. Every now and then, when, in the pure exuberance of joy at possessing a defective leg, the rickety desk shook with mirth, the Glass Inkstand wobbled this way and that, producing a jarring noise calculated to attract the attention of even the stone paper weight. But the Stub-pen took no notice!

It was aggravating, and down over the erst-while dignified proportions of the aggrieved Glass Inkstand flowed dark, copious tears, which the blue blotting paper soaked up. At this juncture the Stub-pen flew jauntily along the blue letter paper, and remained indifferent. Then the Glass Inkstand got mad, and in the fire of its wrath the dark liquid which trembled in its copious depths was consumed. When, finally resolving to

recognize its presence, the Stub-pen prepared to taste of the refreshment usually offered by the Glass Inkstand, it jabbed itself viciously into a hard, dry substance, not pleasant to the touch of the Stub-pen, and broke.

"Serves you right, you stubborn pen!" chuckled the pearl-handled knife; and the silver top came down with a bang, as the Glass Inkstand heaved a great howl of satisfaction and delight.

MARJORIE FENTON.

Washington as a Railroad Center.

As a railroad center, Washington belongs in the third or fourth class. It was not until 1831 that it had a railroad at all, and even then this road ran simply to Baltimore. The road was run by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, which company continued to gradually increase the number of trains between Washington and other cities. In 1872 the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company ran trains into Washington. The railroad business has continued to increase until now Washington possesses two depots, or the terminus, or junction of four railroad companies, the B & P. R. R. Co., the B. & O. R. R. Co., the Southern R. R. Co., and the C. & O. R. R. Co. Although this may show rapid growth, it is not very rapid when compared with that of Baltimore, New York, Boston, or Chicago.

Let us consider the chances for and against Washington ever becoming a railroad center, either for travel or traffic. The only advantage which Washington possesses, as a center for travel, is that it is the seat of the government, and that many people are constantly arriving and leaving the city, on public and private missions. Owing to the great number of visitors, and government employees, who travel back and forth, one would suppose that Washington would become a great passenger center. This advantage is not as great as it at first sight seems, for the commercial men of other cities, such as New York, or Baltimore, outnumber the

men who travel to and from Washington. This places Washington, even with its apparent advantage, as a center of travel, below New York, or Baltimore, as a passenger center.

If Washington has little chance of becoming a passenger center it has even less of ever being a commercial center principally on account of its geographical situation.

As a center for the products of the West, Washington is eclipsed by Chicago and by St. Louis. Both of these cities are in the center of the great grain fields, stock yards, and manufacturing districts. At these places the products of the West are collected and distributed to the East, Washington receiving only what it can dispose of in the District. This is a very, very small part of what is collected in Chicago, or of that sent to New York, or Baltimore. The products of the country between Washington and Chicago, or Washington and St. Louis, are collected at New York, or one of the other seaport cities. Here again, Washington does not get the trade because of its distance from the ocean.

On account of the shallowness of the Potomac, Washington is debarred from receiving products. If the Potomac was deeper, making it safe for ocean steamers to enter, Washington would be brought into contact with the ocean and thereby its receipt of product would be increased. The geographical situation of Washington does not permit of its receiving the southern products, which are collected at Norfolk, or Charleston, or such seaport cities.

Another difficulty which confronts Washington is its industrial standing. As we all know, Washington is not a manufacturing center, therefore it does not need the shipping facilities, which such manufacturing cities, as New York, or Baltimore possess.

One would suppose that Washington would obtain products of the surrounding country, but this is not the case, as Washington is surrounded by small stations, such as Falls' Church, Alexandria, Sandy Springs, and Rockville. These sta-

tions collect the product and ship them to Baltimore. We have now seen that Washington does not obtain the western or southern products, and that it does not receive the products of the surrounding country, owing to its geographical situation.

As supply follows demand, Washington will never become a large railroad center so long as present conditions last.

CHARLES PIMPER.

An Experience.

One cold fall night last year I took my dissecting tools to college with me, intending to finish up my dissecting after lectures, if I had to stay all night to do it. Accordingly, about 8.30 p. m., I went to the "Room" and commenced operations on the arm of "Uncle Tom," as I called him. At that time there were two or three fellow-students up there, but after an hour had elapsed they left, leaving me by myself, with the exception of six or eight cadavers lying about, on their respective tables.

The wind was howling and wizzing up and down the alley outside and loudly rattling the tin roof of the rather shaky old building. The only sound within the room was the click of my knife as I dissected out the auxiliary artery, and an occasional hard puff or two at my pipe to keep it from going out.

Every now and then I would look up from my work and gaze around at the ghastly, half mutilated mouldy masses of what were once human beings, and would smile to myself at the thought of any one having the slightest fear for such objects as those.

The time had now advanced to about 11.30 p. m. and I was intently working, when I heard a slight swishing, rattle-like sound not unlike the "death rattle," followed quickly by one similar to a quick sigh or a stifled sneeze, then a scratching, munching sound; all from a room adjoining the main room and which was also used for dissecting purposes.

Notwithstanding such a phenomenon as that, I left my work and started to investigate. Going to the door, opened it widely, struck a match and peered into the dimly-lighted room. As far as I could see it was totally empty, with the exception of one cadaver, which lay on a table in a far-off corner.

Walking up and examining it I quickly saw that it was all right, so with a relieved mind I returned to my work. In a few minutes I again heard this awful, unearthly sound, with rather peculiar feelings, this time a mixture of awe and fear. I again walked into that room, and to my horror found that the cadaver had moved its arm; which, instead of lying on the table, was now hanging from its shoulder pointing toward the "lower place."

As I gazed at the corpse, its furrowed brow, sunken eye, hollow cheek, ghastly grin and that significant point of the arm seemed to say, "You are doomed." Making an effort to throw off that nightmare feeling, I turned on all the electric lights; left that mysterious cadaver and tried to continue my work, but with poor success, as that ghastly grin and pointed finger still haunted me.

In a few minutes again I heard that awful sound, which, to my excited nerves and active imagination, seemed like the rattle of the bolt and the opening creak of the door to Hades. Creeping to the door and carefully looking in, the mystery was explained. A number of rats were having a midnight meal and were tugging at the hanging arm of that mysterious cadaver. With somewhat shaken nerves I caught the last car for Georgetown and spent a sleepless night.

A. B. BENNETT, JR.

Of all the bells in this great world,
Which toll their notes of power;
There's none the student loves so well
As that which rings—"Last Howe."

H.

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1898.

No. 11.

VOL. III.

An Algebraic Wooing.

Together to the school they went,
And o'er their wheels their backs were bent.
The lad, he talked with fluency
Of the unknown quantity, " $x-y-z$."
In him the maiden turned her eyes
In one long look of vexed surprise,
And as her tire left its rim,
She told him where the "surd" came in.

M. FENTON.

The Englishman in America.

I am a handsome man. My features are good, my eyes very expressive, and I am really quite proud of my blonde hair. I am an Englishman of course. English men are the finest men on earth; the handsomest, the brainiest, the cleverest, and the most sensible. I have often been called a typical Englishman, and I fancy it is the truth. I would not have you think me a vain man. I cannot tolerate conceit, you know. I merely have self respect.

I am a great favorite wherever I go. The men find me clever and entertaining, while at the same time I feel sure that they recognize my strength of character. I fancy I am quite a ladies' man. You know, the women always admire good looks and fine physique. And when these qualities are added to graceful and pleasing manners, and skill in paying a pretty compliment or in witty repartee, the possessor of these charms is sure to make an impression on the fair sex. I fear I have broken many hearts, but it isn't my fault, you know. Yes, I am a great favorite with the ladies. When I enter a room and make my low graceful bow, peculiar to myself, the women immediately begin to titter, for they feel so sure I will soon say something clever. I once asked a lady if that were not the reason. I must have an amusing way of speaking, for she laughed very much when she said "Yes." So, knowing how well sensible women appreciate me, you will

be as surprised as I was when you hear of a most peculiar experience I have just had.

I went to travel in America. I needed a change and I thought I might be of use to Americans who desired to learn culture. So I landed in New York one day last spring. Don't you know, I was rather surprised in the Americans. I found them hospitable and quite refined, though they have a peculiar way of talking. All the women are very clever. They are even more appreciative than the women at home, but I fear they are delusive. I met a particularly fine American girl. At least I thought so at first. I liked that girl very much. She was charmingly frank. When I asked for her honest opinion on my new frock coat, or on the cut of my hair, she was sure to give it. We would discuss for hours subjects of interest to both—such as whether a plain brown or a mixed golf suit would become me best. Or I would tell her the latest joke I had made and she would be sure to compliment me on my wit. She was just the sort of girl for me, even though she was an American. Our tastes were just the same, we understood each other (at least I thought I understood her; I afterwards found out that she must have been a very ordinary person), and one day I told her so.

I fancy I led up to the subject very neatly. We were seated in her drawing-room. I looked very well that day, for I had on my new frock coat, and any woman of taste would have been impressed. For first I told her, in a very interesting way, how far superior Englishmen are to Americans, and I emphasized the fact that English women are generally better than American women, being more submissive. "But," I said, "there are exceptions. For although

you are not as nobly born as the women of my acquaintance, I find you suit me very well. I will be very frank with you. My wife must be obedient, she must be a good housekeeper, sensible, clever, amiable, always ready to adapt herself to my humor, and she must possess other virtues which I will not stop to mention."

I saw that the American woman was deeply interested; so thus encouraged, I continued:

"In you I find these virtues of which I speak, though they do not exist in as perfect a state as I would wish. Nevertheless, I find you interesting as you are. Of course, I am of noble birth, while you are far from that, but I have decided to overlook that difference, for I see plainly that you love me, and I wish to say that you are at liberty to marry me."

Then the peculiar event, which I mentioned before, occurred. I am sure I worded my declaration cleverly, and I certainly expected at least a small show of gratitude; but, to my astonishment, the American burst into uncontrollable laughter. I hastily explained that this was no joke, but she only laughed the more, and said:

"I appreciate the honor, but I must plead unworthiness, besides I'm engaged to be married to some one else."

I assure you I was astounded. I was disappointed in this woman. Her words were suitable and very true, for certainly she was unworthy, but the laughter was the inexplicable part, for the woman was actually laughing at me! I faced her, abashed for a moment, but my noble nature soon asserted itself. I fancy I rather staggered her, for I drew myself up proudly, and replied:

"You are like all women, incapable of recognizing the highest when you see

it. But I pity you, for you will soon regret your blindness."

Rather a clever speech, wasn't it? I fancy it gave that woman something to think about. I only hope she won't grow desperate, poor thing! As for me, I can only be thankful for my narrow escape. For imagine me yoked to an ordinary woman and an American! But one thing puzzles me. When I reached my hotel that day I discovered that I had worn a most unbecoming necktie, and I can't help but wonder if that was what made her laugh.

JEAN CURTIS APPLEBY,

"This is a chronicle of feelings and characters." *Thackeray*.

Mr. HOFFMAN—"As who should say, I am Sir an Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no dog bark." *Shakespeare*.

Mr. CALVO—"I ought to do—and did—my best." *Byron*.

Mr. HILTON—"His prayers he saith, this patient, holy man." *Keats*.

Mr. DUNWOODY—"If forced from Faith,—forever miserable."

Mr. MILLER, 'oi—"Man! Is he man at all?" *Tennyson*.

Mr. LIGHTFOOT—"A poor, weak, palsy-stricken church-yard thing," *Keats*.

Mr. CHAMBERLIN, '99—"One of three." *Coleridge*.

Mr. BREWER—"Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice." *Shakespeare*.

Mr. BUCK, 'oi—"I hold my peace? No!" *Shakespeare*.

Mr. CHAMBERLIN, 'oi—"Flattery but ill becomes a soldier's mouth." *Marsh*.

Mr. TAUSSIG—"How far that little candle throws its beams." *Shakespeare*.

Mr. KLEINSCHMIDT—"Pardon me, but I will not combat in my shirt." *Shakespeare*.

Mr. MILLER, 'oo—"Awake, thou hast slept well; awake!" *Shakespeare*.

Mr. SCUDDER—"Books were his passion and delight." *Longfellow*.

Mr. FERNOW—"He was long, but exceedingly lank." *Irving*.

Mr. BRECKINRIDGE—"He had a way of saying things." *Longfellow*.

Mr. BUCK, '98—"When he hits it is like trying to catch a cannon ball." *Thackeray*.

Mr. MATTHEWS—"I find nonsense singularly refreshing." *Tallyrand*.

Mr. BIRCH—"He was a valiant youth." *Longfellow*.

Mr. DRAKE—"A young fellow who is pretty sure to succeed." *Thackeray*.

INCOGNITO.

Uncle Sam's Circus.

One of the most pleasing and interesting exhibitions of rough-riding, and skill in the use of the sabre, can be witnessed at Fort Myer, where are stationed four companies of the famous sixth cavalry.

Every Friday, rain or shine, from one to four o'clock in the afternoon the different companies arrange themselves consecutively on the drill ground or in the hall, whenever the weather may permit.

The drills are made more entertaining and pleasing by the appropriate music of the excellent cavalry band. The first company which makes its appearance, marching to its martial airs, goes through the usual exercises, such as marching in circles, vaulting into the saddles while the horses are on the gallop and performing the principal cuts, thrusts and parries of the sabre drill.

The most exciting and interesting exercises are accomplished by the second and third companies which participate in the drill. The second troop is mounted on bare-backed horses and all of the men are dressed in blue flannel outing shirts, army trousers and rubber bottomed slippers. Their picturesque appearance is greatly enhanced by the yellow neckties with which they are adorned. This troop performs many tricks which can otherwise only be witnessed at a circus. Among the most important are those in which one man is concerned. Three horses are hitched together and a cavalryman runs alongside the left horse. The horses are made to run and jump a hurdle, while at the same time the soldier leaps completely over the two horses and lands on the back of the outside horse. This is done by nearly all of the troop, while some few, instead of sitting forward, sit facing the rear. Many other tricks are done, such as standing up on the horse going at full speed, vaulting from one horse to another, and riding double, when so doing, changing position without dismounting. These and many other less conspicuous feats make up the show of the second company and when it leaves the scene of action the third company enters. These men are dressed in fencing plastrons, and after performing all of the exercises in the sabre drill they adjourn to one corner where they put on helmets which make them look like divers who are about to enter the water. In each of the head pieces are placed bits of sticks, to some of which pieces of blue paper are bound while to others are pieces of yellow. All the soldiers now take wooden broad-swords and the blues and yellows arrange themselves facing one another. At the command they charge

against each other and a fierce sham battle ensues. This battle rages until the majority of one color is left standing and until a large number of the audience is overcome with fright. This company then retires and its place is taken by the last troop. Nothing—much of importance marks this troop but the charging and racing. One half of the company lies down while the other charges between the spaces of the horses and men on the ground.

Not the least of the enterprising exercises practised by the rough riders are those embracing the sabre drill. A post on which rests a large wooden ball is placed in each of the four corners of the field or hall. The riders are now formed in single file, and at the word of command they charge down upon the posts, their intended victims, and strive with their utmost to behead their imaginary foe.

As an illustration of the great value of such trained discipline in a moment of peril, which is not infrequent in these feats of horsemanship, it might not be out of place to recall two incidents which came under the observation of the writer.

On one occasion when one-half of the troop was charging between the divided ranks of the other half on the ground, the shoulder of one of the horses of the charging column came heavily against that of a horse lying down, instantly breaking the shoulder of the galloping animal and throwing its rider many feet away on the tan bark of the hall. Again when a rider was racing with one foot on one horse and one on another he slipped and fell between the two horses. Quickly realizing his imminent danger because of the horses running behind him, he instantly caught the bridles of the two horses and held himself free from the ground until some of his comrades checked the speed of his wild steed. On neither of these occasions was there the least confusion or excitement, except on the part of the spectators.

FRED MONTGOMERY.

"An office-girl"—Miss Tibbetts.

Sometimes those little *d's* convey a somewhat stronger meaning to their happy possessor than simply "deficient."

TEACHER. "Prove that Romeo really loved Juliet."

FIRST JUNIOR. "He said so."

SECOND JUNIOR. "They all say that!"

Laughter, and confusion of Miss——.

The House in which Lincoln died, 516 TENTH STREET, N. W.

The average visitor in Washington, knowing, as all do, so much about our great President, Abraham Lincoln, is probably surprised not to find more historical and interesting relics at our National Museum, than he does. Where are they? is the question, and the answer is, "In that old time, and weather worn house, opposite what was once Ford's theatre, on Tenth street;" the house in which Lincoln died.

The other day I made a visit to that old house and was surprised to find so many interesting objects there, all concerning the life and death of Lincoln. As I entered, the first things which I saw were numberless portraits, a few original photographs, several busts, and in a case on the right, a beautiful bronze medallion of Lincoln. Then, being ushered straight back through the hall, I found myself in the room where Lincoln died. Along the side of the door, by which I entered, were several pictures, one showing the exact position of the bedstead, tapestries, etc., another the deathbed scene, with Rev. Dr. Gurley, Schuyler Colfax, Charles Sumner, Vice President Andrew Johnson, Dr. Stone, the President's son Robert, Secretary Stanton, Secretary Gideon Wells, and a number of other prominent men standing at the bedside. Near these were pictures of the funeral service held in the East Room of the White House, then other pictures of the funeral procession down the avenue, the car in which he was carried away, and Lincoln's tomb, at Springfield, Illinois. Just to the left of these is a case containing a complete set of sixty-seven pieces of sheet music, dedicated to the President. In another case, in the same room, is the well worn family Bible, out of which Lincoln's mother used to read to him, when he was a boy; a floral design which decorated his coffin, also several of his law books, from his law office, at Springfield. Along one side of the room are some pieces of his home furniture, which show very decidedly from what a humble home came so great a man.

Passing back into another room I found myself confronted by a great number of books concerning Lincoln, and a case containing two hundred and fifty, (out of a possible three hundred and three) printed funeral sermons, preached throughout the nation, at that time.

Retracing my steps through these two rooms I was conducted to the front rooms. These contained, among many other interesting relics, Lincoln's favorite rock-

ing chair, the cradle in which were rocked his three sons, Robert, Ted, and William, also a case containing one hundred and ninety-seven different medals, with the face of Lincoln stamped on each. Besides these there was a Volk mask and Lincoln. The walls were covered with odd characters printed at that time.

Between these front rooms, on one side of the broad doors, is the chair in which Lincoln sat while drafting his inaugural speech and while forming his first Cabinet, before he left Springfield for Washington. On the other side of the door is a stand made from pieces of the log cabin in which he lived, while a lawyer, at New Salem, in 1836. Above these, hanging from the top of the door, is a large wooden rail, which Lincoln split, many years before his inauguration; vouchers to this fact, dated before his death, hang on the side of the door.

On the walls of the other room hang the flag in which Booth's foot caught as he leaped on the stage, after the assassination, the spur he used, while fleeing from his pursuers, a complete set of the scenes of the assassination, original photographs of the execution of the Lincoln conspirators, a play bill of Ford's theatre—for that night, and a Reward Bill of \$100,000.00 for Booth, dead, or alive.

These are, by no means, all that one sees while going through this historic place; they are simply what impressed me as I hurriedly went through these rooms and probably if some of the readers of this article were to make a visit there they would find many interesting things that I did not even see.

This collection was started in 1860, and is still kept up by O. H. Oldroyd. It numbers over five thousand pieces.

It is hoped that Congress will take steps to make an appropriation to throw the building open, free to the public, so that it may be visited by the thousand of pilgrims that annually visit Washington.

A. B. BENNETT, Jr.

The WESTERN congratulates the members of Company II, on their selection of Sponsor, and thinks, as does the bright "Freshie," who said, the company would take the pennant over to the drill field, but, in his opinion, with such a pretty Sponsor, it ought to Fitch it right back.

Some men die because of the lack of cordial friends, while others pass away because they have too many cordial friends.

Is it any wonder the Glee Club wasn't a perfect success? Not long ago one of its chief and most melodious members received the following encouraging epistle from the maid he was favoring in S. H. with some "sweet snatches from Schubert's Serenade" or something equally alliterative:—

My dear Mr. ———:

If it is positively essential to your existence to exercise your vocal powers, suppose you sing, instead of making that odious noise.

Very sincerely,

R. W.

RECITATION: A means of torture, introduced, we gather, during the Dark Ages, for the sole purpose of drawing from the unhappy victim incriminating evidence. The length of time during which one is enthralled in its agony is usually about fifty minutes, but this may be continued, at any time and without waring, for a period of from two to three hours after school.

STUDY HOURS: Gay, happy periods of rest and recreation, when one is enjoined by the "other fellow," to "eat, drink, and be merry." Used, chiefly for the sake of casting off those mighty burdens of thought, which occasionally, during recitations, are inclined to oppress us.

Things Heard.

Dr. Bryan surely must be hard up, for he has consented to teach Political Economy in the chemical laboratory "for a quarter."

Here is a surprise for Westerners. Mr. Chase Andrews has declared most emphatically that he "doesn't know what work is." We never would have thought it!

Special Notice.

It is requested that all mail directed to students occupying rooms six and seven be distributed by the teacher in charge, as some trouble has been caused by certain persons, who, owing to ignorance, have delivered letters through cracks in the partition.

THE WESTERN.

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Fourth year.

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MISS MARJORY FENTON, 3rd year.
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MISS E. SIGSBIE, 3rd year.
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MISS RUTH WELLMAN, 2nd year.
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B1.—GEO. DONALD MILLER. D1.—SAM. DEAN CALDWELL.
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THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni. Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1898.

EDITORIAL.

The spirit of Spring is seen and felt everywhere, in the sprouting crocus and budding trees, in the springing grass and flowering bushes, in the desire for an impossible quantity of sleep, in a lack of energy, but in a serene contentment and an appreciation of blossoming nature. It seems incongruous that this bright season should be marred by thoughts of war and bloodshed, that the high schools all over the country should be burning the Spanish flag and the Sagasta in effigy, and that dire preparations should be going on all over the country.

The uncertainty as to the possibility or probability of war was settled a few days ago by a young urchin of tender years who said that he *knew* we were not going to have war now, because he saw the High School Cadets carrying their guns home. Such is the faith and unswerving belief felt by the younger generation in our soldiery.

The debate held last Wednesday afternoon in the Current Topic Club, on the subject of Hawaiian Annexation, was by far the most interesting, and at the

same time instructive, that has yet taken place. The subject was a large one, but was nevertheless treated in an able and comprehensive manner by the debaters on both sides; not only did the participants evince a thorough knowledge of their subject, but they showed also a knowledge of parliamentary etiquette and form, and an eloquence which is proof positive of the benefits derived from such an organization as the Current Topic Club.

The following is a list of the debaters:

NEGATIVE.	AFFIRMATIVE.
Edgar A. Beatty.	Oscar D. Hoffman.
Arthur Calvo.	Alvin Miller.

The negative side had the strongest arguments and was victorious.

The arguments of Messrs. Calvo and Miller deserve special mention.

Athletic.

On Monday, March 21st, the Girls' Athletic Association held its first meeting in the "Girls' Gymnasium" (formerly the G. P. R.).

After a brief but very interesting talk by Mrs. Walton, which brought visions of irresistible grace and everlasting beauty to the thirty-five enthusiastic listeners, the officers were elected: Miss Sawyer as president, Miss Morris as treasurer, and Miss Ruth Wellman as secretary. The day for future meetings being then decided upon, the members dispersed to meet on the morrow.

On Tuesday the first regular meeting was held, several new members initiated and a constitution drawn up. An admission fee being decided upon, only this and the all-important pass-word will admit one into the realms of health and happiness past the "guarding monster Little Wellman," the formidable door-keeper. After the transaction of business affairs, basket-ball, marching, running, jumping, curtain ball, stand ball, etc., were enjoyed, and at 3.30 a crowd of healthy, happy-hearted and hilarious maidens trooped homeward wishing long life and success to the G. A. A.

R. W.

As stated in the last issue of THE WESTERN, the cup donated by the Evening Star Newspaper Co., has been won twice by the Central School, and it is very evident that they are going to make great efforts to win it again. But are we going to let them do it? Not much! The athletic committee has begun work, and with very gratifying success, for about fifty boys have signified their intention of trying for the team. Of course, there is no possibility of every one making the team this year, but they must remember that the training they do this year will make them that much stronger for next year and give them a greater chance to make next year's team. This is the standpoint from which athletics must be considered. If you do not win this year, you will win next, so every one must go in and try. The following is a list of the men trying for the team: Taussig, Fernow, Hoffman, Rittenhouse (Wm.), Miller, Caldwell, Smart, Matthews, Smith, Grunwell, Offutt (G.), Hirsh, Lambertson, Cruikshank, Kengla, Hilton, Gordon, Hayes, Coyle, Young, Collier, Pimper, Stern, Potbury, Mackall, Buck, Chamberlin, Beatty, Manakee, Janney (C.), Gibson, Boggs, Blount, Hayden.

Mr. L.—"Well, how did that glee club of your brother's come out?"

Miss M.—"Oh, it was a howling success."

* *

We can understand the skipping of recitations, but we think that he is a lost sheep indeed who even cuts Study Hours.

* *

At each issue of THE WESTERN there will be presented to the scholar making the brightest remark in class an appropriate prize. Mr. Lambertson wins the first prize of the series. This is how he deserves it:

Mrs. Young—"As you look at it, is the horizon a straight line?"

Mr. Lambertson—"Yes; but if we had eyes all around our heads it would appear curved."

P. S.—The prize, which will not be presented publicly, is a miniature of Janus.

Company Notes

The fact of Sergeant Mulligan having left school, has caused Corporal Lamberton to be promoted to the rank of sergeant. The Company regrets the absence of such a proficient sergeant as Mr. Mulligan, but thinks Mr. Lamberton an able successor.

* * *

Through the kind efforts of Miss Westcott, the campus of Georgetown College has been obtained for drilling and the cadets are getting down to hard work. This campus is of great advantage to the Western boys, and in all probability, its result will be seen in the coming competitive drill in May.

* * *

Captain Smoot, of last year, who is here for a short stay, has expressed his approval of the boys good work.

The company badges will soon be out, preparations having been made for an earlier distribution than was made last year. They will be slightly changed, but to no great extent. SERGEANT.

Base Ball Notes.

The Western High School team met the Gallaudets on the 19th of last month, and were defeated. The score was 12 to 4. However, the showing for the first game of the year, and against so strong a nine, was creditable. The team lined up as follows:

KENGLA, pitcher, and 2nd base.
BUCK, 2nd base, and pitcher.
FERNOW, 1st base.
SHERIER, 3rd base.
CATCHINGS, short stop.
DRAKE, catcher.
GRUNWELL, left field.
SMART, center field.
HILTON, right field.

There may be one or two changes in the "make up" of the team before the championship opens. We are all anxious to have Mulligan and Brewer in the game.

Buck will be supported by Kengla, who pitched so well against Gallaudet.

The Westerns played Gallaudet again, March 25. The score was Western 4,

Gallaudet 6. The game was a great improvement over the last one. (It might be added, that there was room for improvement.)

Huck, a first year boy, was tried at short field and did excellent work.

Kengla pitched a wonderful game. Not one of the high school teams could base hit him effectively.

Mr. Mulligan writes us that he will be unable to attend school any more this year. The ball team, and Company H will miss Tracy.

The Westerners are particularly fortunate in the championship schedule. First we play the Easterns; then the Business, and last, the Centrals. Of course, by the last of these games the team will have reached its maximum strength, and our loyal "Fans" will have reached their maximum enthusiasm.

The first game is scheduled for the 26th of this month.

Alphonse Daudet.

When death called from this earth Alphonse Daudet, many minds found their way back to Nimes, where, in May, 1840, this writer began his brilliant career, a career which in less than fifty years had reached its zenith. Like many others who have "left their foot prints on the sands of time" this boy entered upon his early life with little to advance him in the world and many a privation to suffer before his path to success could be entered upon. Yet even then his young mind soared above his lowly surroundings and lived in a world peopled by his own imagination and by the material gathered from books, for when very young Daudet showed his literary taste by constantly poring over whatever book might chance to come within his reach.

His first work "Le Petit Chose," reproduced most vividly the time spent at the Lycee at Lyons, where he passed many dark days in his career as teacher of workingmen's children. This was a task most bitter to his delicate tastes.

His next work "Jack," too, bewails most pathetically his unhappy youth.

In these works his deep affection for the poor and sorrow for the needy, suggests slightly the English novelist, Charles Dickens, and here too the touches of autobiography recall Charles Lamb. One of these touches is found in "Le Petit Chose" when Daniel Esseyette, attired most shabbily, sleepy and hungry, and wearing, instead of boots, a pair of rubber slippers, joins his brother "Jacques" in Paris. What is said to be true of Daniel is only too true of the trip of Alphonse from the Lycee to meet his brother Ernest.

Other books most favorably received by the public followed, but it was not until the publication of "Fremont Jenne et Risler Ainee," in 1872, that Daudet considered himself launched upon the sea of literature.

Daudet did not confine himself to prose but gave to the world a most charming and original volume of poems, entitled, "Les Amoureuses." The Drama was also attempted by Daudet but with little success.

The delicate, underlying strain of happiness which pervades Daudet's works, portrays most clearly his love of life and power of intense enjoyment.

In this, however, it was not his lot to indulge, for six years before his death fate struck with cruel force a blow, which tied Daudet as an invalid, to his chair.

Still his genius asserted itself and more works were added to those already given.

With the publication of "Rose et Minette," his literary career, short, but not lacking in result, closed, for it may be said that "La Petit Paroisse," written some years later, though a masterpiece of workmanship, brought its author no new fame.

It was while proposing to receive guests on Christmas of the year 1897, that Daudet died.

Never did such wide spread sympathy pay tribute to the dead.

The funeral address was delivered by Zola, the last of his early friends, among whom were the de Goncourts, Flaubert, and de Maupassant, and the ceremony drew together a vast crowd of those who had known and loved, and been cheered by his works, as well as those still left to work along the path he pointed out.

All the World's a Stage.

"Lend me Five Shillings, (cents)."

Acted every day, at recess, by at least three fourths of the W. H. S. population.
R. W.

Locals.

We grow wiser every day. Only last week one of those senior French scholars talked fluently about a "sick statue."

It is peculiar, the number of subjects to which the pronouns he and she are applied now-a-days. For instance, in talking seriously to a fellow student in the Hall about the English lesson, a girl constantly referred to it as "he" while a boy in working out a weighty Greek construction spoke of it in strangely tender accents, as "she."

For deeply contorted ideas, expressed in as deeply contorted English (?), apply to Mr. Linkins, R3.

We advise those E oners not to leave love-letters around loose in Room IV. desks. Quite a batch found addressed to Mr. P. of C. L. written, strange to say, in algebraic form!

There was a meeting of all interested in tennis called the other day for the purpose of forming a tennis club at the Western.

Doctor Bryan presided; Mr. Mackall, Mr. Roy Chamberlin and Mr. Lamber-ton were appointed as a committee to look after securing some courts, but as there were no available lots to be found, the project has been abandoned.

It is with the deepest regret that we call attention to the death of Mr. Guy E. Davis, one of the most promising members of the class which was first graduated from the Western High School. His short life of twenty-four years was marked by earnest effort and unswerving integrity. That a career so full of promise as was his, can be terminated so suddenly with all its bright hopes unfulfilled, is one of the mysteries of life.

To his family, who have lost in him a devoted son and brother, we extend on behalf of the "Western," our sincerest sympathy.

Economic Conditions in Washington.

It is sometimes said that there are no slums in Washington. No statement could be more false. Some of the worst economic conditions to be found anywhere exist in our very midst. Let us consider some of these conditions, their causes, and the means being taken or that could be taken, to ameliorate them.

In the first place, the lowest and poorest classes of Washington are composed principally of negroes, whose manner of living and dwellings are in a terrible condition.

The majority of negroes dwell in alleys, of which there are three hundred and seventeen altogether. These alleys are found in the most promiscuous places, some being in the best neighborhoods. Some have two outlets, but many are what are known as blind alleys; that is, they have only one entrance. The dwellings are placed in no order whatever; indeed, the backs of some houses face the fronts of others.

Among the inhabitants of the alleys, the laws of health as well as morals are cast to the winds. Many of the houses are really dangerous to live in, being in nearly the last stages of decay; yet the owners continue to rent them without repairing them at all, and demand, as a rule, exorbitant rents for them. An exceedingly old frame shanty of about four or five rooms will rent for at least ten or twelve dollars in these alleys. Sanitary conditions in these places are simply appalling. Every condition most favorable for disease is present. Landlords, as a rule, are averse to even laying sewers, not perceiving that it would be for their own advantage to do so, since, if disease should originate in many of these alleys, it would immediately spread among the residents in the vicinities of them.

These alley houses rarely have more than four or five rooms, and yet, as a rule, two families, each not less than five or six in number, crowd into one house. In fact, the size of the family among the negroes is generally in inverse ratio to the size of the habitation. The result of this crowding is a powerful increase of crime, while the death-rate is enormous.

Many people in Washington have awakened to the fact that these conditions are exceedingly serious, and efforts are being made to improve them. The Sanitary Improvement Company, which is an outcome of the Board of Trade, the Civic Center and the Central Relief Committee, has been established, with this

end in view. It has a membership consisting of many of Washington's prominent business men. The object of the company is to give to the working people of Washington, at reasonable rentals, houses with modern improvements. It is hoped that by the entire accomplishment of this scheme, disease, vice and uncleanness may be eradicated from the alleys and slums of Washington, and that they may be made suitable and decent dwelling places. The company has already erected eight houses in the city, in each of which there are two four room flats, entirely separate from each other, and possessing hot and cold water, bath, gas, cellar and range. These flats rent for nine dollars and a half and twelve dollars and a half, and if at the end of one year the tenant has kept his house in such good condition that it needs no repairs, a month's rent is remitted to him. This not only gives the laboring classes an opportunity to increase their comforts in life, but it also instigates self-respect and the spirit of care-taking, two things which are essential to a high standard of living and too often lacking among laborers.

Like many other cities, Washington possesses societies or building associations.

These associations are joint-stock benefit societies, whose purpose is to raise by periodical subscriptions a fund to assist members in buying or building property. When a certain sum is borrowed from this fund by a member in order to build or buy a house, his house is mortgaged to the society until the amount advanced to him is fully repaid with interest. These societies have done much to aid the laborers and poorer classes, both black and white, in acquiring a little property and to raise themselves to a station in life where they might never have been otherwise.

Notwithstanding the good influences and work of these societies and charitable organizations, conditions are still far from satisfactory. If, however, the prosperous classes interested themselves more in their less fortunate fellow-beings, and gave their strong, practical aid in helping them along to a higher level of life, crowded and disease-spreading alleys and houses would be things of the past.

A. L. ROCHE, '93.

Mrs. Brown, who prides herself on being chair-man or woman of no less than ten associations of Aged Angels and Societies of Suffering Sisters, is on the war path for the stupid type-setter who made "Mrs. Brown, the *char* woman of no less than ten associations.

R. W.

The Western.

"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."—Buckingham.

VOL. III.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1898.

No. 12

Out in the woods, where the violets bloom,
Waving about to the gentle wind's tune;
Out where the crocuses hold their gay bowers
The spring buds coquet with the soft April
showers

Which they say make them grow!

But here in the town, most strange to relate
Where the debutante "buds" are a-holding
their fete,

With their soft silken gowns, hats trimmed up
in a tower

There's not time, nor place, for the soft April
shower,

Which they say, spoils their clothes.

M.F. '99,

How Uncle Mose Met the Devil.

"Speaking of badly frightened men," said Mr. Myers, "reminds me of the scare Uncle Mose, my old darkey chore-hand, got not long ago."

One day last winter I drove to Washington. In December, night falls soon and it was already dark when I returned, although still early.

Driving up to the door, I halloosed to Uncle Mose to come take the horse, and presently he appeared.

"Where's your lantern, Uncle Mose?" said I.

"Jim's comin' wid it in a minute, sah," he replied. "He's gwine to holp me put de crittur in the stable."

"Why, can't you do that little job without help?"

"Yes-sah! Yes-sah! don' need de holp spechully, but deed I don' like spookin' roun' dat ere barn in de dark, so I jes ax Pick'nin' Jim ter go long fur comp'ny."

Uncle Mose was steeped in superstition like the rest of the race, and his aversion to the dark, and dread of "hants" and "ghoses," was well known, so I merely laughed and went into the house remarking:

"Well, look out that nothing catches you."

About fifteen minutes afterward as I

sat eating my supper, Pick'nin' Jim came rushing in breathless, his hair on end and eyes rolling with terror.

"Gawd A'mighty!" I heard him exclaiming, "Whar's Marser? Mars' Rob! Oh, Mars' Rob! Git yo' gun quick—dar's somepin' arter Unc' Mose down to de' barn—'deed I spec it done got 'im fo' now—Fur Gawd's sake Mars' Rob, git yo' gun and hurry up! Unc' Mose cry out dat hit de debil, en I spec it ar sho nuff; I see hit, en hit got fiery eyes, sartin."

To all my inquiries as to what was the nature of the creature "arter" Uncle Mose he could return no intelligible answer excepting that "hit got eyes like red hot coal."

"Well, I'm ready now, so come along," I said shouldering my gun.

"De Lawd hab mussy!—please Mars' Rob don' make me go whar dat t'ing is no mo'—deed Ise too powerful skeert ob hit! You'll fine Unc' Mose right in de big hay-lof' ef dat t'ing ain' done flyed away wid 'im by dis time. Bress my soul—I dunno what gwine happen nex'! No 'deed, I cyarnt go down dar no mo'! and the boy's teeth fairly chattered with terror.

Seeing that no assistance could be obtained from that quarter and puzzled over what could have befallen my old servant, I hurried to the barn.

"Mose!" I called, upon reaching it, "where are you?"

A smothered groan came in response, and a muffled, "Is dat you Mars' Rob? Fur Gawd's sake come hyar, but don' make no noise!"

Then, "Deed, now, Mars' debil, I ain' ben sech er awful bad man; I jes' spec you done mistook de wrong pusson—I knows yuh got er heap er biznes' on yo hands, en yuse li'ble to get mixed up per-miscuous sometimes. Mosen likely Bill

Nevitt de wun yuse arter 'stid er me; I done hear folks say I looks considerable like 'im, but he older en me ef yuh look close, en I 'clar ter goodness he a heep wickedder man; he an awful wicked pusson sho',—but in cose yer knows dat Mars' Debil. He t'inks no mo ob robbin' hen-rooses den he do ob eatin es dinner, en w'en co'n time come, 'low dar ain' many fields Bill Nevitt don' know sompin' 'bout, Yas—oh yas, I 'knowledge I hes tuck er chicken er two, but Mars' Debil, sholy yuh ain gwine te make pore ole nigger siz in yo fryin' pan furebber jes' fur a few measly pullets!"

"During this dialogue, or rather soliloquy, for I heard no response, I had quietly climbed the short ladder leading to the loft, a large room in the second story of the barn where hay for the horses was stored ready to be pushed down into their racks through holes made in the floor for that purpose.

The sight that met my eyes was a strange one. I could scarcely see through the gloom at first, but becoming accustomed to the blackness, I discovered the outline of Uncle Mose on his knees, and a way off in one corner, two, round, glaring, burning eyes piercing through the darkness; they looked uncanny enough to belong to the prince of the underworld to be sure, but not being much of a believer in the unnatural, I concluded that they must be those of some wild animal that had hidden in there.

"Shut up you fool," I said. "Its an animal and not the devil. Get out of the way so I can shoot."

"Sh—h! Fur de Law'ds sake hush, Mars' Rob!—don' pervoke 'im—I jes ben er-tryin' to passerfy 'im. Hit de debil sartin, en how you gwine shoot 'im? Bullets go er-wizzin' t'hru his body without techin' 'im, same like he weren't dar!"

Then he changed his tactics and began to pray:

'Oh, Great Gawd A'mighty! Look down f'om yo big w'ite t'rone way up yander, on pore nigger, an don' let de ole boy git 'im; I knows I ben powerful bad nigger; cashunally I done borrod a leetle er Marser's t'ings, but den Marser got sech er heap en pore ole nigger got not'in' but his self—en look like he ain' gwine hab eben dat, much longer ef yo don' have mussy en do somepin' fur 'im mighty quick.—Wh—oo—oop! De Lawd help us now!' for I had crept forward and fired.

With an unearthly screech, the thing seemed to leap high in the air, then it fell and lay still. Taking the lantern I had brought with me but had not before dared to use, I turned its light toward the place where he lay in terror. The next minute I dropped gun, lantern and myself upon the hay where I roared with laughter till the rafters rang, and the terrified negro thought me crazy; for the devil with blazing eyes, the fierce, terrible animal, was nothing whatever but a poor harmless screech-owl which had flown into the barn and was hunting for a supper of mice, when the superstitious darky came upon him suddenly in the loft.

Uncle Mose could scarcely believe his eyesight, but there it was, dead enough by my shot.

For many a day the negro never heard the last of his meeting with the devil, and now whenever Uncle Mose gets to talking about "hants," it is only necessary to make some remark about owls, and not another word can be gotten from him unless he mutters as he walks off shaking his head:

'Hit all right now, but I t'ought dat de debil fur sartin, den; whoeber spec er narsty ole hoot-owl hab red-hot eyes like dat! I'se glad Mars' Rob did shoot de cuss. Sarve 'im right;—come skeerin' folkes outn dere senses.

Dey kin larf all de wants ter, but yuh don' catch dis chile roun' dat barn no mo' nights, screech-owl or no!"

CHARLES V. GRUNWELL.

Save your nickels for the company badges.

La Signature Illisible.

In an hour of despair I had asked him to write someting for the "WESTERN." In a spirit of self-sacrifice and condescension he had promised to comply with my request.

"But about my signature,"—he had hesitated; and fearful lest my scruples concerning the appearance of his name in print might prevent the evolution of a "section alphabet," a delectable epic entitled, "Our Boys," and other like literary chef-d'oeuvres, in a moment of madness I suggested the use of a nom de plume.

At the time agreed upon for its completion, feeling like a Christian martyr, I faced my aspiring contributor. His face was radiant, which meant many things to me, an editor.

"Oh! came out all right, —did you?" I enquired pleasantly.

"Great," he answered, and beamed.

A suspiciously small piece of paper was then handed me. I read—a time-worn joke, and underneath one of the most successfully complicated appellations that ever an editor is forced to run up against.

"Very much obliged," I said, simply.

"Had an awful time with the signature, do you think it is likely to be recognized?" he vouchsafed anxiously.

"Never," I said truthfully. "May I ask from what remote region you resurrected it?"

"Well, I know you'll think me an ass, but I really was dreadfully concerned that someone should find me out. They guy one so! I hunted up all sorts of queer names."

"Your initials would have done very well and saved you all this trouble," I interpolated. He looked sorry for me.

"Finally I dug up our genealogical tree, and selected therefrom the middle name of the great-great uncle of my great-grandmother, on my mother's side, which you here see spelled backward.

You think there is no doubt of my being incognito?"

And with crossed heart, and hand pointing to heaven, I told him "none whatever."

M. F. '99.

The "W. H. S. B. B. T. '98"

On the base-ball field this season,
"We'll show them a thing or two,"
For of course there is no reason,
Why we should'n't beat "a few,"

With a team composed of *such* "men,"
The laurels soon "we'll" wear,
And when the contest's over—
The other teams will—*SWEAR*.

Just think, and for an *instant*
Can you doubt "our" coming luck,
When the boys have for a captain,
That old time champion—*Buck?*

Another bright young fellow,
Who will help to win the fame,
Is the one who'll play at short-stop,
Yes, Brewer is his name.

The one who'll play receiver
In no sense of the word's a "fake"
Why he's one o' the "cracks" of the District,
Is our noble catcher, *Drake*.

The one thing we're afraid of
Is the awfully dreaded case,
When Fernow 'll stop to think, too long,
Before he "steals a base."

Smart has been well tested,
On the other teams last year,
And we think a "Center Fielder",
He stands without a peer.

Hilton is a new one
But we have no fear, not a bit,
That when his turn comes round to him
He'll fail to "make a hit,"

One whom we have great hopes of
When it comes to catching "flies,"
Is Grunwell, the new left fielder,
He'll push "us" *past* all ties.

We've heard big things of Kengla,
Who will play at second base,
And its granted, among the formost,
This youth should have a place.

The "third bag" is well guarded
By Sherier; 'tis the truth,
That fellow's life's in danger,
Who tries to pass this youth.
And with all our gallant substitutes,
Whom I can't enumerate.

"We're" *bound* to win; don't you think so?
And "we'll" prove it too,—just wait!
BIG FOUR!

Overheard on the Car.

She was very late and the car fairly crept through Georgetown, stopping at every corner. Suddenly the look of deep anxiety on her face changed to one of incredulity, then a sigh of relief escaped from her.

"What is it?" inquired her companion.

"Don't you see? That sign, it says—
"Don't stand on the running board." At least something about this car is moving."

"FRESHIE."

One of the first year students who is not accustomed to the modern pronunciation wishes to know if the route taken by Hannibal was a square root or a cubic root.

The Committee appointed at a meeting of the Class of '93 of the Western High School of Washington, D. C., held in the Western High School Building at the City of Washington, April 12, 1898, in memory of Guy Elliott Davis, to draft resolutions, presented for consideration the following:

Whereas, In His infinite wisdom, Almighty God has called to rest on the anniversary of his 24th birthday, our highly esteemed and greatly lamented sometime schoolmate, Guy Elliott Davis, who won high honors in this the first graduating class of the Western High School and has thus early brought to a close an honorable career; and

Whereas, The deep sense of his loss has brought together the class of '93 to pay tribute to the memory of one to whom was bequeathed superior virtues; the nobility and strength of whose character, elevation of mind, purity of thought pleasing address, cheerful and gentle disposition, has justly merited and called forth universal admiration and respect worthy of him in whom these qualities were combined, and such as falls to the lot of few young men; and

Whereas, In him the true christian, the loving and loved son and brother, the loyal friend, the perfect gentleman, blended and held dominion over a body prone to many of the ills to which flesh is heir, and a life signalized by persistent and unceasing industry; and

Whereas, His patient resignation in his last illness, his bright humor, and unclouded temper, his marvelous endurance and the absolute equanimity with which he bore fearful sufferings as death drew nigh, all bespoke our wonder and praise; and

Whereas, His life was marked by complete success in all of his undertakings: his death was a fitting termination of an earthly mission happily and grandly fulfilled, the end being simply the passage of a beautiful spirit to a higher life in the realms of eternity; be it therefore,

Resolved, That we, the members of the graduating class of '93 of the Western High School, of Washington, D. C., who knew him so well, rejoice that such

a man lived among us, leaving at his decease the recollection of so splendid an example of exalted manhood,

Resolved, That in their sorrow our heartfelt sympathies are extended to the bereaved family;

Resolved, that these words commemorative of our former classmate, Guy Elliott Davis, be published in the Western High School Paper, and that a copy thereof be forwarded to the parents and sister of the deceased, with respectful assurances of our profound sorrow.

Passed at a called meeting of the class, April 12, 1898.

(Signed) J. DUNCAN BRADLEY,
President.

(Signed) GEORGE R. LINKINS,
Secretary.

New Poem by Austin.

POET LAUREATE SINGS OF AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

The London morning papers yesterday gave prominence to a poem by Alfred Austin, the poet laureate, which appeared under a brief extract from a New York dispatch recording a feeling in favor of an Anglo-American alliance. The poem is as follows:

What is the voice I hear
On the winds of the western sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
And say what the voice may be.
'Tis a proud, free people calling loud to a
people proud and free,
And it says to them, "Kinsmen, hail,
We severed have been so long.
Now let us have done with a wornout tale—
The tale of an ancient wrong;
And our friendship last long as love doth last,
And be stronger than death is strong."
Answer them, sons of the self-same race,
And blood of the self-same clan;
Let us speak with each other, face to face,
And answer as man to man;
And loyally love and trust each other as
none but free men can.
Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, thistle and rose,
And the "Star Spangled Banner" unfurl
with these,
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen and
wherever the war wind blows—
As message to bond and thrall to wake,
For, wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,
And his menace be void and vain,
For you are lords of a strong, young land
And we are lords of the main.
Yes, this is the voice of the bluff March gale,
"We severed have been so long,
But now we have done with a wornout tale—
The tale of an ancient wrong;
And our friendship last long as love doth last,
And be stronger than death is strong."

SELECTED.

Base-Ball Notes.

Saturday, April 9, the Westerns bravely defeated the Episcopal High School team, of Alexandria, on their own grounds. The score was 15 to 5. Kengla pitched in his usually fine form. If the boys continue to improve at this rate we will have the strongest team in the league by next month.

The date of the Eastern-Western game has been changed from April 26, to May 2.

Mr. Brewer will, in all probability, play short stop in the remaining games.

Charlie Grunwell wants a trial in the pitcher's box, and should get it. He has good speed, sharp, quick curves, and fairly good control.

With Brewer at short and Catchings in right field, the team is fixed for the season.

"No more of that: you mar all with this starting." Who ever thought Shakspeare was an authority on base-ball? Yes the batters on the Western *must* start as soon as they hit the ball,—foul ball or fair.

Why not organize a Secret Service at the Western, and offer assistance to Uncle Sam?

No, dear students, I do not mean to call you treacherous, cunning, or anything that pertains to the office of a spy,—only I do mean this: that if you are as capable of obscuring the contents of dispatches as you are of obscuring the authors of your manuscripts, then no detained telegram could ever be interpreted by the enemy. I recommend the following students: "Mars," Gypsy, Jaguertha, Jamarpe, Norval, One Interested, Incognito, "Sympathetic," A Neglected One, and XXX.

Who knows who are the three boys, in Et who form the three corners of the "French triangle."

M.

A bright French scholar, in the first year, who was asked the meaning of a verb, answered, "To took."

A. B.

THE WESTERN.

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THE WESTERN is a bi-weekly magazine, devoted to the interests of the Western High School, its pupils and alumni.

Original contributions are solicited from all, and should be given to any member of the Editorial Staff. Business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 50 cents, PER SCHOOL YEAR; BY MAIL, 65 cents. SINGLE COPIES, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION TO THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1898.

?

An aged and venerable man, whose snow-white beard and hoary locks bespoke his intimacy with the storms of many winters, stepped across the street with stately tread. To him came one, whose shining boots, spotless linen, high silk hat, and curling hair, bespoke the immaculate youth of to-day.

The old man raised his deep-set eyes. "What art thou, and whence cometh these curling locks that, methinks, were wont to grace the fair brow of woman?" quote he.

The gilded youth raised in his turn the eyes which were, ever and anon, fixed on those shining boots.

"I am the most perfect invention of the century," said he. When the new woman, rejoicing in her manly collars, her bloomers, and her mannish locks came in, man, lord of creation, disappeared, and lo, I stand in his place."

The old man bowed his snow-white head, as with a look of mingled pride and awe, the youth said his say and passed onward. An expression of sadness flitted over the rugged features of the aged one,

but only for a moment, for with his former stately tread and dignified mien, he too passed onward to where the sinking sun was singing her nightly slumber song to the earth.

It is hoped that there will soon be a grand reunion of the "School Rooters" to elect a leader. The company will need the support of this body during the Competitive Drill; it is suggested that someone of great lung capacity and "jabbering ability" be considered when the time for election comes.

* *

The company song, will soon be practised. Mr. Petty has added a new composition to our already large "repertoire" which may be found on the black boards of the Study Hall.

* *

The great Masonic Fair opened Monday night, April 12. The Regiment of Washington High School Cadets is invited to attend on the night of April 19. The Cadets look forward with some anticipation to this night and hope and expect to spend a pleasant evening. Sg'r.

Why is it that certain young city girls of the first year make such a dash for the car in which one of the faculty sits, wholly unconscious of their movements?

Why is the Western High School like a book?

Because it has pages. (Pages.)

There are grave suspicion that a certain desk in room four is haunted, owing to the fact that the "for rent" sign is always out, and that its tenant invariably leaves within an hours time. At 12 P. M. it is probably wrapt in a mystery of strange noises and weird lights such as would make the hair of the bravest cadet in company H stand on end.

Warning.

Students who wish to keep their past and future life a secret to themselves had better sharpen their pencils at home, for a certain member of the faculty has developed a new and most unique method of chiromancy.

Notes.

If you want to see Mr. Smith look surprised, ask him why it is that his favorite flowers are Sweet Peas. (e)

Although we heartily congratulate Mr. Janney on his good investment in buying two pictures of the third year class, yet we are anxious to discover what he did with the surplus one.

Mr. Wright has been heard to say that he is an (Al) chemist.

Fifty minute periods.

FOND PARENT. "Anna, you certainly must not permit Mr. Tarry to stay so late" ANNA. "Why he never does stay very late."

FOND PARENT. "Yes he does, for just before you closed the door last night I heard him say, "just one." And Anna blushed.

Someone suggests that Mr. Petty should be placed on one of Georgetown's dark corners as a lamp-post. He is so bright and has such a knack of making light of subjects.

Even in Shakespeare's time people used strange words which are most popular now. We hear Banquo speaking to Macbeth when he does not mean what he says:

"May your Highness Command upon me; to the which my duties Are with a most indissoluble tie, Forever, 'Nit' knit."

The two young ladies in the extreme left hand corner of the study hall suggest that Mr. Parker study "steam fitting" in order that he may regulate the heat supply from the radiator to suit them.

We regret to learn that the Spanish Minister has been compelled to indulge in the rather hazardous game of Water Polo.

Stars and Daisies.

The stars are tiny daisies high,
 Opening and shutting in the sky,
 While daisies are the stars below
 Twinkling and sparkling to and fro.
 The star-buds blossom in the night,
 And love the moon's calm tender light.
 But daisies bloom out in the day,
 And match the strong sun, in its way.

S—.

A Fireman's Dream.

Everything was bustle and activity in one of the roundhouses of a newly built northwestern railroad, as the bright rays of the morning sun burst through the window and shot across the smoky atmosphere. Engines, puffing and snorting, were coming in and going out. Others were standing still, having some repairs made. Among those coming in was a large freight engine, No. 280. After puffing majestically, half way across the great stable, it stopped with a sigh of relief. Jumping down from it, the fireman went a few steps aside, where a stove was surrounded by a number of railroad men. He was very weary, having just come in from a long and hard trip, so he determined to rest up, during the time that remained, before he would have to take train No. 10 to D—. Accordingly, he lay down upon a bench, near by, and was soon fast asleep.

* * * * *

Soon afterwards engine 280, with a brightly burning headlight, was running over the same route again, but with many disagreeable and startling variations. Water had given out, on a long grade, so that it was necessary to leave the heavy freight train on a side track, a short distance back, and start to a water tank about four miles ahead. The engineer was trying to reach it before the morning express came along, so when a large grizzly bear walked on the track, a quarter mile ahead, he was mad, for a delay meant a discharge to him. Although he saw that the bear was taller and broader than the engine, the engineer put on more steam for he felt sure that the locomotive was equal to the emergency.

Bruin did not seem to be in a very good humor either, for he thought it queer

that this peculiar, snorting, firebreathing, beast, with one bright eye in his forehead and a bell on his back, should intrude upon his territory. So he got ready to crush the approaching foe.

The engine rushed upon him with terrific force, but Bruin tackled it with equal strength. Then there was an awful struggle, for he had a hard time to bring the engine to a standstill. Finally, however, the bear conquered and actually forced the engine to stop. The first shock killed the engineer before he had time to shut off steam. The fireman was knocked backwards into the tender, injuring himself severely. He lay there expecting to be killed by the bear, any minute, but bruin did not bother him because the yet struggling engine required all of his attention. For although he had stopped the iron beast from going any further into his territory he had all that he could manage, as the engine, under full steam, was striving to go forward. The big wheels were flying around and the engine was rocking to and fro under the strain. Bruin had his immense paws against the front of the boiler, pushing with all his might to hold the engine back. He didn't know what to do, for if he let go, the locomotive would run over him before he could get out of its way. He could not hold this mad and struggling beast back much longer. The heavy and thick breath of his foe maddened him, the bright eye blinded him. Presently Bruin hit his enemy in its bright eye with one of his huge paws, putting it out. He commenced kicking the iron animal's sides; but he soon became tired of this, for everytime he took a foot off the ground his enemy would push him back a short distance. Things continued thus for a short time, when Bruin began to show signs of fatigue. His paws were bleeding—the result of smashing the bright eye—and his feet were bruised and crushed by the tramping of the iron beast upon them. He saw that if something was not done very soon he would be overpowered by this monster of iron. He gathered all his remaining strength, for a final and mighty attempt, every muscle was straining. His eyes bulged out and he quiv-

ered in every limb. With one mighty shove he shot the engine backwards at terrific speed. He then walked back to the forest, with glaring eyes of triumph. As for the engine, it continued to go backwards, with its large wheels turning frontwards, at the rate of forty miles an hour, until it reached a point about a mile back, where the steam conquered the result of physical force and started forward again. During the trip backwards the fireman had managed to crawl from the tender into the engine cab, and just as the engine was starting forwards he got upon the engineer's seat. Glancing out of the window he saw coming, a short distance ahead, the express. He shut off steam and applied brakes. Then there was a terrible crash and—

He was roughly awakened by his engineer, who told him that it was time for them to start out for D—, with train, No. 10.

DEAN CALDWELL, '01.

Mr. Linkins draws the second series' first prize for making the brightest remark in class. I regret very much that the whole class didn't hear it, but it was spoken in a sort of 'stage whisper.'

One of the scholars had just recited. Mr. Linkins said:

"That was well enough for war argument, but"—

"How do you mean,—war argument?" I asked.

"O, its bum proof," (bomb proof).

Perhaps its best, after all, that the rest of the class missed Ichabod's joke, for they might have fainted simultaneously.

The prize is a gold medal for "bombast," originally intended for Mr. Hoffman.

Who is the young lady in E' French class who, on being questioned by Mlle. Martin as to her equilibrium, stated that her four-fold understanding was completely floored?

What can be meant by "understanding?"

NAME.	AGE.	BEST.	PECULIARITY OF APPEARANCE.	FUTURE OCCUPATION.	FAVORITE PASTIME.
Janney	Wisdom tooth in sight.	"Cinderella."	A fore-lock.	Electrician.	Running the World.
Smart	Old hand at shaving.	"The little wench."	"Bowlegs."	Pugilist.	Flirting.
Gordon	Getting tall.	Ask her, she knows.	Auburn locks.	Philosopher.	Meditating.
Hilton	Old enough to love.	She's a Rose.	Heavy eyelids.	Student of Shakspeare	Sleeping.
Calvo	Just out of kilts.	Too young.	Littleness.	Orator.	Debating.
Kleinschmidt	Thinks he's old.	Ask Janney.	Tight "pants."	Acting.	TRYING to be funny.
Scudder	No <i>plump</i> spring chicken.	Fitz—	"Elbow akimbo."	Skull collector.	Carving cats.
Chamberlin, P.	Losing his eyesight.	One of the Mass. ave. trio.	Corporosity.	Cuban patriot.	Spooning.
Smith, C.	Old enough to know something.	Peas(e) blossom.	Pretty (?) neckties.	Prof. of Mathematics.	Being dumb.
Hoffman	999	He'll get one.	Stateliness.	Politician.	Trying to be an orator.
Petty	Don't know.	The Company's.	Handsomeness (?)	Real soldier.	Lady killing.
Solyom	Ancient.	Too wise.	Solemnity.	Astronomer.	Playing chess.
Caldwell	Old enough to write.	"Sweet Marie."	Sweetness.	Novel writer.	Telling lies.
Birch	The flirting age.	Ask Doe.	Heavy roll.	Unknown.	Smiling.
Hendry, W.	Wouldn't tell.	Too modest.	"Mustacheo."	Greek Prof.	Farming.
Breckinridge	Just hatched.	He has Faith.	"Pigeon toed."	Court fool.	See Doc's.
Buck	'Fraid to ask.	All of them.	Longevity.	Reporter.	Ba(w)ling.
Middleton	Juvenile.	Sadie.	Monkeyfiedness.	Holding up the lamppost.	Gauging Grub.
Lewis	An old gent.	Maud.	Icabod II.	Senator.	Playing smart.

[To the tune, "THERE'S A BULLY GONE TO REST."]
 Come my little Western, listen to my song;
 Who's going to be your captain, when Taus-
 sig's quit and gone.
 Put your arms around me, your head upon my
 breast,
 And when Tausig's gone we'll sing this song,
 "There's a Birchy coming next."
 H. L. SELBY.

Our Epitaph Department.

FROM BROOKLYN:

"Beneath this sod,
 Quite free from germs,
 Heat proof, both now and later,
 My loving husband
 Lies at rest
 Within his incubator."

FROM BECKLEIGH:

"Here lie I, at the chancel door,
 Here lie I, because I'm poor,
 The further in the more you pay,
 But here lie I as hot as they."

FROM BRIXHAM CHURCH YARD:

Underneath this stone
 There lies two children dear;
 One buried in Ashburton,
 The other buried here."

UNKNOWN:

"He's gone towards the hills of Zion,
 Abram Ephraim Crowder;
 The devil come like a roaring lion,
 But he died a roaring louder."

FROM KENTUCKY:

"Peace to ashes, for he is in ashes
 Long ago if he got his just punish-
 ment,
 Though he might have been too tough
 to burn."

FROM EXETER CATHEDRAL:

"Here lies the body of Capt. Tully,
 Aged 109 years, fully:
 And three-score years before, as
 mayor,
 The sword of this city he did bear;
 Nine of his wives do with him lie,
 So shall the tenth when she doth die."

UNKNOWN:

Hic jacet Jacobus Straw
 Who forty years followed the law;
 When he died
 The Devil cried:
 Jacob, give us your paw."

OUR LITTLE JACOB:

Has been taken away from this
 earthly garden to bloom,
 In a superior flower pot above.

UNKNOWN:

"Here lies my wife Sallie, let her lie,
 She's at peace and so am I."
 Here lies William Smith; and what
 is somewhat rarish,
 He was born, bred and buried in
 here parish.

Here lies the body of Robert Gordin,

Mouth almighty and teeth according,
 Stranger, tread lightly over this
 wonder,
 If he opens his mouth, you're gone,
 by thunder.

Here lies an Editor!
 Spooks, if you will;
 In mercy, kind Providence,
 Let him lie still.
 He lied for his living: so
 He lived while he lied;
 When he could not lie longer,
 He lied down and died.

Here lies buried beneath these stones,
 The beard, the flesh and all the bones
 Of the Parish clerk, old David Jones.

Here lies the body of William Dent,
 Death turned his heels and away he
 went.

Here Doctor Fisher lies interred,
 Who filled the half of this church-
 yard.

John Palfreyman, is buried here,
 Now aged four and twenty year:
 And near this place his mother lies,
 Likewise his father, when he dies.

Here I lie; no wonder I'm dead,
 For a four wheeled wagon went
 over my head;

Grim death took me without a warning;
 I was well at night and died in the
 morning.

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